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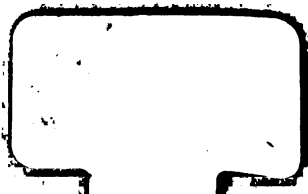
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INDIA'S WOMEN

THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

Church of England Zenana Missionary Society

VOLUME XIV

"The Morning cometh"

LONDON

OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY, 9, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21, BERNERS STREET

1894

106
V. 1. 1.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LD.
ST. JOHN'S HOUSE, CLERKENWELL, E.C.

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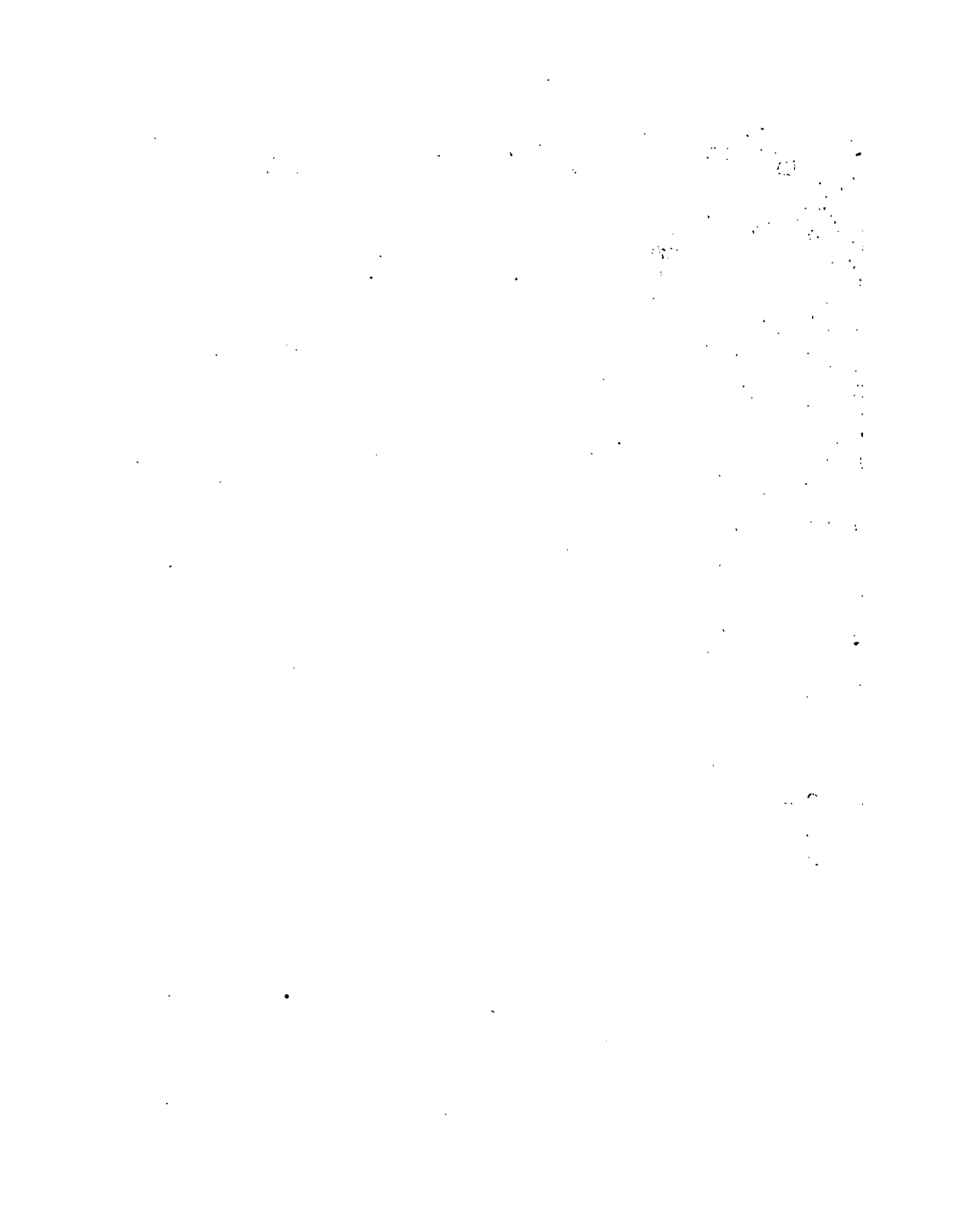
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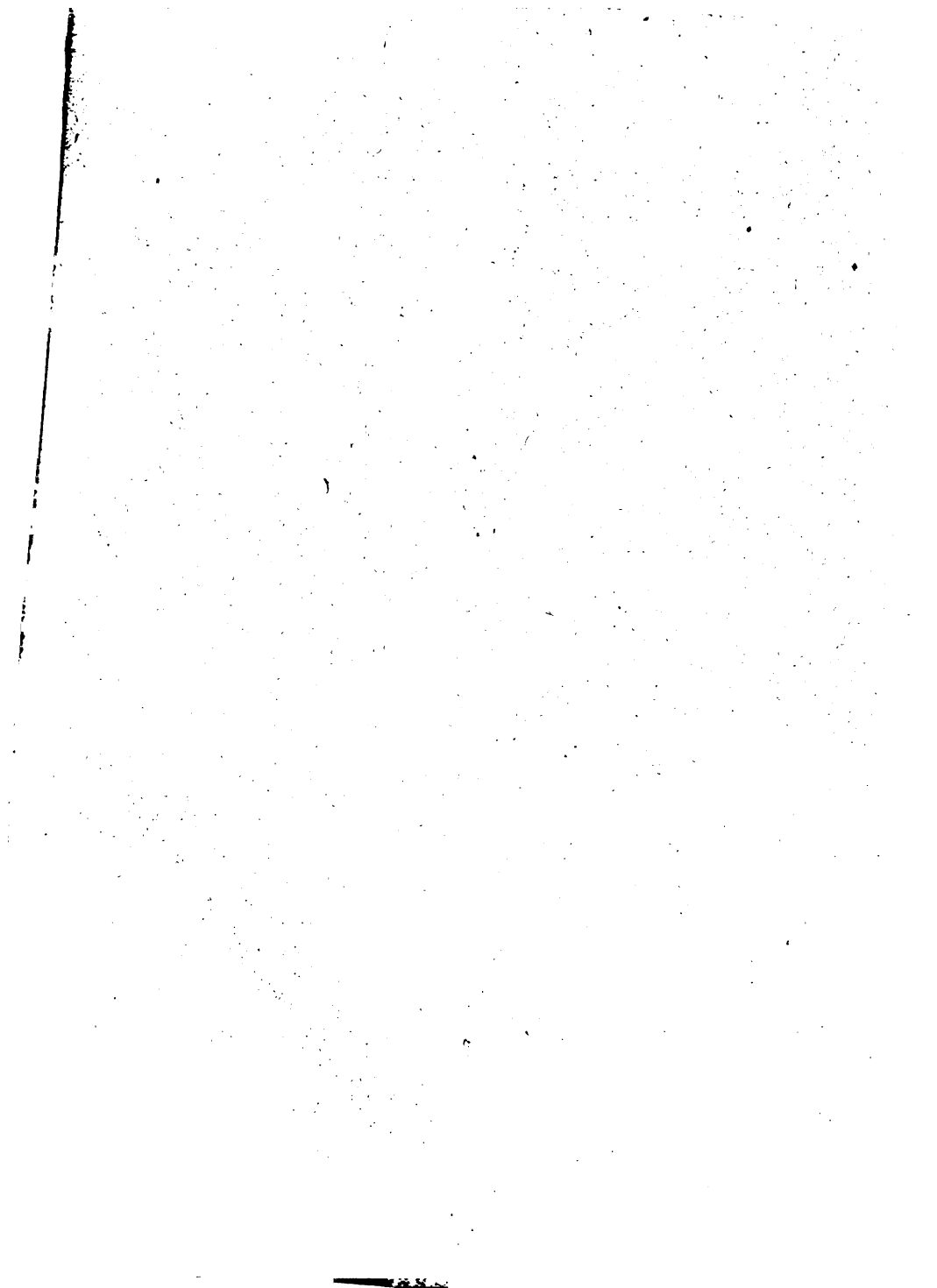
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INDIA'S WOMEN.



A. L. O. E.

Miss Tucker, C.E.Z.M.S. Missionary.

FAR and wide through England and Ireland, the news has spread that the authoress A.L.O.E. is dead. Eighteen years have passed since she went to India, resolved to spend the "sunset of her life" amongst the women of the Punjab. Since then, without any break, except short visits to the Hills by the doctor's order, her strength, her means, her gifts of mind, and above all, the all-pervading love which encircled those about her, have been consecrated to the service of India's Women.

Any attempt to express the great loss to our Society would be useless. An In Memoriam will appear in our next Number; in the present one we print extracts from letters received from the Bishop of Lahore, the Rev. Robert Clark, the Rev. H. U. Weitbrecht, and from our missionary, Miss Grimwood. In answer to many inquiries, we would now, however, briefly mention that Miss Charlotte M. Tucker was the daughter of Mr. Henry St. George Tucker, of the Bengal Civil Service, who was connected for sixty years with India, and who, in 1811, married Miss Jane Boswell, of North Caversè in Scotland.

LETTER FROM THE REV. R. CLARK, C.E.Z.M.S. CORRESPONDING
SECRETARY, PUNJAB.

Amritsar, December 6th, 1893.

We buried dear Miss Tucker in Batala yesterday (Tuesday). She died at 3.15 p.m. on Saturday (December 2nd) in Miss Wauton's house, Amritsar, where she had come to be near the doctor. Miss Wauton had been the first (with Mrs. Elmslie and Miss Hasell) to receive Miss Tucker at their house in Amritsar when, eighteen years ago, she arrived amongst us. Miss Wauton has been the last also, with others, to take leave of her, when she left her house in Amritsar to be carried to her grave at Batala, after her spirit had ascended to Heaven.

What dear Miss Tucker has done and what she has been amongst us all, both Europeans and Natives, in India, other pens must tell. The story of how she lived, and laboured, and died, amongst the people to whom she was sent at the age of fifty-four, and with whom she remained (without ever once returning to England) till the age of seventy-two, will be one of the most interesting and stirring records in the annals of Missions.

How she waited patiently, engaged in true missionary work at home, till she reached the age when most persons are thinking of retiring from work altogether, and then as soon as the way was made plain and clear for her to carry out her cherished hopes, how she began the life of a missionary to the heathen, and carried it on bravely, continuously and persistently till she died in harness in the midst of her work,—should rouse to thought and action many hearts both at home and in India. Her visits to Zenanas, in both town and village, in her little *dhoolie*, her frequent journeys in native *ekkas*,* her wonderful influence amongst the boys of the Baring High School at Batala, and her attachment to them, and theirs to her, can never be forgotten. And then her literary labours, where the field was, we may almost say, the world, for her English books are not only read, but are translated into many languages in India and Europe, and will still go on bearing fruit in many lands, long after her death.

There were many friends gathered together yesterday in Batala from many places, many English and many Natives, who after the service in church accompanied her to her simple grave, near to her own house, in the Batala cemetery. Hymns were sung by the whole party all along the

* A rough country cart, usually two planks on wheels.

way from the church to the grave, and there her precious remains, covered with many wreaths of the choicest flowers, were reverently and lovingly laid, till we all meet again on the resurrection day. It seems almost like the leave-taking of some dear friend going home to England, sorrowful indeed at the time, but with hopes of our soon meeting again. In giving dear Miss Tucker, England has given of her very best in the cause of Christ; when will India give of her best to Christ also?

The Bishop of Lahore writes from Ambala on December 2nd to the Rev. Robert Clark:—

“For the simple yet always aspiring spirit, the change will be a blessed one indeed. Her endurance unto the end, and her constant rejoicing in the Lord, have been a great example which many of us need to follow. . . .

“It was a beautiful and consistent life, and she will still speak though out of sight. I should have thrown up my Visitation engagements here to come to the funeral, but that there is a Confirmation on Tuesday evening which cannot be made a day earlier, because there are some candidates coming from a distance to Ambala for it; so to my great regret, I shall not be with you, except in spirit, on Tuesday morning.”

LETTER FROM THE REV. H. U. WEITBRECHT.

Our dear friend Miss Tucker has gone to her rest, and you will like to have a few lines from Batala to tell you of her last days.

I am thankful to say that on the whole, Miss Tucker experienced little suffering or unrest. You may have heard that owing to the absence of a medical lady from Batala, Miss Tucker was called back from her summer leave in June last after a bare four weeks' stay at Simla with her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Mackworth Young, in whose house she had often found refreshment. Nevertheless, Miss Tucker was unusually well during the remainder of the hot weather and the rainy season. In August and September, when I was

much with her, the other missionaries being away, she seemed full of life and brightness. She took pleasure in arranging for the children belonging to Batala, who had left Miss West's Orphanage at Clarkabad for their holidays, and in giving them treats, as she always loved to do; and many were the pleasant evenings we spent together whenever I was in Batala.

Till she took to her bed in her last illness, the “Auntie” would continue her work of visiting the women of Batala in their homes, besides regular bi-weekly journeys to near villages, and her classes for the women here and other duties. During the absence of Miss Gertrude Clarke, whose companionship and care the “Auntie”

greatly appreciated, she found a bright and thoughtful companion in Miss Lorbeer of Ghazipur, who stayed with her for two months.

Miss Tucker's strength was small, and the cold weather tried her more than the heat. She went with many others to the consecration of Mr. Perkins' church at Barhwal, and returned thence with a heavy cold, on October 26th. On Saturday, November 11th, she gave up work and took to her bed, after telegraphing for a nurse in order that her companion might not be burdened. But in the evening she felt better and was out again, and on the next day she went to church as usual. On Monday she had to take to her bed again, the nurse meanwhile having taken another patient to Amritsar. There, by Dr. Clarke's advice, Miss Tucker herself was taken, and lovingly cared for by the ladies at the City Mission House, especially Miss Jackson and Miss Tuting.

Mrs. Weitbrecht and myself were out in camp during the whole of November, but I went in three times to see the "Auntie" after she had been taken to Amritsar. On the 20th, I found her still feverish, but clear-headed, and able to hear of things she wished to know, and ready to make humorous remarks. On the 28th, she had rallied from what seemed to be a death crisis, and was clear in her mind, though weak. She then, as always, expressed her longing to go, but I still hoped she might be spared. On the morning of December 2nd, I found the dear patient quieting down

after what proved to be the last struggle. There was no fever, but extreme weakness and some restlessness: she seemed to understand the messages I gave and the words I read; but she could not articulate an answer. That evening in Batala, we received the news of her departure in peace at 3.15 p.m.

The remains were sent over from Amritsar two days later, and were placed in the Church of the Epiphany here. The boys of the Baring High School, whom Miss Tucker greatly loved, shared the watch by the bier through the night; and yesterday morning it was borne by old boys and present pupils to the cemetery, about a mile from the church. Many visitors, European and Indian, came from Amritsar, Lahore, and other neighbouring places. The first part of the funeral service was read in the crowded church, where the bier stood covered with wreaths and floral crosses, and Mr. Clark preached on Acts i. 8. He dwelt on Miss Tucker's home position, and renunciation, and life and work here, showing how the Holy Ghost had made her a witness for Christ in India by word, and life, and pen.

From the church, the funeral went by the road that partly skirts the town of Batala, and passes out by the Mission buildings about the Baring High School, beyond which is the cemetery. It was preceded by a police guard; then came the clergy and the choir, followed by the bier, the mourners and general congregation and visitors. The rear was

brought up by the remaining boys of the Baring High School, and by the boys of the Tucker Baring Middle School, which Miss Tucker founded, and still partly supports by an endowment. Many people from the city followed, and at the cemetery, large numbers were gathered. Hymns were sung at intervals along the way, two of those that were used being composed by Miss Tucker herself in Hindustani.

After the burial was over, I spoke a few words about her to the many people who had assembled from outside, trying to impress on them the motive power of her life: "The love of Christ constraineth us." After most of the clergy and visitors had left the cemetery, a number of women from the city came to take a last look and to wail at the grave. Times without number, gentlemen of Batala, and men of lower standing, come to

tell me how she went to their houses and sympathised with their wives and daughters in joy and sorrow. Not a few will miss her open-handed charity, and far more her bright, ever-ready sympathy.

What she was to her Christian friends and fellow-workers of all races is best known to each individual. A heart ever open to share the joys and sorrows of others, an ideally pure and cultivated mind, a will undaunted by difficulties, was hers; a true, unselfish, loving friend, a noble missionary, full of self-consuming zeal and sacrifice, a mother to the poor, and sorrowing, and lonely,—all this she was, and most of all, a humble servant of Christ who sat at His feet and heard His words. Now she sees His face. We glorify Him for His servant, and pray that her life and example may yet powerfully tell on India.

Batala, Dec. 6th, 1893.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MISS GRIMWOOD.

I should like to tell of our last interesting visit to our saintly friend.

We arrived on our way down from the Hills on October 16th, and found her at 7 a.m. just starting to visit and preach in three distant villages. Nothing was ever allowed to interfere with her Master's work, and after a loving welcome, away she went in her little *dhoolie*, looking very fragile and utterly unfit for such a morning's work.

On her return, after twelve o'clock breakfast, she proposed a little time of reading and prayer, at which she

was very bright. Afterwards in conversing with me, she repeated many beautiful little bits and verses, with which I was so struck that I wrote them in my Bible at the time, little thinking it was the last time I should see that thin, wasted form, still so full of life, and the face of keen intelligence and brightness. I think many may love to read those verses. Her now silent lips may speak to others in the words which I regard as a parting message to me. After speaking of trials and difficulties in the way of the Christian life, and especially of service she repeated,—

"Trust in the Lord, ye tempted ones and tried,
God's promises like lilies fair unfold;
We must not tear the shrouding leaves
aside,
Time will reveal the Chalice of gold."

Speaking of her age (seventy-two),
and growing weakness, she said,
smiling brightly,—

"The soul's dark cottage, broken and
decayed,
Lets in new light thro' chinks which
time has made."

And then a little after she sang to
me from memory, in a quavering voice,
the following beautiful verses to a tune
of Handel's, which she said "suited
them well," i.e. "La Carissima":—

"Soon, and for ever, such promise our
trust,
Tho' ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust.

Soon, and for ever, our union shall be
Made perfect, our Glorious Redeemer,
in Thee.

"When the toils and the troubles of life
shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings remembered
no more;
Where life cannot fail, where death
cannot sever,
Christians with Christ, shall be soon, and
for ever.

"Soon, and for ever, the breaking of day
Shall chase all the night clouds of sorrow
away;
Soon, and for ever, we'll see as we're
seen,
And know the deep meaning of things
that have been.

"Where fightings without and conflicts
within
Shall weary no more in the warfare with
sin;
Where sickness and sorrow, and death
can come never,
Christians with Christ shall be soon and
for ever."

It has been agreed to found some suitable memorial to the late Miss Tucker at Batala. The Financial Secretary, C.E.Z.M.S., 9, Salisbury Square, will gladly receive contributions towards this object.

"Bishop and Mrs. Hill at Rest"—

(Telegram received January 6th, 1894).

ONLY a few weeks ago, many friends assembled at the Church Missionary House to take an affectionate farewell of the Bishop of Western Equatorial Africa and Mrs. Hill, and to commend them to the grace of God for the important and responsible work to which they had in His providence been called. We were hoping soon to hear of their safe arrival at Lagos, and were anticipating for them both a warm welcome, and a long and fruitful period of service for Christ. But God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. A brief telegram received on Saturday morning, January 6th, conveys the tidings that both the Bishop and Mrs. Hill are "at rest." Our heartfelt sympathy is with the C.M.S. in this sudden loss: with the Church at Lagos, in Yoruba and on the Niger, and with Mrs. Hill's sister and the orphaned children.

In Memoriam.*

MARIAN A. PINNIGER,

Born August 14th, 1851; died November 21st, 1893.

ON Wednesday, October 11th, 1882, in spite of a constant downpour of rain, a large company met at the Kensington Town Hall to commend a band of outgoing missionaries to God's loving, tender keeping. Up to the morning of the 11th, only nine names were on the list of freshly-accepted candidates; and prayer was made constantly that God would find other labourers to fill important vacancies in the mission-field. On the very day of the dismissal two more were added, and one of these two was Marian Pinniger.

God did exceeding abundantly above all that was asked or thought, when He was told the need and left to find the right labourer. Surely it was an illustration of "Before they call I will answer," for from early girlhood until 1882 the Master had been preparing and polishing His instrument, and now, at the age of thirty-one, as an experienced Christian worker, and chastened by recent sorrow, Marian Pinniger was ready in distant lands as in England to "doe the nexte thyng" for His Name sake. After she had been proved a little time in India, Miss Haitz wrote, "I am very grateful to our Committee for choosing and sending Miss Pinniger as my fellow-worker and companion." It was evident that the Committee and Miss Pinniger were alike guided by Him "Who, when He putteth forth His own sheep, goeth before them, and His sheep follow Him, for they know His voice."

Speaking of her early days, one of Marian Pinniger's friends said, "She was just a sunbeam." In the Sunday-school, as a tract-distributor, district visitor, or in the home of her father or married sisters, her cheerfulness, common sense, bright intelligence, and naturalness made her valued and welcome; whilst her practical capabilities caused her to be a specially

* The readers of this In Memoriam sketch are referred to INDIA'S WOMEN, March Numbers, from 1882 to the present date, for interesting details of the progress of work in Bhagalpur.

needed person when there was a new baby to be welcomed, or a nursery epidemic.

"Auntie" was a great fascination to the nephews and nieces, and she was devoted to them; "I am so proud of my children," she would laughingly say. Even in later days, when almost too weary to get off the sofa, she was always fresh when "the children," who were then fast growing up, came to see her, and would watch from the window for their appearance in true mother-like fashion. A little thing! you say, but Marian Pinniger's life was not one of great and striking incidents, but just a beautiful, harmonious whole, every act and word and thought for the Master. She was full of the Spirit, and as she walked through this dusty world, the well of water she had received was always overflowing in refreshment to all who knew her.

How gladly would we linger over this sweet home life; but we must speed across the Indian Ocean and go with her to foreign work. During the voyage, she managed to get hold of the children and young people, and had Bible-classes, and in her usual cheery way enjoyed all that was to be enjoyed, and made light of all misadventures. Miss S. Tugwell, the bride-elect of Mr. Lewis of Agra, was her companion.

A year previous to this date, in December, 1881, Miss Haitz, at the earnest entreaty of Mr. and Mrs. Droese, veteran missionaries in Bhagalpur, was appointed to undertake work amongst the women and children of that large and straggling station. Bhagalpur, the capital of Behar, covers eight square miles and contains a series of villages with 67,000 inhabitants. Gladly Miss Droese handed over to Miss Haitz and her Native assistant, Ruth, the two C.M.S. Bazaar Schools and their teachers. Work quickly opened out amongst the Bengalis, Hindus, and Mohamedans. At the end of the year, in spite of the help of a second Native convert, another English missionary became a necessity, and Miss Haitz delighted in the thought, when she started for the Calcutta Decennial Conference, the day after Christmas, 1882, that she would be in Calcutta when the *Manora* arrived, and would be able to welcome, and bring back Miss Pinniger with her.

After all, the *Manora* came in before she was expected, and Mr. Harington and Mr. Lewis, going down to the docks to make inquiries about the date of arrival, greeted the newly-arrived missionaries. What days of whirl and bustle followed, in overcrowded missionary houses, with their dozens of fresh faces! The time was fully occupied with meetings,

a conversazione, and Miss Tugwell's wedding. Miss Pinniger stayed at the Zenana Mission-house, and here first saw her future friend and fellow-labourer, Fanny Butler. Miss Haitz, too, was like a guardian angel, and her loving welcome and constant thoughtfulness at this time was always gratefully remembered.

The first year in Bhagalpur was chiefly spent in grinding hard, hour after hour, at Hindi. Early in March, Miss Butler opened the medical work in Bhagalpur, and sometimes in the evening, as a recreation from books, Miss Haitz and Miss Pinniger would help her to make up hundreds of powders or a hundred pills, or would wash medicine-bottles. Now and then, Miss Pinniger would accompany Miss Butler on her distant expeditions to visit patients, but her work was, from the first, almost exclusively amongst the schools and in the zenanas. The quiet, hard work was varied by a weekly Bible-reading with the C.M.S. missionaries, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Droese and Mr. and Mrs. Baumann, to whom all the missionary ladies were much attached.

Miss Pinniger always told of her pleasures, and gives a full account of all the love that greeted her first birthday in India. Another time, after writing an account of a six weeks' holiday, she adds this characteristic sentence: "I don't know how it is that every one is so kind to me, I am sure it all comes from God."

In October, 1883, she passed a very satisfactory examination, and then as a fully-fledged missionary was able to undertake schools and visit in zenanas with her Bible-woman. "It is much pleasanter work," she says, "than constantly studying indoors."

In these early days, she came to a house where a pupil was always ready for instruction, but found her with a holy teacher, and a crowd of other persons, holding a festival to the sun. "Had I been able to speak fluently," she writes, "I would not have hesitated to go amongst them, but I could not send Sarah (the Bible-woman). I just looked up and asked for guidance, not liking to go away and thus lose an opportunity of speaking to so many. Just then a voice saluted me, 'Please to sit.' I at once sat, and began to talk, and within five minutes had forty women around us, and by means of my dear little Wordless Book, we were enabled to show them how useless all this is, and how only the blood of Jesus can make our black hearts white, and then the glory that will follow."

Later, in the year 1884, Miss Haitz returned to Europe on furlough,

and Miss Pinniger had her first experience of Indian housekeeping and Mission accounts, and also an insight into some of the sorrows incident to missionary life. Violent epidemics of small-pox and cholera scattered many of her pupils. A still worse trouble, however, was disappointment in some of the Native converts and teachers, though there were the brighter days when she could write, "I am beginning to feel that my people belong to me. It is pleasant as we go through the streets to see even among the darkies a bright smile and to have a cheery *salaam*. It may be a long time before we see any real result of our work, but I believe we shall some day."

A week's holiday in the Santhal Country greatly refreshed her at this trying season, and she sent home a long letter telling of her stay with the C.M.S. missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Brown: "This is just such a Mission station as one reads of in books, people walking six or eight miles to church over ploughed, sodden ground; the church full in spite of it being a wet Sunday; and the people not trained in Mission-schools, but having left devil-worship to turn to the living and true God." Fortunately for her, the one elephant, belonging to all the missionaries, was at Mr. Brown's during her visit; and she enjoyed an expedition to some scattered heathen villages where ordinary riding or driving would have been impossible. She tells with great amusement of the children of the house "opening a new dispensary in their bath-room," rolling up earth pills and desiring to enlist her as a patient to swallow their decoctions.

"I am glad," she writes after a short holiday from Bhagalpur, "to return home; it is worth while to be away for a time to get the welcome back from the Native children. One said, putting her little hand on my shoulder, '*Mem Sahib, I do love you!*'"

This sketch would be very incomplete if we omitted her happy visits, many years, to Masuri; especially enjoyable these were after the dear old friends of Bhagalpur, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Droese, were moved to the Himalayas. It was when there in 1886 that we first got in her letters an intimation that the good health, for which in early life she had been remarkable, was waning: for nearly six weeks all she could do was to lie on the couch, under the trees in Mr. Droese's garden, too tired to work or read. Old Mr. and Mrs. Droese were kindness itself, watching over her as if she had been their daughter. They had given the names of Faith, Hope, and Charity to the C.E.Z. missionaries of Bhagalpur, and were devoted to "Hope," as they fondly called Marian Pinniger.

At the end of nine weeks she returned to Bhagalpur, and though reporting herself as well, she adds: "I am taking life very easily, just visiting one, two, or three hours a day—rarely three—looking up my people and seeing that the work is going on properly, and now and then giving a Bible lesson." She speaks much at this time of the comfort there was in sympathy from Christian people in the station, and in particular of one who mothered her when she was not well.

"We are still plodding on," was the record of the years from 1884 to 1888. The opening of Zenanas and a school amongst the Jains was the chief fresh feature of 1886. A strange and untamed people she found them. "It will require," she writes, "any amount of prayer and perseverance, for they are wild and uproarious, shouting their heathen songs, and not subject to any restraint or care." A few months later she speaks of this new school as getting on splendidly, nearly forty girls on the roll, and a good average attendance.

It is impossible to record all that was of interest at Bhagalpur, or tell any of the stories of the 280 children in the six schools. Christmas was the joyful time, when all the young faces lighted up, singing of Jesus; and she with Miss Haitz distributed amongst them the gifts and prizes from her English friends.

In the autumn of 1888 she came home, and returned the following October in the crowded P. & O. steamship *Oceana*, which bore Prince Albert Victor to India.

Heavy tidings greeted her arrival in Bombay; a letter from Miss Haitz told her of the death of her loved friend Fanny Butler. She writes: "Dear Fanny, she was always ahead of us, and has reached Home first;" and in another letter: "It has thrown a heavy gloom over my arrival. She was taken Home the day I left Marseilles. . . . Selfishly I am very sorry; she seemed so to belong to us. Faith, Hope, Charity, the cord between seemed only *loosened* when she left Bhagalpur, but it is *snapped* now. She is the first to go, I wonder who will be the next."

A very hearty welcome waited Miss Pinniger's return to Bhagalpur, Miss Haitz coming a long journey towards Bombay to meet her; and the Natives at their own expense illuminating the house and compound. She arrived at midnight, and the next afternoon was out visiting amongst her pupils. One of them who was a Mohammedan was especially delighted to see her. Miss Pinniger writes: "When I was comparing this meeting with the great gathering by-and-bye, she exclaimed with *such* a beaming

face, 'We shall see Jesus Christ, and it will not matter about anything else, and we shall *stay* with Him.' I asked her if she really believed in and loved Him; and she said, 'Certainly I do,' and her face was all aglow."

• Passing down the street, a woman looked at her, and then shouted two or three times, that all the village might hear, "Our little *Miss Sahib* has come back!" and then nothing would satisfy them but that she should go into the house, sit down, and have a chat.

Amongst the numerous testimonies from those who knew Miss Pinniger, one from Miss Hall, who joined the missionary party in Bhagalpur, in 1888, will be of interest:—

"As soon as I began to understand Hindustani, and converse a little with our Native Christian workers, and before I ever saw Miss Pinniger, I began to learn how she had endeared herself to every one. . . .

"Gradually as I got to know her I learned the secret of all this—a heart *full* of love for all; an utter forgetfulness of self, and a thoughtfulness for others, and a consideration for the feelings of those about her which was most marked. The result was that all, from the lowest upwards, seemed to turn to her for help and a share of her ever-ready sympathy, and were never disappointed. . . .

"From the day she returned to Bhagalpur she seemed to settle into her work as though she had been absent but a few weeks. It was with a zeal which corresponded with this beginning that she worked for the remainder of her stay in India (fifteen months). Often it was through weakness and more or less suffering, but ever with a bright, cheerful face.

"In March, four months after Miss Pinniger's return, Miss Haitz went home on furlough. Even then it was apparent that the renewed health and strength gained in England were fast failing; for a few weeks she was laid aside, and then was again enabled to take up work, and held bravely on until September, our usual rest time. . . .

"Towards the end of October we returned from the Hills to Bhagalpur, with many plans for the cold weather work. Her longing desire was to reach those women and children who lived in the villages around us, most of whom had never heard the sound of the Gospel, and to tell them of the love of Jesus which was burning brightly in her own heart.

"But the Master had others 'ways' for her which were not our 'ways.' Scarcely a fortnight after our return came the first breakdown. She was laid aside for some days, but as soon as she recovered a little was at work again, and this was just the history of the next three months. . . .

"But through these weeks of interrupted outside work, she managed all the other work of the Mission. If she were unable to leave her room, the teachers or I might come to consult her about every little thing, and she was always ready to advise and direct; then while we went off to our various duties we knew that she lay and prayed for us. . . .

"But things were reaching a climax. In February the doctor ordered her immediate return home. The time had come when she must leave all the work she loved so dearly, and she left it without a murmur or word of impatience, although it cost a struggle, and pain, and agony the extent of which God alone knew. But ever uppermost was the desire that her own will should be wholly relinquished for God's will. . . .

"The doctor's order left her but a few short days to spend in Bhagalpur; these were used not so much in preparations for herself, as in making arrangements for the carrying on of the work. Every little detail was thought of, and so planned that things might be as easy as possible for me when she was no longer by to direct.

"And so she left us, and very real was the sorrow of many of her pupils in the Zenanas, as well as of our Native helpers, who have ever since been cherishing the hope of her return, and have never ceased to inquire for her and to send loving messages.

"To those who only knew her slightly, her bright cheerfulness was perhaps the most striking feature of her character. A lady who saw her for the first time, when she was passing through one of her worst seasons of suffering, said, 'It did me good only to look at her face.' And why? Peace and a happy trust in the Heavenly Father's love were written on every feature. Again and again she has said to me, 'I believe in God the Father *Almighty*.' She loved to think and to speak of God as 'Our Father.'

"When debarred from active work she did not cease to labour for the cause to which she had devoted herself, but by 'praying always,' and by constant letters full of loving sympathy and words of encouragement, continued to help and cheer her fellow-workers in the mission-field. She also did all she could to interest others.

"Last year, when the boxes from England were opened, we found Christmas gifts for all; none were forgotten—not the servants nor even the smallest child in the compound. This year, too, some hundreds of gifts have been sent, either made by herself or by those whose sympathies she enlisted in the work. It will add a painful interest and value to them

when the recipients learn that the busy hands and loving heart are stilled for ever; and many of them, alas! cannot realise, as we do, that she is 'with Christ, which is far better.'"

In the early part of the year 1891, Miss Haitz, who was spending part of her furlough on the Continent, met her invalid friend, brought her to England, and, with most sisterly devotion, cared for her in the nursing home, after her severe operation. Both of them, believing the sufferings were over, spent many happy weeks of quiet, country life, and, visited amongst friends, until Miss Haitz returned to Bhagalpur, in October, 1891, delighting in the thought that Miss Pinniger, who came as far as the station to see her off, would probably at that time next year be herself on the way to India.

(To be concluded.)

Missionary Exhibition at Brighton.



ANY of our readers will have seen the notice of the Brighton Missionary Loan Exhibition, which took place on November 29th, 30th, and December 1st, and it may be interesting to them to hear that the results, as far as they can at present be known, are very satisfactory.

The undertaking has certainly been successful, and the spirit of love and harmony manifested by the workers was very delightful.

The opening ceremonies were extremely helpful, and were conducted by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese on the first day, the Countess of Chichester and Sir John Kennaway on the second day, and Sir Douglas Fox on the third and last day.

The attendance and the receipts were much larger than were expected, and the interest excited by the lectures in the various courts was most gratifying. The remark made by many of the visitors was to the effect that the stewards and the helpers spared no trouble in answering questions and in explaining the uses of the many exhibits.

The Zenana Court was a great attraction, and the bright and cheerful invitation of the gentlemen who guarded it induced many to enter it. Beyond the barrier, Miss Woolmer and her band of helpers were most active in trying to interest their numerous visitors, and to enlighten them as to the sad and dreary lives of the poor ladies in the Zenanas.

Those who promoted and assisted in this great enterprise feel more than rewarded for their arduous labours, and with hearts full of thankfulness to the Great Head of the Church for His watchful care and protection all through the undertaking, feel assured that His blessing, which had been so constantly and earnestly sought, has rested on their efforts, and that many will be stirred up to greater interest in the great and glorious cause of extending the Redeemer's Kingdom.

L. D. M.

To this account, written by one of the promoters, we add an extract from the *Lady's Pictorial*. It is impossible to do full justice to the Executive Committee and Stewards, nor to do more than briefly acknowledge our indebtedness above all to the Rev. R. C. and Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Bayfield Clark, and Mr. Malaher:—

The exhibits in the Loan Exhibition were lent by the Church Missionary Society, the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and numerous other missionary societies; the officers of the Inniskilling Dragoons, officers of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, and an immense number of private individuals. They were arranged in courts representing East, West, and Central Africa, India, China, Japan, New Zealand, North-West America, Egypt, and Palestine. The model of a Bengali Zenana in the Zenana Court attracted a great deal of attention; the many interesting and curious articles in the different courts took a long while to even glance at. The Indian Court interested me the most, particularly the already-mentioned

Zenana Court, under the charge of Miss Woolmer, Miss White (Sukkur), and Miss Eva Warren (Batala). The full-sized model of the Bengali Zenana is most realistic; the barred windows, the wooden *charpays* (beds), the ancient goddess Durga, who sits in state in a niche in the wall, the primitive cooking-vessels, the inevitable *dechsies* Anglo-Indians know so well. The brass model set brought back memories of periodical visits to the *bdwarchi-Khana* (kitchen), and interviews with my *khânsâmâ* (cook). Models of the Zenana women and children were also well executed.

The ladies in charge of the court gave interesting explanations and illustrations of Zenana life, Miss White giving a lecture with dissolving views on the same subject, in the evening.

Through the efforts of Lord Chichester and other generous donors, who have defrayed the expenses of the Exhibition, the Committee will be able to divide 1500*l.* between the C.M.S., the C.E.Z.M.S., and Missionary Leaves Association.



THE Annual Meeting of the Derby Association was held on November 13th, in the Athenæum Room. H. H. Bemrose, Esq., presided, and amongst those present were the Ven. Archdeacon Freer, the Revs. J. Howell, J. H. Askwith, F. W. Meynell, Dr. Ogle, &c., &c. Archdeacon Freer read the report, and alluded feelingly to the great loss which they had sustained in the death of their president, Mrs. Newton, who with her family had worked so indefatigably in the missionary cause. He said the work that had been accomplished in the town and county was but as a drop in the ocean; still they were able to tell of some progress during the past year. The amounts subscribed by some of the branches showed a considerable increase; twenty-two meetings had been held in the town and county, in addition to which Miss Rich had given thirteen addresses at different schools in connexion with the D.W.U., and it was hoped that, ere long, each parish in the town might have its own auxiliary. The Rev. J. Howell next addressed the meeting, and was followed by Miss Bartlett, who gave much information about the condition of women in India, told the story of St. Catherine's Hospital in Amritsar, and of the many branches of Mission work which radiate from it as a centre.

Shortly afterwards, Miss Bartlett represented the Society at two drawing-room meetings, one at the house of Miss Green, Holmhurst, Malvern, where, in spite of bad weather, about sixty met to hear her under the presidency of Canon Gregory Smith. A notable feature of this gathering

was the wish expressed that the Association should have its own missionary, and it seems probable that a medical worker in India may be supported by its members. The other meeting was at Stanmore, where Mrs. Brightwen had invited a large company of friends, who showed great interest in the address and contributed 7*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*, besides spending 1*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* in the purchase of books.

* *

At Eastbourne, the Annual Meeting was held in the Pitman Institute on November 23rd, under the presidency of the Vicar, the Rev. H. Bickersteth Ottley. After opening with prayer, the chairman spoke of the ignorance and indifference which existed among English women as to the condition of their Indian sisters. "Zenana work required light and information spread upon it; but, when that information had been disseminated, no one with a heart could fail to take growing interest in the work." With a few kindly words he introduced Miss White, who went out in 1888, and for a year worked alone at the twin stations of Sukkur and Shikarpur; she was afterwards joined by Miss Brook, who opened a little dispensary in the bazaar. As an instance of the favour with which Mission schools were regarded, Miss White mentioned the opinion of a gentleman of influence who, though not altogether favourable to Missions, declared that from no Government school had he had such honest, trustworthy clerks as from the Mission school. After relating other details of the work, carried on by herself and her colleague in a region where the temperature during eight months of the year varies from 102 to 108 degrees, Miss White pointed out the vast field which had to be covered by the few missionaries engaged.

* *

Encouragement has not been wanting in the way of offers of service. After a meeting in the Library of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, at which the Rev. H. G. C. Moule took the chair, one young lady responded to an appeal from Miss White, of Sukkur, by saying that she hoped to go out if the way should be made plain.

At a school which Miss White visited at Eastbourne, the Principal and pupils were full of missionary zeal; the former would herself like to take up the work, and is looking forward to her daughter becoming fully qualified to be a medical helper.

November 18th, the day on which the Bromley (Kent) anniversary was

held, was marked by singularly inclement weather, but a goodly number of friends of the C.E.Z.M.S. braved the elements, and were rewarded by a very interesting, "almost pathetic," address from Miss White, followed by stirring words from Mr. Eugene Stock, who described his visits to some of our Indian stations, and said the C.M.S. could not get on without our help. He urged that the branch should send out a lady to work at Sukkur. The collection amounted to 14*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.*

* *

On November 21st, Mrs. Moore, of The Mount, Sevenoaks, invited her friends to hear of Miss Goodwin's experiences at Tarn Taran, in the Punjab. The room was well filled, and all were most kind in their welcome. Village work was a fresh branch of the subject to them, and Miss Goodwin told how the Master's voice is being heard in the highways and hedges. 8*l.* 10*s.* was collected.

* *

At Oxford, on November 22nd, meetings were addressed by the Hon. Winifriede Sugden, from Bengal. One in the afternoon was held in the hall of Exeter College; Sir W. Hunter presided, and was supported by Professor Burrows, the Revs. J. Arkell, W. B. Keer, and P. C. Bevan. After introductory remarks by the chairman, Miss Sugden gave an interesting account of work in India, and urged the necessity of sending out more medical missionaries. Sir H. Acland also spoke, and Mrs. Miller (of Shotover), the secretary, said a few words about the Oxford cot.

* *

We gladly note new openings in different parts during the month. At Nailsworth in Gloucestershire, a dissolving-view lecture by Miss Gore on December 4th, brought the claims of Indian women before the parishioners for the first time. The Rev. G. M. Scott acted as chairman. At Bletsoe, Beds, on December 5th, Miss Goodwin had a very cheering reception. The schoolroom was well filled, the Rector occupying the chair; cards were taken and books purchased, and a working party is to be started. In the parish of St. Dionis, Parson's Green, Fulham, Miss Bartlett acted as pioneer, giving an address at Arundel House, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Sinclair. Several of those present expressed pleasure at the formation of a branch of the Society, and the offer of a treasurer was made. Over 4*l.* was collected, and 5*s.* paid for books.

* *

Want of space compels us to omit other details, but we would thank

the Revs. G. Ensor and G. Tonge, Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Macdonald, and Mrs. Shirt, also the Misses Barker, Hammond, A. Hobbs, Oxley, Rich, Rose, Tristram, and Warren for their kind help, as well as those whose names have been mentioned above.

* * *

COMMITTEE NOTES.

At the General Committee held on January 3rd, 1894, the Secretaries having reported the death of their hon. missionary, Miss Tucker, who has laboured in the Punjab for the past eighteen years, the following Minute was unanimously adopted:—"That this Committee have received with heartfelt sorrow the tidings of the death, at Amritsar on December 2nd, of their much loved and venerated missionary Miss Tucker. They assure their missionary brethren and sisters in the Punjab of their warmest sympathy in the loss of one who has ever been a true and warm friend, a wise and sympathising counsellor, and a bright example of a holy, humble walk with God, and of constant self-sacrificing devotion of time and strength and talents to the Master's service. They would add their own to the tribute of grateful affection rendered by the large representative gathering, European and Native, Christian and non-Christian, who followed her to the grave, to which she was carried by elder boys of the Batala High School, who loved and revered her as a mother; and in which she was laid to rest in the midst of those among whom, during the past eighteen years, she had lived and laboured, with whose sorrows she had sympathised, to whom she had faithfully testified of Christ, and for whom she had constantly prayed. Above all, they would magnify the grace of God which led her, after consecrating her literary gifts for many years to the cause of Christ at home, to claim, at the age of fifty-four, the privilege of rendering personal service as an honorary missionary on behalf of her Heathen and Mohammedan sisters in India. They praise Him for the patience with which she was enabled to master the difficulties of new languages, for the courage which was undaunted by opposition and not chilled by indifference, and for the stedfastness which continued abundant in labours, amid increasing bodily infirmities, until the Master called her to cease from work and to enter into His rest."

The Committee added the expression of their hope and earnest prayer that an honorary worker might soon be raised up to take up and carry on the work at Batala in the same spirit in which it has been carried on by their honoured sister.



MAILS from abroad are a constant reminder that we know not what one day may bring forth. The news from Batala that our Mission has been bereaved of its head has been quickly followed by the startling telegram that at the very outset of episcopal work, Bishop Hill with his wife have been struck down with fever. These losses, which belong not merely to any special Missionary Society, but to the world generally, are mentioned more fully on pp. 51, 56.

It is natural to gaze with longing and sorrowful eyes after the noble servants of Christ who have crossed the Flood, and passed through the golden gates. But it is the part of the host on this side who need the care and thought of God's people. From Sukkur, Sindh Mission, we hear of the serious illness of Miss Ellie Dawe, which necessitates her leaving her station for several months. Miss Gordon is thus left alone. It is hoped that Miss Condon, late of Karachi, may be able temporarily to take charge there till she proceeds to Abbottabad. Chupra also is suffering from the serious illness of Miss Brown. From Jandiala, the Punjab Village Mission, news comes that failure of health will oblige Miss Parslee to come home. From Australia, Miss Ainslie writes that the doctors agree that some months must elapse before her health will be sufficiently established for her to return to India. Her illness has been the occasion of increasing interest in Australia; she writes of warm and hearty friends, whose kindness must have greatly compensated for the trial of leaving her work in India.

All the mails, however, are by no means burdened with heavy tidings.

The letters from Barrackpore, Burdwan, Nyhattie, and Hingwa certainly ring with gladness. The thrilling interest of the Burdwan converts baptized last May prevails in Miss Mulvany's letter; those who wish to know the story of the child-wife Shushilla (first known by her heathen name, Kali) and her mother and little brother, are referred to *INDIA'S WOMEN*, Sept., 1893, p. 418, and Oct., 1893, p. 470.

BARRACKPORE.

LETTER FROM MISS GOOD.

✠ O my many dear friends in England :—

I must not let this first mail since my arrival go without a few lines to thank you for all your loving remembrance and many prayers, and to assure you that those prayers have been abundantly answered.

We have had such a good voyage; no storms, only one fog, and for the most part enjoyable weather. Some of our party suffered from sickness, but we were otherwise all well, and we had such a happy time, seeing Jesus, and enjoying Christian intercourse, learning precious lessons from God's Holy Word, uniting in prayer and praise, and feeling comforted in the separation from home and dear ones, as God alone can comfort. To Him be all the praise, for He is indeed good and faithful.

Now that He has brought me back to this place in the mission-field, where it has been so long my privilege to live and work, the joy of reunion with dear fellow-workers is great. There is much cause for praise. There

are shadows; some amongst the converts still cause anxiety, and others who were once here, are still wandering; but there are signs in others of growth in grace.

Dear friends, pray above all things for the Holy Spirit to be in our midst, always guiding, controlling, correcting, strengthening. Pray that I and my co-workers may always be ourselves filled with Him, and in all things honour our Master. Pray, too, that many more precious souls may be brought into the Kingdom.

I look back with much pleasure and much thankfulness on my time spent in England. I do thank very heartily all those who showed me kindness and welcomed me to their hospitable homes.

The sympathy of so many of God's children, and the privilege of helping in the home work of the Society, have been very refreshing, and Guildford and Keswick are places that will be remembered as those of very blessed and sacred associations.

Barrackpore, Nov. 22nd, 1893.

NYHATTIE.

BY MISS BOILEAU.

✠ WONDER how many of our girls at home we should find down on their knees together before God to ask that they might pass their examinations! Last April, the day on which the Government Inspector came to Katalpara School, as the teacher drew near the room, she heard voices raised in prayer, and then she saw the girls kneeling. As she entered they rose up. "What have you been praying for?" she asked. "That we may go through our examinations well," was the ready reply.

Their faith is not only in a prayer-hearing God, but in a Protector. I see the following entry in my diary for March 14th:—

"A sad story comes to our ears to-day of a little girl strangled and her jewels stolen. The child lived not far from here. The mother of two of our dear girls, Kusheem and Kiron, fears for her children, and does not wish them to go to school.

"Mother, no harm can happen to us, for God will take care of us; we cannot die unless it is His will," the children pleaded with simple faith."

I have spent many hours in the homes of the children, walking with the mothers, sisters, and other members of the family. Nearly always one meets with a welcome. I open my Testament to read, or sing a hymn, and ask if these words have been heard before. Oh, how many times has come the answer, "Yes, those are

the same words my child says; she is always repeating the hymns you teach her." More than one mother has repeated part of the hymn she has learnt from her child. Truly it may be said, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected praise."

Little Phala, the baby of Katalpara School, only three years old, is quick to learn both verses and hymns. Her mother told us not long ago, with great pride, of all her little one can say—how she goes home and repeats the hymn,—

"He is Jesus my Saviour,
He is Jesus my Redeemer,
Let us go and worship at His feet."

"Not content with this," the mother added, "she will make me learn the words, and her father, too."

We heard another day of little Phala going with her sister to a feast, and in the middle shouting out another favourite hymn, which begins with the words,—

"Listen all! without Jesus there is no salvation"—

Much to the astonishment of the people.

We have just come back from our long holiday of the year, which was far more appreciated by teachers than pupils. The last day of school, before the holidays, when the notice was given out that for one month they must not come to school, there was a chorus of voices in response,

"We *shall* come, and you must come, too." Neither the teacher nor I felt willing to comply with their wishes, though we appreciated the invitation. Some children shed tears at the prospect of holidays, and at Katalpara, so determined were they to have none, that the first girl gathered several of the others together in her house and taught them! The Scripture was not forgotten; for, on our return, they repeated a verse, and a part of a hymn. The register was kept; in fact they said they just copied their teacher. Sundays, too, they met together, but only for the Bible-lesson. Was not this encouraging news for us on the first day of this new term of work?

Zenana Work.

Want of workers has been the reason why fewer Zenanas have been visited this year. My Bible-woman left last January, and since then I have not been able to hear of any one to help me, and with two schools, and sometimes five to look after, it has not been easy to find time for much house-to-house visiting; but among those visited, what a variety one meets with!

I think of one who for some time has been reading St. Luke's Gospel; she listens attentively and always tells me how much she likes the good words. One day she said, "I will be a Christian to-morrow if you will get my husband work to do."

I think of another house visited regularly, where I read one day of

the raising of Lazarus, and told of the comfort Christ could give. How they listened! the old woman only remarked, "*But I am such a sinner.*" Now and again these old people are visited, and always give us a welcome, saying, "We like to hear these words of peace; they seem to lighten our sorrow."

At the Fairs.

Some days have been spent seed-sowing by the wayside; at two large *melas* held during the year we distributed and sold Gospels. On one occasion, after a little talk with a group of people in the road, two beggar-women, who were present, came up to us later in the day, saying, with an eager expression on their faces, "How can we get our sins taken away?"

Regions Beyond.

But now we have longed to extend to villages beyond, places where again and again we have been asked to open schools!

Kind friends out here have promised help towards the opening of a school at Halishar, a town some five miles off; but lack of suitable workers, and lack of room in our mission-house, are reasons for being unable to answer these calls. Before long I am hoping that the right workers may be found, and in a few months' time we shall enlarge our Mission premises.

In this my last Annual Letter before home-going, I cannot but speak of

the happiness of the past six years. For the benefit of any who may, perhaps, be undecided about offering for the foreign mission-field, either from fears for the future, or of their own insufficiency, or of thoughts of an untried path, and what it may bring (for such thoughts *do* come),—I would say, Do not let any of these things keep you back; in the act of obedience you will get the help you need. I have found it so.

Having just returned from my holiday in the Punjab, visiting several of our C.E.Z. stations, how one thanks God for all that is being done through the length and breadth of the great land of India! Of course much still remains to be done, and the need of many more workers is great; but one rejoices that the Word is being preached "as a witness" in so many places.

Nov. 7th, 1893.

BURDWAN.

After the Storm.

BY MISS EDITHA MULVANY.

"I will sing of *merry* and *judgment*: unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing."—Psalm ci. 1.

THIS year has divided itself into two distinct periods, which are not easy to bridge over. From May to August we seemed to be in a whirlpool, and then came the verification of our fears that, in consequence of the lawsuit and what ensued, at any rate as far as our schools were concerned, the work was broken up. The Zenanas were not so much affected, though some were closed. The Lord, Who never fails to hear the prayers of His people, has indeed graciously fulfilled His promise to us in answer to the earnest, fervent cries that have gone up from many loving hearts, both in India and England.

At the beginning of this month, when our work re-opened, we felt quite as if it were a new era in the history of the Burdwan Zenana Mis-

sion; and far beyond our most sanguine expectations has God turned the hearts of the people towards us again. The short time ago when their feelings were so bitter against us, seems now like a dream. We cannot sufficiently thank our kind Committee and all the friends, known and unknown, for their prayers and deep, loving sympathy in the time of our trouble. We should like to assure them that they have been the greatest support to us. Let our friends who are still praying for the little Shushilla be encouraged to go on. We have reason to know believing prayer is prevailing for her. The Good Shepherd can fold His own lamb in His arms and carry her in His bosom. Reports reach us from time to time which show that she is still witnessing a good confession

by telling her relations that she is a Christian. They are not as yet forcing her to do *pūja*, though we know that at the time she was again received into their caste, she must have had to go through a degrading ceremony. Shushilla's mother and her little boy are now staying with the head catechist and his wife. The mother is still often troublesome; sometimes she seems so gentle and true, whilst at others she is wilful and angry. Pray for her and her boy, who has much improved. We want the mother to consent to his being sent to a good boarding-school, and hope by-and-bye she will herself settle down in our Converts' Home at Barrackpore. Her property and money affairs are not yet arranged. All our schools have more girls now than we expected—about twenty in the Bow Bazaar School, which is a great cheer to Miss Ghose, and the same in the Noshkardiggee, in which Shushilla was taught. Beerh School has not got up its numbers yet, but its teacher has not been able to return on account of a severe attack of fever, so that may in a great measure account for it.

Schools.

We hope, despite all the fluctuations and vicissitudes our schools have passed through this year, we shall be able to keep up the standards, and have some ready for the examinations. We are charging fees, and have adopted the code arranged by Government. We most gratefully acknowledge the great benefit we have had from a society purely

Bengali, which was years ago established for the promotion and encouragement of female schools. We had a very satisfactory private examination for our schools. Our prize-day was a success; Mr. and Mrs. Power, our Commissioner and his wife, and Mr. Williams, our Collector, besides a good many Bengali gentlemen, were present. Mr. Power presided, and Mr. Williams made a short speech. Mr. Santer had promised to give an address, but through some mistake the programme was not followed. Two or three of the fathers afterwards spoke very gratefully, and some really feel the value of the training and education given to their daughters. The time of trouble tests one's friends; we know that some here have had to suffer because of their adherence to us.

Zenanas.

Miss Smith's pupils gave her a warm welcome after the holidays. Her Zenanas have been keeping on pretty steadily, though compared with former years, the houses in Rajgangi have decreased; many took fright because one or two spoke of becoming Christians. The late baptisms have not affected this village as much as was expected, though one or two are making excuses not to read.

Miss Piggott's Zenanas, though all are in the immediate town of Burdwan, have not suffered much from the late upset. Last year a *Babu* was very anxious to have his daughter-in-law taught, but when the relations found that the Bible-teaching must

accompany the other instruction, they begged of us not to go any more. It was touching to see the dear mother-in-law so devout in her own religion, and her dread lest anything should cool her ardour.

Miss Piggott, at our general prayer-meeting and our more private gathering on Sundays, often asked for prayer on their behalf. They removed to a house which she was constantly passing, and she noticed how they often watched for her from the window. Not knowing these people had come to the house, I called with the intention of seeing the former occupants. They received me most warmly, and begged that Miss Piggott would go to see them and arrange to teach the girls. They have been going on ever since, even through the disturbance, and have never made any objection again to the Bible-teaching. About two of them Miss Piggott is specially hopeful. One of her pupils, who at one time did not in the least care to listen to the Bible, was very fond of reading stories. She gets *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which has been translated into Bengali. The prayers recorded seemed to strike her much, and she asked Miss Piggott "whether we prayed like that and expected an answer? Was it only a story, or was there truth in it?" She seemed much impressed with the answer, and has ever since listened with attention. Miss Piggott lends Christian story-books in Bengali, but the stock is not large and she has gone through them.

A young widow here, who at one time had fixed to come out with her

little girl, seems now to have become very cold and full of the world. Notwithstanding this she has her old affection for us, and said to Miss Piggott, with tears in her eyes, speaking of the disturbance, "It makes me quite sad to see the omnibus go by empty." Pray for this dear young woman, that yet her heart may be drawn from the world to love her Saviour.

Bohar.

How different from last year is the prospect this cold season, with such a strong reinforcement! Now that Miss Harding has come, we shall be four, two to go into camp and two to remain here. Before the course of itinerating begins, I hope to go, in company with some one of our party, to a tent near Bohar, as we have heard of the death of one of the brothers who are the *Zemindars* there. He was the younger, and the more favourable towards the establishment of a girls' school in their village. I should like to show my sympathy with the widow. His only son, who was studying in England, has had to return in consequence of his father's death.

Upon hearing of the riot, my friend the elder brother's wife, wrote a letter of sympathy and offered to help with money for the prosecution of the offenders. I expressed my gratitude for her kindness, but said we did not intend to prosecute. Although the work has not opened up there as we at first hoped, yet we do not lose our interest in it, and the day may yet

come when the prayers for that village and its inhabitants are to be answered.

Last year the rain came and prevented us from visiting Bohar as we intended. I only visited the camp twice, once at Boyacoutapur and Gobinpoor, and was much struck with the earnest manner in which the women listened; and from the remarks they made it was evident they had taken a wonderful grasp of the truth they had heard.

Villages.

This comes partly under the heading of itineration, but there is a distinction without much apparent difference. It lies in this, that besides the itinerating work, we visit a large number of villages and hamlets within a drive of our mission-house; Miss Edwards, Miss Smith, and I go with the Bible-women from time to time.

Miss Edwards went to several quite new villages near at hand, which had not been visited before. There are almost innumerable hamlets round Burdwan.

Gondaraj, the Bible-woman, who has battled against fever for a long time, has now taken a holiday, and we all think she ought to get work elsewhere, as she has been suffering long from malaria. Poor old Mary goes on faithfully, though we see how weak she is becoming, and feel that she could not recover from a sharp attack of illness. These two are supported by the Bible Society.

Miss Harding is doing all she can to get Bible-women, especially for itinerating. A colporteur's wife is on

trial; she is supported by the fund sent from Worcester by one of God's faithful servants.

Ingathering.

On New Year's Day, our new church, by the assiduous labours, on the two last days of 1892, of Mr. and Mrs. Santer, was fit for service. The following Sunday, January 8th, we had four orphans baptized—two boys and two girls. Many of our friends know their history. The mother of the girls last year went with her mistress to the Hills, and while she was away, they slept at our house for protection. They used to come to our prayers and to school, and they soon began to wish to be Christians. Their mother returned very ill indeed, and soon after, when dying, she sent for me to give her youngest girl entirely to me; her eldest, she said, wished to be a Christian, but her husband, who had forsaken her for a year, might possibly make objections. We think she, Khrishto Dashi, is about sixteen or seventeen. No effort has been made to get her back, and now nearly a year has gone by.

Miss Edwards and I did what we could for the poor mother. Miss Edwards went every day to care for her and read to her, and I went frequently. She said, if she lived she would be baptized; however, she soon after died. The girls came at once to us; the eldest received special instruction for baptism. Miss Edwards, who had been chiefly instrumental in drawing her to love the Lord Jesus, was her godmother. Her

name means "the servant of Christ." She and her little sister have both wonderfully improved; it gives us all true pleasure to see their conduct, and their apparent desire to please God and to learn about Him. The boys were rescued from their mother, who, so far, has not taken them from me. They are now in Chupra C.M.S. school and are doing well. I was much pleased with the way the elder boy entered into the baptismal service, and indeed all four were most devout and reverent. Mr. Santer was much struck by their manner.

Mrs. E. E. Lewis has very kindly offered to provide for the elder boy, whilst the others are provided for by different people. Khrishto Bhabon, is maintained by a Sunday-school in Southampton. The younger boy is supported by Mrs. Smart, of Port Hope, Canada, through the Hon. W. Sugden's kind interest.

Another little orphan girl came to us from the hospital here. As the assistant civil surgeon, a Hindu, sent her to us, there was considerable interest taken in her, and her baptism created rather a sensation. The doctor *Babu* and others remarked on the great improvement in her appearance. She is a sweet child, and it is beautiful to see what a pleasure she takes in learning about the Lord Jesus.

A kind friend in London, through Miss Sugden's pleading in Canada, has sent a cheque, and promised to support this child.

Khrishto Dashi shows considerable ability; so now we have put her

into the fourth standard in the Bara Bazaar School, and she is studying hard to pass her examination in March next. She did not know her letters when she came to us. Will our friends pray for these dear orphans, specially for the eldest, that we may know what is the most useful work in life for them? At the baptism of Shompoti, many Hindus were watching from the outside of the church, and among them some of the girls from the Noshkardiggee school. Dear Shushilla was there, and she told me it made her long for her turn to come. Poor child, she little knew then what awaited her.

A young Hindu was present at the baptism of the four orphans, and entered into all the service very earnestly. He has been so diligent in his studies that he is now, though only about sixteen, reading for his B.A. I told Miss Clymer of him and of his desire for a Bible, and she has sent him a beautiful one.

What shall I say to the kind friends who, through my sister Mary, have sent money for the expenses of the lawsuit? They have taken a load off my mind, for I could not have borne to draw upon our regular Mission funds for this purpose. Two boxes have come, and the kind gifts for our schools, sent by so many of our friends, are valuable and delightful. Mrs. Babington's Bible-class is at work again. There is no time now to mention by name all those from whom we have received help, but I hope to do so on another occasion.

The donation Mr. Fox sent to me

from Canada after Miss Sugden's appeals for India, has been invaluable to us in the maintenance of all those who have been brought to us

for support and education. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Burdwan, Nov. 22nd, 1893.

A Dish from the Burdwan Breakfast-table.

BY MISS EDWARDS.

WE were a very happy party at breakfast this morning, November 22nd, 1893—seven missionaries, a real family gathering! If some of you in the midst of happy homes in England dread the thought as I dreaded it, of coming out here to the work, specially because it means living among strangers, I should like just to tell you how true I have found the promise, "There is no man that hath left" ought for the dear Lord's sake, "but he shall receive an hundred-fold *now in this time.*" Our Zenana Mission-houses are real *homes*, and those who work with us here are real sisters in Christ Jesus. If you heard us and saw us here, I do not think we should seem very dull to you, dwelling each in her "hidden sphere, apart," as Keble says; but are rather one in love for each other and sympathy in the work. Except when this terrible climate makes even the strongest among us feel good-for-nothing, it is a most delightful life and a most delightful work.

However, to return to the breakfast-table. Something happened there which was not so pleasant; they all *set* upon me, saying I *must* write a Report! I am afraid I have rather shirked this duty before, contenting

myself with writing letters of general missionary information to friends, all more or less known. But when it comes to knowing that whatever one writes may be read by whoever likes to take up INDIA'S WOMEN, and will appear in print and not in the informal guise of a working party letter, it makes one feel as though by no amount of brain-racking could one find anything important enough to say, or a nice enough way to say it.

Then besides all this, after the commotion we have had here, there seems to be a kind of chasm formed, in one's mind as well as in the work. We have become so used to things as they are now, that it is only with a very great effort of mind one can realise how they were before. However, I will make the effort and begin.

It is now nearly a year ago since Miss Smith and I went out into camp. Our tents were first pitched near a village called Boykhantapur, some four miles from here. One has always to be careful about the site of the camp, so that the tents should not be too exposed to the sun in the day nor to the cold at night. Our camp at Boykhantapur was just perfect: mango-trees above and bamboos and cocoanut-palms around, where the

sunshine glints and dances, and between which long stretches of rice-fields and brilliant-coloured crops may be seen; the whole forming a perfect picture of peace and beauty.

However, it is about the people that you will want to hear. How did they receive us? Very well, I think, on the whole. I remember one of the first days that we went out, a large number of people, something like a hundred, gathered around us. They seemed pleased to see us again, recognised me as the "*Mem* who had only just come from England two years before," and asked a good deal about Miss Cowley and Miss Valpy, who had been there in former years.

Among this large number there were some who really cared to hear, and to whose houses we went at intervals during our stay at Boykhanapur.

We found there, as we almost always do in village work, we could not stay an unlimited time. As we drove down the village street one afternoon, I remember some one saying, "What are you always coming here for, bringing your foreign religion to us? We have our own, and we *don't want yours*." Indeed, at the end of about a fortnight, we found we had considerably worn out our welcome among them; they were afraid of the power of God's Word.

I have a special house in my mind, where we had always a good hearing, and where the women seemed really sorry at our going, and looked upon us as friends. After the camping season was over, and we had settled down to

the work in Burdwan for the hot weather, I drove in my *tum-tum* (such a smart little turn-out, given by some generous friends specially for this work) to see these women. I was looking forward to it. What was our disappointment to see them looking glum at our unexpected appearance, and to be told by the *Babu*, the head of the household, he did not want our Christian teaching there! His wife can read and has a Gospel, so the Word of the Living God may still spring up and take root where there seems no chance of fruit-bearing at present.

The next place we went to, Gobindapur, four miles farther on, is a big village. It had only been visited once, and that was three years before, so that the people did not seem afraid in the same way that they had done at the last place, where they had had more teaching.

Once as the people were gathering in the courtyard around us to listen, I noticed a woman talking in rather an excited way to the Bible-woman. I asked what it was about. "Why," they said, "she is giving you her little girl, Bhola, and you are to be her god-mother."

"Godmother," I thought, "to a Hindu child! What does it mean?" From various conversations we had with the mother after, we found she was really anxious we should take her little girl to educate, and she had no objection to her becoming a Christian; indeed, from what I gathered, she rather wished it. This sounded rather too good to be true, still I was assured

it was a fact, and when the *Babu* came home, as he would do in a day or two, I should hear all from him. In the meantime he arrived, and one day, as we were singing in his house before beginning our teaching, he came in, and in a very angry way said to his wife, "Don't believe these words; they are *all false*." The hymn we were singing was to this effect,—

"Jesus is certainly *God*."

This proceeding was rather mysterious after what the wife had said; but as he was very angry, and our staying seemed likely to be the cause of a family quarrel, we took our departure, quietly telling his wife that the *Babu* did not understand, or else he certainly would not speak like that, with which she seemed quite to agree.

Indeed, she told the Bible-woman, when she met her alone one day, that her husband had been very nearly a Christian at one time; but he went back, as he could not bear what it would cost him. "Still, if he were taught again, he might yet believe," she added.

Afterwards I met the *Babu*, a really educated man, and he said: "I know your gospels, I have read them, and I do not think that Jesus Christ Himself taught that He was Divine at all." I answered this as best I could at the time and then said, "*Babu*, you do not believe this doctrine, because you do not *want* to believe it." He seemed angry, and I left him.

I hardly liked to go again to the house after this, yet I was unwilling

to go away without saying good-bye to her. I therefore ventured just to run in, as we drove past on our way to the next camping-ground. This time the *Babu* was much more gracious, though he expostulated with me a little about the doctrine, at which he had taken such exception the last time. I said, "You see, *Babu*, the doctrine of the Divinity of our Lord is the very foundation of our religion, the essence of our faith. If we do not teach what we believe, there is no reason for our being here at all. We had better leave the country."

"Oh!" he answered, "you are very good women, I believe." (Very condescending, wasn't it?) Then he went on to say, "These people are very ignorant, they cannot learn anything by your coming for a little time like this. You should begin at the beginning, and teach the children. You should have a school."

I told him we should be very glad to do so; but we had heard from many people in the village what great prejudice there was against education in that village, and no one had expressed a wish for a school. "I should be very glad to send Bhola," he said. Then I told him that if he could get the names of several people who were equally willing to send their children, I had no doubt that we could arrange to start one. Gobindapur is only eight miles from Burdwan, and we had been looking out all round to find a place to open a school, but we had been unsuccessful up to that time. He was sure he could

bring forward a sufficient quantity of names, and promised to write to us on the subject. About three weeks afterwards, as we again drove through that village, we called in to see Bhola's mother. She was very pleased, and she had something new to show us, a sweet baby-boy, born a few days after we left! "And," she added, "it is to your blessing I owe it that my boy and I are so well." It was a pleasure seeing the new baby. She called in several neighbours, and she would not let us go (we were afraid of being overtaken by the night) until we had sung to her, and then she pressed us to take some sweetmeats, which were very acceptable in the middle of our long drive upon a most uncomfortable road. When we enquired for the *Babu* she said, "He is writing to you the letter about the school." The letter has never turned up from that day to this! So one gradually learns not to believe all one hears.

The next place we camped at was eight miles farther on, sixteen from Burdwan, called Kuchute. There, although we were not so generally welcomed, perhaps, there were some special women who listened with particular sympathy and intelligence. From one special *Para* they often came to call us, and, when we left, they seemed really sad. One woman remembered all we told her, and said, "I am thinking of your words, day and night."

We had to leave this place all in a

hurry. The weather broke up and we returned to Burdwan. I wish I had time to tell you some of our adventures. It is a tremendous business getting from one place to another, when everything, kitchen included, must go too! One night we nearly got soaked through, and the tent blown down; but we were most mercifully preserved through it all. After staying a few days in Burdwan on account of the weather, we set out in another direction, to Satgatchi. You may, perhaps, remember the name. Miss Harding and Miss Smith were so much encouraged by their reception in this place the year before, and we were much looking forward to our work there.

This was rather disappointing, at least in the place itself. I felt the difference in the mood of the people at once. They would let us go in at many places; but they were not anxious we should do so. In other houses they did not allow us an entrance, and we heard not a single word of the school, for which there had been such a demand on all sides the year before. So one learns not to depend upon what looks like success; but only to be faithful day by day, as our Lord gives us the opportunity of serving Him. There was plenty of work within a walk or a drive, and it was a great disappointment when another downpour of rain prevented our carrying out many plans we had formed for visiting fresh and distant villages.

CHINA MISSION.

Hingwa.—*An Awakening.*

NOW I must tell you how very encouraging our village work has been. We are almost surprised to find we can go to any village near, get a large, attentive crowd directly, and have an open-air meeting, without any disturbance. The villages here are legion. they almost run into one another. We went to Ti-chan, and had a splendid open-air meeting, then moved on to the other end of the village and got a new crowd of people—from 150 to 200 at each place. One of the results was that last Sunday fifteen of the men from there came to church, and said they wanted to worship God. The "father" of the village, an old man of seventy-five, brought the others. In these villages the oldest man is very much respected, and his word followed. For instance, if a theatre comes and the old man refuses to have it, it must go; in the same way he can stop fighting. If the head-man of a village is a Christian, that village will never fight its neighbouring villages. (Village war is very common here.) Another odd thing to us is, that perhaps 500 or 1000 people in a village may all have the same surname; they are more like little clans.

This old man came here to see Mr. Da and hear more, and he took a Bible home. He seems quite in earnest. On Sunday I sat near him, and he looked over my Prayer-book;

it was so sweet to kneel down together and hear him repeating the prayers with us.

We have had many interesting village meetings, and hear that in all directions the heathen are "*doi-dang*," which means shaking. Praise God!

Yesterday F. and I were out, and after walking, sat on the grass to rest. We were seen, and the news carried to the nearest village. Within five minutes we had between fifty and sixty men and women. F. took some, I talked to the others; they were much interested, and listened intently.

An old heathen man said to me, last Sunday, "Kunion, don't go away from here; if only you will stay, very soon many of us will come and serve your God." Another day a woman came to see us. She asked no questions, did not even look at our clothes or things, but took my hand, and said, "Kunion, come to our village, teach us to serve your God."

We get many talks, as we walk in the afternoons, almost always asking some question, according to Chinese etiquette, of any who pass; such as, "Have you eaten yet?" and then telling them what we have come for. You get splendid opportunities of preaching the Gospel, for you can always find people to talk to, and if going through a village, forms and tea are brought out at once, and we can get grand talks. I know it is

more difficult at home, but I do believe Christians always ought to be ready to speak *anywhere*.

One afternoon we met a small boy, and after a talk, asked what his load contained; he opened the basket, and showed us about 100 large frogs, very good to eat. We told him to bring them here, as we wanted to taste them, but they were about 1½d. each, and Geelong thought them too expensive, so we have not had them yet. Another day we met a Christian—we knew he was this, because he used the Christian salutation, "Peace." After a few words, he said to me, "Take some." "What?" I looked in his basket, and there was a miscellaneous assortment of shrimps, snails, little fishes, &c. Of course, I politely declined; but that is Chinese custom, and he gave me a large handful, meaning me to eat them on the spot. I thanked him, but brought them home for the catechist's children.

Yesterday, when we were having dinner, a poor old heathen woman came up to see us, and before we could stop her, she had knelt down to worship us. It seemed awful to think of such darkness.

I hardly like to tell you of more villages, for each one is just the same—an eager crowd of those who have never seen a foreigner before, and, almost without exception, have never heard the Name of Jesus—I think I might add, in every place some willing to be taught. The women follow us as we walk away, saying, "Let me come to your school; do teach me about your God."

Now, my dear friends, here is my point. The Christians here are all roused up. They say to us, "If you will teach our women, you have won our families and our villages."

The Christian men have come to us and said, "If you can get the money for materials, we will build a school here for the women; we will give our time, and work gladly and build it."

We have the ground here already; it is now used for potatoes, but is enclosed already by the wall that surrounds this church and house, and what we want is between 40*l.* and 50*l.* to build a school in which twenty women may be taught. They would have a training varying from one to three years, at the end of which time, if suitable, we would send them out to teach in these villages. Of course the work here is only just beginning, and we have only one woman to help us; we so want to train others.

The Christians here gave a great deal of money to build this house and church, and did all the work themselves, each man giving so many days; and now they are begging us to teach their wives and children. If any who read this letter would like to give something, however small, towards this 50*l.*, we should be so glad.

I mentioned the church to be built at Ging Dong; 10*l.* was sent, and the money is now collected.

Now what else can I tell you? We know we are being helped with the language. Of course we do not talk well, but the heathen can under-

stand us, and that is what we came here for, to preach this glorious Gospel.

I have much to thank you for, for we feel it is in answer to your prayers

that God is blessing these people. And oh! what joy to meet them in His presence hereafter!—*Letter from Miss Alice Hankin, dated October 2nd, 1893.*

Canada.

TOUR OF THE HON. WINIFRIEDE SUGDEN.

OUR readers will be interested to have a *résumé* of the Hon. W. Sugden's experiences in Canada. During her ten months' stay there, she met with unvarying kindness and sympathy wherever she went, and openings were made for her by Churchmen of all grades, and even by Nonconformists—in fact, the great difficulty was how to fulfil all the engagements planned. It was impossible to keep up taking a long journey and giving two addresses within twenty-four hours, and her health gave way, in consequence of the constant strain and exposure to the intense cold. She was twice laid up in hospital for several weeks; this prevented her visiting many towns to which she had been invited, including nearly all the diocese of Quebec. Notwithstanding this enforced time of rest, she accomplished a fair amount of work. The number of meetings taken was about 115, and the number of those present was over 11,000.

At London, Ontario, she attended the annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary, and gave an address to the delegates assembled from all parts of the diocese of Huron. She felt it would have been worth while crossing the Atlantic only to make use of this opportunity for reaching so many workers.

In Toronto the most lively interest in the cause was shown; besides the amounts already subscribed, \$600 was promised yearly for a Medical Mission, this promise being the outcome of a meeting for women only, held after the public one in St. James' Schoolroom, Toronto. The total amount collected was nearly \$2000 for the General Fund, and \$714 for medical work.

Many members of the Women's Auxiliary think that they ought to have a Canadian station in India, worked for and under the C.E.Z.M.S., but started and kept up by their subscriptions. Mrs. Tilton said that the sum of

\$1400 or \$1500 might be relied on yearly as things are at present. If such an arrangement can be carried out, it will be a happy link of union between the mother country and one of her noblest and most enterprising daughters.

About a dozen offers of service were called forth from ladies at different places, and Miss Sugden trusts that some of the number may help to recruit our ranks. To arouse the interest of the young people was an object she kept constantly in view, making a point of addressing Sunday-schools whenever opportunity offered. Cards were readily taken by the children, and the promise of a little book acted as an incentive to get the money in quickly. At one place in Montreal, nearly \$50 was collected by the children, and over 200 cards were given out in that diocese.

Foreign Notes.

NORTH INDIA MISSION.

CALCUTTA.—Mohammedan Branch.

Islami Children.

Miss Bardsley writes:—

On my return from Faizabad at the beginning of November, 1892, I commenced my first regular work for the Master in this land. At first I went twice a week to Miss Marten's school at Mattya Burj; I worked there until Miss Hensley's return to England in the spring. My pupils were the little ones, and to keep these little pickles busily and happily employed was no easy task, for they soon found out that their new teacher's vocabulary was a very small one. I was very sorry to leave this school, for these little ones

have a way of winning your love very quickly. They are almost too affectionate, for they are not over-clean!

The change that has passed over the children since we began work there is simply wonderful. At first they ran away from us in great alarm, and came weeping to the little school in which we gather them together in our weekly visits; now they come running to welcome us, wanting to carry our bags and hold our hands, and they think me very unkind because I will persist in carrying my umbrella over my own head!

BARANAGORE.

Miss Edith Highton writes of a poor old woman who it is believed has passed away in the faith of Jesus Christ. Her great-grandchildren attend

one of the schools, and when very ill, she sent for the Bible-woman, as she wanted to know more of One Who she had heard would be her Guide over the River of Death. Both the Bible-woman and Miss Edith Highton visited her. On Miss Highton's last visit, the sick woman prayed very earnestly, "O Lord Jesus, forgive me, and take away all my sin, and lead me safely across the River of Death."

She was much neglected, and cast into an old cow-house. When the Bible-woman visited her there, the poor old lady recognised her, but the only words she was able to say were, "Jesus, Jesus." She received the truth as a little child, and may we not believe, entered into the Kingdom of Heaven?

CEYLON MISSION.

KANDY.—*The Clarence Memorial School.*

Match-making.

School commenced this week, and most of the children have returned. One father, who has lately lost his wife, and has several little children, is afraid that he cannot let his girls remain much longer. The eldest is only fifteen, but according to their custom, she is more than ready to be married. Poor child, she is so young in her ways. But I know the danger of young girls in a home without a mother, and the father out all day, so I have promised to keep her at school until she is seventeen, and in the meantime her father and I hope to find a suitable husband.

It is very amusing and strange to have to arrange a match without the girl having any say in the matter; but such is the custom. When the father was here last week, we discussed many young men. Some would not do because of caste, others were not giving strong enough evidence that

they desired to live a really consecrated life; but at last, two seemed promising, and we are making enquiries about them, and if they prove satisfactory, an arrangement will be entered into, and at the end of two years, if all goes well, they will be married.

I tried to reason with the father that they ought to know each other a little before they were married, and that as they are Christians, they could surely be allowed to see something of each other during the time of their engagement.

It is sad to have people married who are quite strangers to each other; love does not seem to be a thing that they understand in the case of marriage. I am very thankful to be able to keep this girl another year or two, for it is sad to see the girls married when mere children.—*From Miss Bellerby, May 9th, 1893.*

SOUTH INDIA MISSION.

DUMMAGUDEM.

Miss Graham has safely reached this solitary outpost, or as described by one of the merchants who welcomed her, "*this wild jungle*," amongst the Gonds, where, with Mr. and Mrs. Cain, she has carried on Mission work since 1885. Mrs. Cain writes on December 8th, 1893:—

All, Christians and Heathen alike, vied with each other to welcome back Miss Graham, who arrived on Saturday evening after her furlough. The merchants had decorated the bazaar with strings of leaves and small flags, and invited us all to come down on Monday afternoon.

The chief people came to escort the lady missionary. On reaching the *pandal*, we found a banner with "*Welcome to Miss Graham*," in large English letters. Most loving addresses in flowery Telugu were read. One said, amongst many pretty things, that in her absence the people had been like children crying, "Mother, mother," and now that she was seated in their midst, they were appeased, and for this sign of love they would ever thank God. Another compared their longings for Miss Graham to the desire of the lotus* flower to see the sun, and so on, in language that sounds tame in English.

They brought all our names into the

address: Mrs. Dowling's, because she has visited their homes, and mine because I have done what I could in the Dispensary. One merchant, who said that he could not make a speech, pointed to his bejewelled and garlanded, but naked little daughter, saying that she had been ill and like to die, but thanks to Mrs. Cain, she had recovered. This gave us all an opportunity of pressing home the claims of Christ on their hearts. Our boys' schoolmaster was asked to speak, and he told of the benefits Christian England had bestowed on India, saying that only one thing—the love of Christ—could make ladies leave homes and friends to live in such a far-away place as this. Mr. Cain spoke about girls' education, and urged the men to give their daughters instruction that would prepare them to be better wives and better mothers.

We were then garlanded and scent-besprinkled, and the gathering broke up.

DAYBREAK WORKERS' UNION.

The Annual Meeting of this Auxiliary of our Society will be held (D.V.) in the new large room of the Church House, Westminster, on Thursday, March 8th, at three o'clock. The Rev. Preb. Eardley-Wilmot will take the chair, and our missionary, Miss Bartlett, from St. Catherine's Hospital, Amritsar, will give an address.

* It may be necessary to explain that the lotus, a flower, in shape very much like our water-lily, though considerably larger, is regarded in India as sacred. The mysterious *Buddhist invocation* is, as nearly as can be translated, "O the jewel in the lotus!"

PORTRAIT OF MISS TUCKER.

We defer printing a portrait of Miss Tucker until our March Number, as we are anxious to get a block from the best and most faithful photograph that has been taken of her. This portrait is now under preparation.

Miss Dixie, who has been the loved and valued fellow-worker of the late Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.) at Batala, asks us to give notice that some excellent photographs of Miss Tucker will be sold for the benefit of the Batala Medical Mission. Cabinets, 2s. each; Carte-de-visites, 1s. each. Apply to Miss Dixie, 3, Gloucester Road, Brownswood Park, London, N.

Notices of Books.

GOD'S EARTH; OR, WELL WORTH, a *Missionary Book for Boys and Girls*. By SARAH GERALDINA STOCK. *Church Missionary Society*.

THE name of the gifted authoress of this book is in itself a high recommendation. The writer of *Lessons on Israel in Egypt and in the Wilderness, The Story of Uganda*, &c., has long ago proved her mastery of the art of writing children's books, in which their elders can also take delight. Her object is to show that as God thought this earth, even after it had been spoilt by sin, *well worth* the precious ransom of His only begotten Son, so it is *well worth* the cost of self-denial, both of missionaries who spend their lives in heathen lands, and of those on whom the duty of supporting them falls. This object is accomplished in a lucid, anecdotal style. There is little question that *God's Earth* will be as popular as its predecessors—*Light on our Lessons* and *What's o'Clock?* Like them it appears in an illustrated paper-and-cloth boards cover, price 1s. 6d., and in cloth boards 2s. 6d. It contains numerous illustrations and 104 pages, exclusive of Introduction, &c.

FOREIGN MISSIONS AND HOME CALLS. By the Author of "*Are Foreign Missions doing any Good?*" *Elliot Stock*, 62, Paternoster Row. Price 1s.

We can warmly commend this little book. "The writer," to quote the testimony of the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, has put the claim of Foreign Missions "with the more power because he has not spoken with a moment's slight of Christian work at home." He illustrates the fact that home calls and Foreign Missions are not only not antagonistic, but mutually helpful, by the case of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, of which the Vicar writes:—"I cordially endorse your statement that *where Foreign interest flourishes, there Home work thrives*. We are 20,000 people in the parish, all poor; and yet last year we were able to send 97l. to the C.M.S., chiefly collected in small amounts. Four missionaries now in the field have gone from here. Two more from the parish are training at Islington. . . . Our own work is very heavy, but we are an out-and-out Missionary Parish, and that is why God is so richly blessing us."

Suwarta, and other Sketches of Indian Life, by Annie H. Small (T. Nelson and Sons), is an excellent book, written in an easy and attractive style. The sketches of Indian families and their modes of life are most graphic. The stories of the work in the Zenanas are all true, which adds much to their interest. The book gives information of many different races and castes in India. It is well printed, and prettily got up, and very suitable for reading at working parties.

Amongst publications by William Hunt and Co., we see a pamphlet by the Rev. George Ensor, M.A., entitled, "Help those Women," a plea for the work of the C.E.Z.M.S., 16 pp., price 6d. per dozen. Those who are familiar with Mr. Ensor's terse, original style, and want help either in matter for a Missionary Bible-class lesson or a short reading at a working party, need fear no disappointment of any hope they may entertain concerning this little book.

The Editor's Work Basket.

DO all our readers know of the existence of our Society's Home, The Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N.? It is an interesting place, where work is received for sales; gifts for missionaries are collected and dispatched; missionaries at home, when they need it, find a resting-place; and Home workers have opportunities of conference. It is to the Lady Superintendent of the Society's Home that gifts in kind, whether for our missionaries or Home workers, should be sent. Grateful as we are for the gifts of books, Christmas-cards, &c., sent to our Office, 9, Salisbury Square, they sometimes lead us to wonder, as they are being packed up and forwarded to the Manor House, whether one of our centres of work is quite forgotten.

We trust an acknowledgment in this page of an anonymous gift of books left at the Society's Office, 9, Salisbury Square, will meet the donor's eyes. One copy has been kept for our D.W.U. Library. The rest have been sent to our Society's Home, to be distributed amongst the workers, which we trust will meet the wishes of the generous giver.

Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., will be glad to get orders for women's outside vests or "hug-me-tights." Price 1s. 6d. common quality wool, 2s. 3d. for better quality. Proceeds to be given to C.E.Z.M.S. funds.

OUR ANNIVERSARY.

We have decided to have an evening Annual Meeting this year, as well as one earlier in the day, on May 4th. The Right Rev. Bishop Royston, late of Mauritius, has consented to take the chair at the evening meeting; Sir Charles U. Aitchison will, as usual, preside at the other.

The Rev. Norman F. McNeile, M.A., Vicar of Brafferton, Yorkshire, has consented to preach our Annual Sermon, in St. James', Paddington (by the kind permission of the Rev. Walter Abbott), on Ascension Day, May 3rd.

Further particulars regarding both Meetings and Sermons will be given in future Numbers.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Meetings for praise and prayer will be held (D.V.) at the Society's office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C., on Tuesday, February 13th, at 3.30, and in the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., on Tuesday, February 27th, at 3.30.

REQUEST FOR PRAISE.

For a poor old woman of the Baranagore Mission, who has passed away, it is believed in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

For Native friends at Burdwan who have borne suffering on account of their faithful adherence to our missionaries.

For two Zenana pupils of Miss Piggott's at Burdwan, about whom their teacher is very hopeful.

For orphans who have been baptized at Burdwan, that God will choose their calling for them, and give wisdom to those in charge of them that they may know how to prepare them for it.

NEEDS AND WANTS.

Our Needs.

For the Punjab Mission.

Workers are urgently needed for Batala, to succeed the late honoured head of the Mission, Miss Tucker, and to carry on the encouraging work in the "Star" Dispensary; also for Jandiala, as Miss Parslee, the senior missionary, is obliged to come home on account of illness.

For the South India Mission.

A fully qualified Medical Missionary is needed at once to carry on the work among Mohammedan women at Bangalore begun by Miss Nixon, who left the Mission on her marriage.

Another appeal comes from Bangalore. Miss A. M. Smith, the head of our Mohammedan Mission at this station, has strongly represented the need of a training home in South India for lady missionaries. Contributions will be received for this object by the C.E.Z.M.S. Financial Secretary, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.

We are thankful that sums amounting to 50*l.* have been given in response to this notice.

For the China Mission.

For the past three years two ladies have contributed 70*l.* annually toward the support of one of our missionaries in the Fuh-Kien Province. Though unable to continue to give that amount, they are willing still to be responsible for 20*l.* a year, if some friend or friends are willing to guarantee the remaining 50*l.*

We trust that our needs in the Mission-field will always be regarded as subjects for prayer.

Wanted.

Kurtas, skirts, spectacles, pieces of material, for the widows of Industrial Classes at our different stations. Miss MacGregor, 17, Gunterstone Road, West Kensington, W., Hon. Sec. for the C.E.Z.M.S. *Indian Widows' Union*, will supply patterns of garments, or give information, and receive and send other kind gifts for the needy widows of India.

Foreign Postage Stamps (except the common Continental and United States) and collections, for which 20 per cent. more than dealers offer will be given. All proceeds to be devoted to the C.E.Z.M.S. Address, I. W., 19, Kensington Crescent, London, W. Please do not send any English, French, or German stamps.

Foreign Postage Stamps.—Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., will be glad of all sorts of foreign postage stamps and old English ninepence ones of past issues—to sell for the benefit of the C.E.Z.M.S.

Cashmere stamps are much in demand just now and will be gratefully received.

Mothers' Meeting Parcels.—Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, London, N., will be very glad to supply parcels for Mothers' Meetings. Many "mothers" are glad of this opportunity of helping missionary work by the purchase of articles of clothing suitable for themselves or their children. All goods not selling readily may be returned.

Christmas Cards, old or new.—Miss Woolmer, 93, Grosvenor Road, London, S.W., will be grateful for old or new Christmas-cards, that can either be sold for the C.E.Z.M.S. funds, or made into scrap-books for India.

Miss Woolmer offers many thanks to all who have so kindly responded to her request for Christmas-cards.



More Stories from Mother's Note-books.

By LUCY I. TONGE (U. S. O.)

CHAPTER II.—DOCTORS AND PATIENTS.

WE spent one morning in Agra in seeing Medical Mission and Zenana work. In one house there were eleven or twelve women gathered together. We noticed wreaths of mango-leaves in the low doorway and in the court below; and then directly we went up the steep stone steps, we saw more marigolds and mango-leaves, and a very fine Guy Fawkes cap. We were told that all the decorations were in honour of a boy of twelve having received, a day or two before our visit, the yellow cord that the Brahmins wear.

The women showed us their jewels and turned out their boxes that we might see their fine holiday *sarees*; the one they admired most was covered with red and green tinsel. We went away laden with sweets; the sun melted the *ghee*, or butter, from the sweetmeats, and we poured it off in streams in the streets. I was asked to question one woman; she answered nicely, and repeated texts, and said she believed in Jesus; but the missionary said she only said this because she thought it would please us, and that she was not a Christian at all. Our visit was a great pleasure to these poor creatures. They looked at us admiringly. Wishing to say something kind, they told the missionary that we were wonderfully pretty!

At another house there was a poor widow, who was very weak and thin and almost starved. She looked up at the medical missionary and said, "O, *Mem Sahib*, make me well, do make me well; for even when I am ill, I have all the work to do, and it is so hard; do give me something to cure me!" The tears ran down the poor woman's cheeks, and they

came into the missionary's eyes, for she knew that this woman's illness had come on from want of food.

Widows are only allowed to eat once a day. One poor creature said that often between whiles, she was so faint that she did not know what to do. Miss Johnston, the missionary, told the woman how much kinder God's religion was than man's; that man was unkind to the widow, but God called Himself "The God of the widow, the Father of the fatherless, the Helper of the helpless."

It is very difficult to make the poor sick people sensible. I have heard some strange tales from the medical missionaries. If a powder is given in paper to a woman, she has often been known to throw the powder away and eat the paper.

A woman who had some medicine herself, wanted some for her baby, and brought her own bottle to have the cough medicine for the baby mixed with the medicine just given to her. When the lady told her that she could not mix the medicines and a fresh bottle must be brought, the woman went out of the dispensary, drank her medicine which was intended to last three days, all at one large gulp, and brought the bottle thus emptied to be filled for the baby.

We have heard of another patient, whose medicine was given to her in a tiny bottle, and the woman came to the missionary and inquired whether she meant the glass bottle to be ground up with what was inside!

Miss Johnstone says the poor, ignorant women frighten the little children. For instance, a baby pulled over itself a saucepanful of boiling *ghee*. There were some little blisters which needed to be cut—it would not have hurt the child; but directly the scissors were produced, the old grandmother seized the baby and terrified it by her screams, whilst she kept on shouting out that the baby must not be hurt, and the missionary was going to do it harm. After a time the poor old woman was willing to give the child up, and begged pardon, saying she "had but a little heart, and was easily frightened."

The streets were very crowded; people, dressed in their smartest clothing, were returning from the River Jumna. It was a day of sacrificing to the goddess Setla, who is supposed to defend from small-pox, and every one had been bathing in the river and making offerings. This is thought to be the right way to please heathen gods and goddesses and get their protection and care. One of the lady missionaries told us that at the last *mé'a*, or festival to the small-pox goddess, a heathen woman had one

of her children very ill; the lady said to her, "Your little girl needs great care; you must keep her warm and comfortable in bed." But the woman, wishing to please the goddess, took the poor, sick child down to the river and dipped her in the cold water, and the next day the child died.

When I went one day to a dirty little verandah in the city, where a missionary was seeing her patients, I felt it would need much love to Jesus to be a medical missionary. Every one who came to be cured was very dirty. The missionary said to one woman, "You must wash your child, and then I will give you the ointment." The mother had twenty bracelets on each arm, and nine rings on her fingers, but knew nothing about cleanliness; she took up her *lota*, or brass pot, and poured the water over the child. Would you not think it stupid if nurse were to pour a jug of water over you instead of using soap, and rubbing you in the bath?

One thing the poor heathen mothers do is to rub their children all over with oil; they think that is sure to do them good, and often when medicine is given they will rub it on them instead of letting them swallow it.

After many years, the poor women and the little children learn to love and trust the kind missionary lady doctors. Once upon a time when one of them got into her carriage to go home, she found a live kid in it which had been put in as a present for her by her grateful patients.

Sometimes when the poor women find that the medicine does them good, they say to the ladies, "You are gods," and want to fall down and worship them. The missionaries quickly stop them and say, "I cannot make you well, but it is my God who has done it; you must thank Him."

We went into one house where we were offered food. There had been a great consultation before we went about it. The kind people said to the missionary, "Shall we cook our tame pigeon for these new English ladies?" The missionary said, "I am sure my friends would be sorry for you to kill your dear little pigeon for them." Then the women said, "We must make them a lot of sweets." Again the missionary answered, "English ladies cannot often eat Indian sweets."

"It is very sad," the poor women said, "because our wish is to feast them; tell me what English ladies like? Would they like a cup of tea?"

"Yes," said the missionary, "that will do nicely."

It was a wonderful cup of tea ; so you shall hear about it !

A dirty woman took some tea out of a linen bag with her hand ; then she cleaned the basins. *First* she rubbed them with mud, *secondly* with dry flour, and, *thirdly*, poured water over them. After much running about and talking, the basins were brought to us full of horrid-looking tea, buffaloes' milk, and *thick* with sugar ; we swallowed as much as we could and then waited. Our kind tea-maker eagerly watched us. Did we like it ? It was impossible to say "No," and we could not truthfully say "Yes." I tried to get off by saying that it was said I was always ready for a cup of tea. "Then why," they naturally asked, "not finish this ?" "Because," I said, "we have had enough," and the missionary excused me, saying it was too sweet. At once some greasy milk was brought to lessen the sweetness, but, after all, the cups were left unfinished. In this house there was a little widow only six years of age. She would never be allowed to wear jewels and pretty clothing ; she looked happy, however, for the missionary had sent her to school, and this would make a nice change in her dull life.

We called one day on an English lady who had charge of a little grandchild who was not two years old. This poor little mite had a great many servants to wait on her : an old man, called a bearer, who carried her about ; two *ayahs*, or women nurses ; and when she went out, she rode in her goat-chaise. Besides the two *ayahs*, the goat had a servant all to itself. Little English children from India are often very troublesome when they come home, and we must be patient with them ; for we, who have always lived in England, have not the excuses for being cross that they have—the bad example of heathen servants, and often being ill with the hot climate.

On Sunday we heard bad news. Aunt Fan's naughty pony, Tommy, whom we told you liked to have his own way, had thrown Aunt Fan off his back, and she had broken her collar-bone and injured her arm. You can understand how much we thought of her all day, and asked God to be with her, and not allow this accident to hinder her very much. After all, we thought, perhaps it will help her, because now when she goes to see people who have broken their bones, she will know better than ever before how to comfort them. God does not let troubles that He sends *really* hinder ; He can see a great deal further than we can, and He never makes mistakes.

(*To be continued.*)

Prize Competitions.

THE following prizes are offered for the best answers to Scripture and Missionary Acrostics and Puzzles, which will be printed alternately in each number of this magazine throughout the year:—

For answers in both subjects: First Prize, 15s.; Second, 10s.

For Scripture only: First Prize, 5s.; Second, 2s. 6d.

For Missionary Questions only: First Prize, 5s.; Second, 2s. 6d.

This competition is open to all readers, but answers must be accompanied by a statement whether the competitor is over or under twenty-one years of age, and the name, address, and calling (if any) must be given, as should several answers be of equal merit, these conditions will be considered in awarding the prize. The only help in answering Scripture questions must be a Reference Bible, and answers must be sent in, marked Prize Competition, to the Editor of INDIA'S WOMEN, 9, Salisbury Square, before the first day of the month following that in which questions are given.

1. MISSIONARY ACROSTIC.

A heathen yoke. A creed's chief stay,
Dearer than earthly treasure
To those who own its powerful sway;
But broken, despised, and cast away
By one who seeks the Living Way,
And true and endless pleasure.

Initials wanted of—

- (1) The surname of the Pioneer of Zenana Missions.
- (2) The sacred capital of the Sikhs.
- (3) The founder of Zenana work at Chintadrepettah.
- (4) One of our missionaries who laboured in India for eighteen years without leaving the country.
- (5) One of our stations where (as it is believed) the first Brahmin widow in the Telugu Country has become a Christian.

All the information required has been published in INDIA'S WOMEN since January, 1892. Answers must be sent in by March 1st.

RESULT OF SCRIPTURE BIBLE STUDY COMPETITION, 1893.

Scripture studies for December have been received from:—C. M. R. B., C. M. M., F. M., R. M. S., and R. W.

The Prize for the Scripture Studies sent in during the year is awarded to C. M. R. BRYDONE.

Of the remaining six who have competed, *Ruth White* and *Rosa M. Skinner* deserve special mention.

Notice.

*** All Communications, Contributions, Books for Review, &c., &c., are to be addressed to The Editor, C.E.Z.M.S., 9, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Articles for the forthcoming issue must be received by the 15th of the second previous month; short notices by the 5th of previous month.



A. L. Q. E.



Miss Tucker,

C.E.Z.M.S. Missionary.



INDIA'S WOMEN.



IN MEMORIAM—A. L. O. E.

OUR Society has sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Miss Charlotte Maria Tucker (better known as A.L.O.E.), who died at Amritsar on December 2nd, 1893.

Miss Tucker was the third daughter of Henry St. George Tucker, one of the Directors of the East India Company, who had married Jane Boswell, daughter of the Rev. Robert Boswell. Her early life was spent in the quiet retirement of home, where her brilliant talents and singular amiability made themselves felt when she was quite young.

Her literary powers did not fully appear, however, till after the death of her father, when her first books, *Daybreak in Britain*, *The White Shroud*, *The Giant Killer*, *Young Pilgrim*, and *Claremont Tales*, speedily won for her literary fame; and for many years her captivating stories were the popular volumes found on every bookstall.

Many and sweet are the memories she has left of those early days of

authorship, for success never spoilt her ; and she was ever ready to lay down her pen to entertain her nephews and nieces when they came to see her. Often they interrupted her, but none can remember her ever giving way to *one* exclamation of vexation or disappointment at being thus invaded in her *sanctum* ; and she would, with wonderful ease, turn her thoughts from her manuscript to amuse and profit them, clothing spiritual lessons and sound advice under the guise of parables, which she invented with enviable facility. She was never too much engrossed with her own pursuits to attend to, and sympathise with, any one who came to her for help and sympathy. Hers was indeed

“ A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise ”

with the wants of those around her ; and she daily found time to visit the poor, to whom she was a true and kind friend.

In 1857 she had a very great sorrow in the death of her brother, Robert Tucker, who was murdered in the Indian Mutiny, and she devoted herself to the care and bringing up of his children.

After the death of her mother in 1869 the old home in Portland Place had to be given up. A sad time of anxiety followed, nursing her elder sister, Fanny, who was dying of consumption. But in spite of so many untoward circumstances, she continued to write for the press with unabated vigour : every Christmas two or more new volumes appeared, which were welcomed by old and young, especially *Pride and its Prisoners*, *The Roby Family*, *Rambles of a Rat*, *Hebrew Heroes*, *The Shepherd King*, and many others, which bore alike the stamp of her lofty and pious mind. She always wrote with the desire to do good, and the sweet and holy lessons she thus taught will not easily be forgotten. Like the circles eddying round a stone dropped into a pond, so circles of influence were ever rising round her good words, and who can tell when the last will come, or when it will die away ?

It was not till the spring of 1875, that she thought of going to India as a missionary, and in the autumn of that year she went forth, at her own expense, at the age of fifty-four.

She went—never to return ; for her devotion to missionary work was such, that no inducements of relatives or friends at home sufficed to bring her back, even for a short visit, though she often needed change and rest. The utmost holiday she would allow herself was a short trip to the



MISS TUCKER.

(From a Photograph taken in Canada, shortly before she went to India.)

Hills; and she was always punctually back at her "post of honour" when the brief resting-time was over.

She studied Urdu before going out to India; and almost from the first day of her arrival there, turned her thoughts to writing parables and stories for the Natives, with wonderful ease adopting their modes of thought and style of language, and entering into their prejudices and difficulties. Thousands of her beautiful little tracts and books were soon circulating through the length and breadth of India.

Yet among her abundant labours she found time to write, and send home year by year, a new volume to add to her list of stories; though, to do so, she often rose before dawn, so that neither literary work, nor correspondence with the many relatives and friends she had left behind her in England, might come in the way of her missionary work.

At the special request of the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India, she wrote a beautiful volume of explanations of the Parables of our Lord, called *Pearls of Wisdom*, which for variety of subject and depth of thought surpasses all her other writings. It was published also in separate tracts, to enable even the very poorest Native to purchase it, and had an enormous circulation; so also had the English version, published by Messrs. Morgan and Scott.

Nor was she content to *write* only for the people of the land of her adoption. Almost from her first arrival among them, she devoted much time daily to visiting the Zenanas, as well as the villages round—a laborious task for one so far past the meridian of life; but her nobly self-sacrificing and ardent spirit could not rest while so many were living in Heathen and Mohammedan darkness round her, without making every effort in her power to give them the Light of the glorious Gospel of the Grace of God.

Loaded with pretty pictures, she would find her way to a Zenana, and on gaining admittance, would seat herself on the floor with true Oriental ease and grace, the Native occupants of the dwelling gathering round her, curious and expectant, and glad of any variety in their sad, monotonous lives.

Then she would produce a picture (generally of some Bible subject), perhaps of a lamb—and ask, "What is this?"

The ladies would look doubtfully at the painting, and one more brilliant than the rest would answer, "It is a pig." While another would suggest, "It is a cow, or a horse."

Then she would tell them what the picture really was, and read the story of the Lost Sheep to them, and explain its meaning, often ending the lesson by singing a hymn.

Very varied were the welcomes she received from these poor, ignorant Zenana women. Some hailed her with delight, and would bring their favourite sweetmeats for her to choose from, and hang on her words with real pleasure. On such occasions A.L.O.E. would go away cheered and encouraged.

But, alas ! this was not always the case ; often the aged missionary was received with scant courtesy, and even insulted by those whom to reach and tell the Good News of Salvation through the Saviour's merits she had come so far, and given up so much that she held dear.

Yet she faltered not, for was she not treading "the way the Master went" ? No discouragement could damp her fervent spirit, though oft-times she was in heaviness through manifold disappointments.

On first going to India she went to Amritsar, but soon left it for Batala (a large city some twenty miles distant, with a population chiefly Mohammedan), as she thought the need for workers there was greater.

One source of special interest to her there was the High School for Boys ; and for some years she lived in the school itself, which was formerly a palace of the Maharajah Sher Singh. Her quarters there consisted of one large apartment, which served as a sitting-room ; the further end being curtained off so as to form a bed-room.

Here she spent many happy days with Mr. Baring (who was then the Principal of the Boys' School) and his wife, to whom she was much attached, and whose companionship proved one of the brightest periods of her Indian life. Mrs. Baring's early death was a great sorrow to her ; and subsequently, on the change of the Principal of the school, Miss Tucker removed to the Ladies' Mission-house, a short distance from the city, where a room was built out on purpose for her (the gift of a loving relative at home). Here she lived ; taking her meals in the Mission-house, but able to enjoy the comparative privacy of her own apartment.

That room might have presented a cozy, home-like, and ornamental appearance, decorated with the many little gifts she was frequently receiving from those who loved her ; but she always found some one who needed these tokens of affection more than she did herself, and so they seldom remained long in her possession—so fully did she enter into the

Saviour's words, "It is *more* blessed to give than to receive." Again and again when comforts in the shape of a warm wrap, or a cushion, or carpet made their appearance for a little while, they would disappear, and her fellow-workers could only guess where they had gone. Or if a parcel arrived when she was alone, as she frequently was, she would take out and lay aside the contents which she meant to give away, so that no one else saw them, and their arrival was only found out by accident.

She rarely spent anything on herself, but every year sent home money to the niece who executed her commissions for her, to be expended on prizes and gifts for the Native boys in the High School, in whom she took the deepest personal interest, rejoicing in their successes and well-doing, and grieving over their faults.

She herself taught them history and many other subjects, but especially the Bible. She endeavoured to make the truths precious to herself, precious also to them, and stimulated them to study by offering them prizes out of her own private resources.

She aged rapidly, and her snow-white hair and exceedingly frail appearance made her look very much older than she was: at the age of seventy she appeared ninety. Still she laboured on with patience born of hope, often the only European lady in that vast Native population, alone,—yet not alone, for He Who had promised, "I will *never* leave thee," fulfilled His word to the uttermost, and His felt Presence always overshadowed her.

About two years ago she seemed so failing in strength, that Miss Dixie, the lady who had for some years been her companion and fellow-labourer, delayed her visit home for a year, rather than leave her; though her own mother's serious illness seemed to call for her immediate presence in England. The joy with which Miss Tucker heard of her decision will ever be a bright memory to her; that golden deed of kindness will certainly not be forgotten by the Lord Who takes account of *all* that is done for His loved ones.

Sometimes it seemed as if the aged missionary would not live out the year—indeed, she seemed to think so herself; but the Master spared her a little longer still, a little longer, to be "a burning and shining light" in that dark land, though her waiting spirit was longing to depart and be with Him.

"A little longer yet—patience, beloved;
A little longer yet—ere He unroll
The glory, and the rapture, and the wonder,
Eternal and Divine, that waits thy soul."

But her Home-going was not long delayed. In October last she caught cold when attending the opening of a church in the neighbourhood; this increased to serious illness through her voluntary, loving service in nursing Mrs. Coleman, who was ill at the Mission-house. This involved walking through the open-air to reach her own apartment when she left the sick-room, and soon she had to take to her bed.

She was urged to go to Amritsar, so as to be within more easy reach of medical advice and nursing; and at last, most reluctantly, she yielded, in order not to give trouble, though it was a bitter trial to her to leave the place where she had laboured so long and earnestly, and wished to die.

The journey to Amritsar was safely accomplished, but it soon became apparent that human skill was of no avail, and she sank steadily, her strength ebbing away from day to day.

She knew that she was dying. But death had no terrors for her who was trusting in her Saviour's merits. "Christ has *abolished* death," she said; "I am longing to go Home." And on December 2nd the Master came and took her to be with Him for ever, and so passed away from us a life luminous with the Reflected Light of God's Presence.

They carried her body back to Batala, the scene of her labours for well-nigh eighteen years, and gently laid her in the cemetery, there to rest until the Resurrection Morning—until the Day break, and the shadows flee away.

"Rest, sweetly rest."

ANNIE TUCKER.

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE MISS C. M. TUCKER.

It has been agreed that there should be some memorial to the late Miss Tucker at the scene of her labours in India. One of the last projects in Batala, which had a warm corner in her heart, was the new C.E.Z.M.S. Dispensary, of which Mrs. Wigram laid the foundation-stone during her late visit to India. The people of Batala are doing their best to raise funds, but their means are very small compared with their liberality. Our Committee feel that nothing would have pleased Miss Tucker better than to add a nursing ward to the dispensary; they therefore propose that the memorial should take this form, and that it should be called the *A.L.O.E. Ward*.

Contributions towards this object will be gladly received by the Financial Secretary, C.E.Z.M.S. Office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.

Who shall roll the Stone away?

AN EASTER HYMN.

ROUGH was the way, and dark, and cold,
By which the women came of old,
Seeking the grave where Jesus lay,
Upon the first great Easter Day.

Their hearts are filled with grief and fear,
And as their trembling steps draw near,
With sudden thought, they pause to say,
“But who shall roll the stone away?”

Our feeble women's strength alone
Can never move that weighty stone;
Our journey will be all in vain,
We ne'er shall see our Lord again.”

But still, with love that lingers not,
They press towards the sacred spot,
Where, resting in mysterious sleep,
The Saviour lies, for whom they weep.

And toiling onwards through the gloom,
They reach at last the rocky tomb,
Just as the first faint streak of dawn
Is breaking on that Easter morn.

What is this sight that greets their eyes?
No sunshine streaming from the skies,
But beauteous angels clothed in white,
And beaming with celestial light.

In tend'rest tones the angels said,
“‘Why seek the living with the dead?’
Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Come, see the place where Jesus lay.”

And “looking up,” but not with fear,
Those holy women drew more near;
Till in the light of Easter Day,
“They saw the stone *was* rolled away.”

Christians, rejoice ! Take heart of grace,
All ye who seek the Saviour's face ;
There may be mountains in the way,
But God will roll each stone away.

It needs, perhaps, an earthquake's shock
To move the adamantine rock ;
Or else His love, if so He please,
Can work by slow and sure degrees.

Leave it to Him to choose the means,
Each obstacle that intervenes
Shall vanish like that mighty stone,
And God be glorified alone.

Nothing can be too hard for One
Who gave His own beloved Son
To die for man, and from the grave
To rise omnipotent to save.

" *Only believe* " and ye shall see
How wonderful His work will be ;
Bidding each doubt and fear to cease,
And all be " love, and joy, and peace."

So let us all loud anthems sing
To Christ the Lord our Heavenly King ;
Who on this glorious Easter Day,
Hath rolled the *last great stone* away.

H. S. ENGSTRÖM.

" Certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater for which God made our tongues, next to reciting His praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul."—*Jeremy Taylor*.

A WARNING TO DEPUTATIONS—*Be definite.*

"An amusing story reaches me from Paisley. A gentleman has been holding meetings there in aid of the Zenana Mission, and the other day he received a letter from an elderly lady, who said that she had heard a great deal about Zenana work, and as she took an interest in needlework, she was very anxious to learn the stitch !"—*From "Good News of the Week," Jan. 20th, 1894.*

In Memoriam.

MARIAN A. PINNIGER.

(Concluded.)

Earth's longings unto Thee I bring
And lay them at Thy feet,
In Thee, Lord, finding everything
Most longed for and most sweet.

In lonely hours my heart has proved
Thy love without an end,
I thank Thee, O my best Beloved,
My Brother and my Friend.

Thy thoughts, I find, were not as mine;
Then take, O Lord, Thy Way,
My will was dear to me, but Thine
Is dearer still to-day.

I cannot tell Thy reasons why,
Nor do I ask to know,
Content, dear Lord, that by-and-bye
Thou wilt those reasons show.

A. R. Butler.

THE rest of the story can be told principally in Marian Pinniger's own words. Only a few weeks after Miss Haitz left she writes to a friend: "The old trouble has recurred. God knows why. I am disappointed, but if it is His will, and if He will be with me and let it be the means of drawing me closer still to Him, I shall have only cause to thank Him."

A little later she writes, "God is helping me to trust Him; you do not know how good He is to me." After the second operation, which was again a failure, she went, towards the end of November, 1891, to Brighton, alas! only to build up her strength. She knew what yet lay before her, and had a terribly dark season of conflict. "I don't think," she said, "Abram's horror of great darkness *could* have been worse; but I think the battle with unbelief, dread, and mistrust was then fought, and Jesus won the victory for me. He led His people all the night *through* with a light of fire, and He has promised to lead me through too. I did not think the call to lay aside the armour for active service would have come quite so soon, but it is the Master's will, and He is helping me so kindly to obey it; if He will only give me patience and grace to glorify Him during the waiting time, and just a whole heart *filled* with His love, that is all I want. I know you will keep an eye of love towards my *dearly* loved little Indian corner." . . .

Writing of a visit she had from a pastor, she says: "I have so enjoyed his visit, and he has given me quite a feast for to-day and to-morrow, so many nice thoughts. *Why* is God so good to me? . . . God *does* provide, does He not?"

She describes her Christmas Day—the visit of a much-loved brother, the kindness of friends in sending gifts, the cheer her flowers were—but *she adds*, "I did want a Christmas hymn *very* badly, but thought I must

be contented with reading them. God knew, and as I was quietly lying on the sofa in the evening, the people next door suddenly struck up and sang, 'Hark! the herald angels sing;' it sounded so good."

"I suppose," she writes, "if the clouds did not come sometimes, we should not value the sunshine. God *is* good to me. I have such a little green spot to look back upon, a special one I mean. When I woke this morning and saw the sun shining, my first thought was, How beautiful it will be in Heaven to have the sun always; it seems so strange to think I *may* not be so *very* far off. . . .

"All the past, my part of it, looks so poor and mean now, and yet He sets it all aside, and forgetting all its sinfulness, leads me on so lovingly and tenderly.

"There is one thing I should like, oh! so much, if *it is His will*—to know that just one of my poor blackies, for whom we have prayed so long, had come out and confessed Him really as a true Christian before I go. I believe there are some already in Heaven who have gone first, and many others on their way; but I would like to be *quite* sure, it would be such a joy—still it is 'as *Thou wilt*.' . . .

"When you are remembering us and asking help and blessing for us, I should like you to praise Him, too, for all His love and sustaining grace—I should have been nowhere without it."

After the weariness of a doctors' consultation, in January, 1892, when it was decided she should go to London and, as a last resource, undergo a third operation, she wrote to a friend: "The Father has been, and is always, so kind; you must not worry or have the least anxious thought for me. After the doctors had gone I felt so hungry for you, and then on Sunday very 'all-overish,' but taking my Bible I found just what I wanted. . . . Christ the beginning and the end, knew all about death, having passed through and borne its sting. I do not think there are many who went to church that evening who found His words much sweeter to their taste than I did. I am not afraid of the future. . . . Who knows, perhaps I shall go back to India!—do you think they would give me a welcome?—or perhaps, what seems far more likely, I shall go Home soon, and

" 'There with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.' "

This week she wrote to a friend on her birthday, and sent her as a text Phil. iv. 19: "I am going to remind you of this verse to let you

know what a splendid store-house and store-keeper you have for the coming year."

"Won't it be nice," she writes to a friend who had a passing illness, "when we are *all* at *Home*? No tired bones, no anxious thoughts, no nothings; only pure enjoyment altogether with Him? Only I think sometimes, after we have seen Him and thanked Him for all, we shall want just a good long rest before anything else; but I suppose when we awake in His likeness we shall have forgotten the fatigue of the journey.

"Now as to my movements, I do wish you need know nothing just now. Will you try to leave me to God, and not have a care or anxious thought?" (Then she tells the date of coming up to London, &c.)

Arrived at a fresh nursing home in London, she found some flowers which were a great pleasure to her. "They have acted like a tonic, and are talking to me all day long. He does *richly* care for me. I feel weary, but my legacy is perfect. I pass you on my main-spring 'for My Name's sake.' Good-bye for a little while."

Again, the verse "I have made and I will bear" was sent her. "Yes," she says, "I am so glad, it is a promise of the greatest comfort you could have given me; it is something so good to *rest* upon. I did not feel quite like the disciples having to cross alone, because your promise has so stuck to me, and you know the person who carries must go too, and I felt it. I have His last legacy, and know it will be as He pleases, it is all right. For to-morrow, I know He will help; I can rest because I trust His love and can *boldly* say, The Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man can do unto me."

In answering a letter to one of her sisters before the doctors saw her, she wrote: "You know how good a word in season is, don't you? It is good, and is like a helping hand over the stones. One cannot tell what the doctors' opinion will be, and I dare not choose, or wish, one way or the other; only don't you know sometimes when on a journey, you would feel glad if it were the end rather than having a tiring change? and one cannot help feeling a scrap Home-sick sometimes, but,—

" 'The Kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Or I shall surely stray.' "

"As you say, it must be the *right* way; and He is so good and loving to me. I am often obliged to exclaim, Why *me*, Lord? when there are so many without hope or help of any kind. I am surrounded with kindness, and best of all, 'I *know* that my Redeemer liveth.' "

For many days after the third severe operation, her life trembled in the balance, but again she was given back to her friends. Those who had the privilege of visiting her during her long season of convalescence will never lose the impression of the peace, and longsuffering with joyfulness, of dear Marian Pinniger. With her sweet graciousness she gave a loving welcome, but could not enjoy a visitor till she saw her in the easiest chair in the room. Then she never gave details of anything painful; she would speak rather of the one hour of sleep her Father had given her than of all the rest of the night when she had lain awake. She was full of the kindness of every one, and had the faculty of getting enjoyment and fun out of every little bit of cheer.

Little Bible-readings and prayer she enjoyed, but she would also enter into general or individual interests, and all would be prayed over during the intervals between the visits.

One of the members of the Committee whom she greatly loved, speaking of this time in London, says: "I never once heard her murmur, or saw even a sad look on her face; she recommended her religion to all, one could see so clearly that she had been with Jesus. . . . Her sweet face beamed with love to the dear Master, and to all His servants; I have never met with one quite like her."

When Miss Pinniger was able to be moved, she returned to Brighton; and there, either in convalescent homes or in lodgings, she remained, with short intervals, until November, 1893.

Wherever she was, lady superintendent, nurses, or landlady were devoted to her. She went through the world bearing the burdens of all who came in her way, because the Lord Jesus Christ was bearing the heavy end of her special cross. "She had learned," said one who knew her at this time, "in whatsoever state she was, therewith to be content." She was very brave, and endured severe suffering with extraordinary patience.

Mrs. Macdonald and all who visited her frequently in these Brighton days testify to her devotion to missionary work. She made a most ingenious model of an Indian home, dressed dolls, and did all she could to inspire missionary zeal in the young, and she interested the ladies in the homes by missionary stories. She was very busy, too, in making prizes. "If there could be eighteen instead of twelve months in the year," she writes, "we should still find enough to do." For some months she seemed to make a measure of progress, was able to go to church and walk a little, and again entertained a distant hope of returning to India.

The plans for this winter were a little unsettled. In October a letter was sent to her telling her of a friend of missionaries who was willing to receive one who was invalided into her comfortable home for change, and asking her whether she would like to go. She replied, "How kind of the Clifton lady! . . . On Sunday morning I was lying thinking about what the doctor had said about my needing change, and wondering what to do; when 'He Himself knew what *He* would do' came, and I seemed to see those people obeying Christ's orders, 'Sit down on the green grass,' and just quietly waiting with curious eye to see what *He* would do; since then I have been quietly waiting and watching too—anyway I am doing as Hezekiah did with the letter, and I would like *Him* to show me what to do. If it is God's will, I do want to go back to India next year, and a winter surrounded by comforts might set me up . . . comforts and luxuries are very nice, but Heaven will be soon enough to set the beggars with royalty. . . . There are a lot of pros and cons, but it seems to me like our Father's care again."

Early in November she wrote again, and told of acute pain, and decided she was not well enough to go to Clifton.

Writing to another invalid, she says: "You and I know how hard weakness is to bear, do we not? There shall be no night there . . . neither any more pain; the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick. Don't you sometimes long to join in this hymn,—

"O long expected day begin,
Dawn on the realms of woe and sin?"

The following day she went for change to Crowborough; a friend, who went to see her after she had been there a short time, found she had grown rapidly worse, but though in terrible suffering she was full of thankfulness and praise. "God is so very good to me," was still her testimony. "It looked dark at first when I came here until I read the words, 'He leads;' it has been quite bright ever since."

She was almost too weak to speak, but the same as ever in loving courtesies and kindly hospitality. The great interest to her was the progress of the *Kaisar-i-Hind*, which was taking, amongst others, a fresh missionary for Bhagalpur. "How far is the *Kaisar*? I have not seen for two or three days," was the first inquiry; and when her friend was leaving, the last words were, "You promise to let me know when the *Kaisar* reaches Calcutta." Thank God, she lived to hear the good tidings before she went Home.

It never dawned upon her that this was her last illness. A sister and cousin were with her, and she spoke of getting well again; but on Sunday, November 19th, her medical brother told her that recovery was impossible. She was surprised, but very calm. "I am not going alone," she said; "He leads, and will take me by the hand and lead me straight up to the Father."

When the doctor next came, she said to him, "My brother has been telling me what all this means."

"And what does it mean?" he said.

"It means going Home," was her answer, with a very bright look.

She sent her love and good-bye to those whom she could not see, and spoke of her friends by name. On Monday she roused herself to write a loving, sacred farewell to her fellow-missionaries, and to an absent sister.

The last day or two she could speak but little, but was thankful and considerate to all around her, and enjoyed words of God and hymns; she was conscious and suffering to the last, but the peace of God was her "perfect legacy." It was about one o'clock on Tuesday, November 21st, when she passed through the open Gates into the presence of Him Whom her soul loved.

On the following Friday, some of those who loved Marian Pinniger met round a grave in the churchyard of All Saints', Crowborough, and the poor, weary body was laid to rest until that glad Day, when those who sleep in the dust of the earth shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and "they that have done good shall come forth unto the resurrection of life."

"What have ye lacked, beloved, with us,
We murmur heavily and low,
'That ye should rise with kindling eyes,
And be so fain to go?'
And tenderly the answer falls
From lips that wear the smile of Heaven:
'Dear ones,' they say, 'we pass this day
To Him by Whom your love was given.' . . .

"It was not that our love was cold,
That earthly lights were burning dim,
But that the Shepherd from His fold
Had smiled, and drawn her unto Him:
Praise God, the Shepherd *is* so sweet!
Praise God, the country *is* so fair!
We could not hold her from His feet,
We can but haste to meet her There."

LUCY I. TONGE.

The Modern Press and Modern Missions.



IT is very satisfactory to learn on the authority of the *Quarterly Review* for January how to regard the "goal of the human race," and what class of Society may be quietly disregarded as "men behind their age." The writer of an article on the Progress and Prospects of Church Missions writes:—

The proclamation of Christianity to all the world is, according to the teaching of its Divine Author, at once the goal of the human race and the purpose in which the present order will find its term. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" are the marching orders, as the Iron Duke pithily termed it, of the Christian Church; and "the Gospel of the Kingdom must be preached for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come," is the Divine scheme whose consummation it is the avowed object of Missions to further. . . . The extension of Christianity means the extension of a civilisation which brings new ideas in its train, before which the walls of the most inveterate exclusiveness are

falling, which opens out new markets for the world's products, and which, by the introduction of more humane and progressive principles into the government of savage and stationary races, ameliorates the condition and augments the happiness of a large proportion of mankind. Such blessings inevitably follow in the track of Missions, and it would seem therefore to be the height of folly to sneer at missionary effort and the mark of culpable ignorance not to know what is doing in this noble field of human enterprise. It is too late to speak of efforts as futile or fanatic which have literally girdled the globe with a chain of missionary stations, and those who now speak scornfully of Missions are simply men behind their age. . . .

It is not easy to know what to leave out of this very quotable review of sixteen books or pamphlets all bearing on Foreign Missions; we must be content with some extracts on Zenana Missions:—

The sons of English bishops no longer monopolise the richest livings at home, but give themselves to this most trying form of Church work abroad; and the Sees of Lichfield and Exeter and Hereford, and even the princely throne of Durham, are adding to their dignity by sending forth from episcopal palace and castle, those who might justly expect high honour and advancement here in England. An

Archbishop's daughter maintained for years single-handed the work of educating Arab boys in Egypt, and daughters of lay peers superintend and cheer by their presence the Zenana workers in India. . . .

The special department of work embraced by Zenana Missions is of comparatively recent growth, and its rapid expansion is full of the brightest promise. In the strict seclusion to

which higher-caste Hindu and Moham-
medan women are condemned, they
are utterly inaccessible to ordinary
evangelistic effort; and even in case
of sickness, the aid of male physicians
is commonly denied them. Men very
largely are what their women make
them, and the women of the Zenana
and the harem, shut out from all ad-
vantages of education and social
intercourse, find natural vent for
stunted intellects and distorted pas-
sions in intrigue or in crime. That
this is no exaggerated picture is proved
by the words of Mrs. Bishop, than
whom no one living can speak with
more authority:—

“I have lived in Zenanas and
harems, and I have seen the daily life
of the secluded women, and I can
speak from bitter experience of what
their lives are—the intellect dwarfed,
so that the woman of twenty or thirty
years of age is more like a child of
eight intellectually, while all the worst
passions of human nature are stimu-

lated and developed in a fearful de-
gree: jealousy, envy, murderous hate,
intrigue, running to such an extent
that in some countries I have hardly
ever been in a woman's house, or near
a woman's tent, without being asked
for drugs with which to disfigure the
favourite wife, to take away her life,
or to take away the life of the
favourite wife's infant son. This re-
quest has been made to me nearly
200 times.

“This is only an indication of the
daily life of whose miseries we think so
little, and which is a natural product
of the systems that we ought to have
subverted long ago.” (*C.M. Intelli-
gencer*, 1893, p. 930.)

Already the Church of England
Zenana Missionary Society has 219
missionaries in home and local con-
nexion, besides 537 Native agents. A
home income last year of 32,399*l.*,
exclusive of 5450*l.* raised on the mis-
sion-field, sustained the work at fifty
stations.

The *News* refers to this article, and says “Bravo, *Quarterly*.” This we
very heartily echo, and we also congratulate the *Daily Graphic* on the
latest proof of keeping pace with the age. We owe many thanks to the
Editor, and also to the *Daily Graphic's* Lady Commissioner, Miss Billington,
who has sent home a series of articles from India and Ceylon, giving vivid
pictures of Eastern life.

Miss Billington writes in an article published on January 24th, of being
taken by our missionaries to visit some of their pupils, and she remarks
that these two ladies, Miss Hunt and Miss S. L. Mulvany, by their gentle
tactfulness, have gained entrance into literally hundreds of high-caste
Zenanas in Calcutta. Another article on January 25th, tells of further visits
with Miss S. L. Mulvany to Mohammedan Zenanas, and mentions some
results of the education given by our missionaries in Zenanas which should
appeal to all practical minds.

OUR ANNIVERSARY.

It has been decided to hold two Annual Meetings on Friday, May 4th; one in St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, at 2.30 p.m., when Sir Charles U. Aitchison will preside; and another in the Polytechnic, Regent Street, at 7.30 p.m., with Bishop Royston, late of Mauritius, in the Chair. Particulars will be given in a later Number.

Our Annual Sermon will be preached (by the kind permission of the Rev. Walter Abbott), in St. James', Paddington, on Ascension Day, May 3rd, at 11 a.m., by the Rev. Norman F. McNeile, M.A., Vicar of Brafferton.

DAYBREAK WORKERS' UNION.

The Annual Meeting of the D.W.U. will be held (D.V.) at the Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, on Thursday, March 8th. The Chair will be taken at three o'clock, by the Rev. Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot. Miss Bartlett, C.E.Z.M.S., of Amritsar, the Rev. G. Ensor, M.A., late of Japan, and others will address the meeting.

The D.W.U. Exhibition will be held on May 31st and June 1st.

The Secretary of our Daybreak Workers' Library has obtained a grant of some excellent books for our Library from the S.P.C.K. One more favour added to many that we have received from this venerable Society.

C.E.Z.M.S. INDIAN WIDOWS' UNION.

The Chicago World's Columbian Exhibition has awarded a medal to needlework done in our Missionaries' Industrial Institutes for Widows. Any readers wishing to know more of this effort to help these outcasts of Indian society to support themselves, should apply to the Hon. Secretary of the C.E.Z.M.S. Indian Widows' Union, Miss MacGregor, 17, Gunterstone Road, West Kensington, W.

A KIND OFFER OF PLANTS.

Choice hardy perennial plants, 400 different kinds, at lower prices than nurserymen's, correctly named, are offered by a friend of the Missions. A priced catalogue will be forwarded on application to the Financial Secretary, C.E.Z.M.S., 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.



THE month now under review is that given to the Christmas holidays; the principal items to be noticed will, therefore, be those which were omitted in the last issue for want of space.

Our recruiting-ground among ladies' schools is continually enlarging. Miss Rich devoted the month of November to the neighbourhood of Liverpool, where she visited fifteen schools (giving addresses to over 800 young people); seven of the upper-class ones joined the D.W.U., and others will probably do the same later on. One hundred and sixty-five collecting-cards were taken, and about 1*l.* 17*s.* paid for books. A local worker in another northern town gives Miss Rich an encouraging report of progress in connexion with the D.W.U. In December she had sent up the names of seven schools to be formally enrolled for the New Year; the pupils in these had contributed money and work. A boys' school furnished scrap-books and text-cards, beautifully done, having set apart one night in the week for this purpose, and bought Scripture pictures with their own pocket-money. These seven schools propose devoting one day in the week for special prayer on behalf of Missions.

Miss Gore and Miss White took part in the same branch of work at Eastbourne. At Miss Winscombe's, Brownhill Court, near Stroud, Miss Gore spent a most interesting afternoon. The Rev. W. E. Rowlands, late C.M.S. missionary in Ceylon, presided, and, after Miss Gore had spoken,

Miss K. Gedge gave a graphic account of her visit to the Todas in South India.

* * *

Amongst a series of meetings in Lancashire and Yorkshire, Mrs. Greaves held one at Shipley, where the Vicar, the Rev. A. M. Cribb, was formerly C.M.S. missionary at Foochow: this was the first effort on behalf of the C.E.Z.S. there, and proved a very encouraging beginning; a stall was promised at the annual sale of work. At Heaton Chapel, a lantern lecture was combined with a sale: the congregation are very active on behalf of the Mission cause, and send special help annually to Miss Askwith.

At St. Helen's, the first annual sale of the parish church Young Women's Missionary Union was held on December 14th at the Y.M.C.A. Gymnasium, which had been decorated with great skill and care. The opening was conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop Royston, supported by the Vicar and other clergy. One of the main stalls was devoted to the C.E.Z.M.S., and besides this, space was allotted to the Society for the exhibition of curios. The arrangements were altogether most attractive, and, as the Union has only been in existence a year, the effort spoke well for the activity of its members.

* * *

At Ripon, there was a special service in the Cathedral on St. Andrew's Eve, when the Dean preached, taking for his text Rom. x. 12, and dwelling upon the great need of prayer both for an increase of zeal at home and also for the spread of the Gospel abroad. The offertory was devoted to Zenana work.

* * *

In Worcester and its neighbourhood, Mrs. Greaves had meetings in which fresh interest seemed to be stirred up; and at Hereford, a successful sale of work was held on December 13th, at the Free Library. After the Rev. H. Askwith had made a few preliminary remarks, Canon Palmer opened the sale. Though the weather was unpropitious, a large number of visitors were present.

* * *

Sales of work have also taken place at Woking, December 12th—13th; at Dartmouth, with a Christmas-tree, December 14th; and at St. Margaret's, Brighton, December 15th. The annual one at Hertford was

held at the Shire Hall, December 6th—7th. The contributions of the working party were excellent and sold well; a stall of work done by Indian widows excited much interest. On the evening of the second day, a large audience assembled in the Long Room to hear a lecture from T. Askwith, Esq., illustrated by beautiful limelight views, which Mr. Sharpe, of Christ's Hospital, kindly exhibited. The sale realised about 30%.

* * *

It is difficult to realise what ignorance on missionary topics still prevails, notwithstanding the amount of literature distributed, and the constant intercourse carried on with the Indian Empire. One Deputation was recently asked by the chairman to point out on the map, before beginning her address, where Zenana was to be found! Another in the same district met with ignorance about all missionary work almost equally startling. Such revelations explain why more is not done for Missions.

* * *

At Brighton, Mrs. Macdonald was asked to give an address at a quarterly missionary meeting held in the schoolroom of the Parish Church on January 8th; Canon Deedes presided, and three other clergy were present. Contributions were promised, and Mrs. Macdonald was invited to go another time.

* * *

At Weymouth, a Missionary Loan Exhibition was held on January 31st, and February 1st and 2nd, in which the C.E.Z.M.S. took part. Our model Zenana as usual proved a great attraction, and many visitors for the first time realised something of the life of high-caste ladies in India. "Please, is this a prison?" asked one boy.

The Zenana Court was under the charge of Miss Woolmer, assisted by Miss Bayfield Clark, and many kind local helpers. Lectures were given by Miss Goodwin, of Tarn Taran. The general superintendence of the C.E.Z.M.S. was undertaken by Miss Church, Hon. Secretary for Weymouth, who spared no pains to make the work complete. We are much indebted to her, and also to Mr. and Mrs. R. Williams, who kindly undertook to defray the expenses connected with the model Zenana.

* * *

We shall only express the feeling of our Deputations if we remark

what a grateful sense they have of the unvarying kindness and hospitality shown to them in travelling about from place to place. When sending in their reports, allusion is frequently made to the great pleasure they have derived from intercourse with friends of the Society who have given them a warm welcome for the work's sake, and with whom, in consequence, personal friendships are often formed.

* * *

We have recently had occasion to mourn the loss of a valued worker abroad; the Master's call has also left vacant spaces in our ranks at home. Four warm friends and helpers of the Society have been taken from us during the past few weeks; Mrs. Waterfall, treasurer for Sheffield, Mrs. Edwards, secretary and treasurer for East Twickenham; both passed away in the midst of their work after only a week's illness, and they will be greatly missed in their different spheres of influence. Miss Caroline Kay, of Tunbridge Wells, had for many years been most actively interested in all that concerned the Society, in spite of failing health and the infirmities of age. At the annual sale she kept a stall well supplied with work, which generally realised between 90*l.* and 100*l.*, and when from any cause the sum fell short, she would herself make up the deficiency. Mrs. Lunn, who for twenty years acted as our Treasurer in Hull, quietly and faithfully persevering in her labour of love, fell asleep in Jesus, after a sudden and acute attack of bronchitis, on December 13th, 1893. Let us thank God for the grace given to these faithful servants, and ask Him, as the Lord of the Harvest, to raise up more labourers fitted to carry on the work of those who have entered into rest.

"A woman has a personal work or duty relating to her own home, and a public work and duty which is also the expansion of that."—*Ruskin.*

A SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.

"Do consider, that at this moment the numbers of those who do not believe in the Name of our Lord are ten, twenty, perhaps thirty fold those to whom the knowledge of salvation has been administered. Recollect that though the state of things be so, the world has been for eighteen centuries in this condition, and during the latter part of these centuries it has been in the power of those who hold the truth, having means enough, having knowledge enough, and having opportunity enough, to evangelize the globe fifty times over."—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*



MAILS heavy with news, but not weighed down with sad tidings, have come in since our last Number. Whilst our sympathy has been drawn out for the C.M.S. in the loss of four more missionaries in Western Equatorial Africa, raising the number of valuable lives laid down there to six since the New Year, we thankfully record relief from anxiety at the stations in North India where we had to mention serious illness in our February Number. When the last letters were despatched, Miss Brown, of the Nuddea Village Mission, Miss Annie Sampson, of Krishnagur, and Miss E. Dawe, of Sukkur, though recovering, were still not equal to any work, so that these stations show a weakened force, with brave workers bearing double burdens. Our Training Home for assistant missionaries, under Miss Evans, was opened at Baranagore on January 2nd, with six pupils, all working happily. Miss Pownall, who sailed last autumn, was helping with the classes.

From the Punjab, we regret to hear that Miss Hetherington is returning from Ajnala on medical orders, and Miss Newman has been recalled from Kashmir on urgent family matters. Miss Clay, Miss Parslee, and Miss Rainsford are also coming to Europe this spring. As we go to press, it is arranged that Miss Hull should sail for Kashmir in the *Oceana* on February 23rd.

We are holding over very interesting despatches from Bhagulpur in order that they may be illustrated by a portrait group of our workers in this Mission in our next Number.

Bengal Villages.

WHO IS ACCOUNTABLE FOR THE DARKNESS?

BY A LATE-COMER.



OW I wish, dear friends at home, you could come out and have a look at the crowded villages of Bengal! If you stayed only for a few weeks you would not be able to settle down quietly in your homes again. In your ears would ring these words, or something like them:—

“Dying? Yes, dying in thousands!
A hopeless, despairing death;
Can we not hear them calling,
Pleading with bated breath?”—

“Will no one come over and give us light?
Must we perish in darkness darker than night?”

Can I give you any idea of the appearance of these villages?

They consist of groups of little mud huts, with winding, narrow paths leading from one to another. Here and there we see a clump of plantain and other trees, or sheds for the cows and goats.

The people sleep under shelter of a roof at night, but the day is spent almost entirely in the open-air. The men and boys are busy tilling the land and tending the cattle, while the women have their hands full with looking after numerous babies, cooking food, bringing water from the rivers or ponds, in large earthen vessels which they poise on the hip, grinding corn or rice, or winnowing the rice by a curious instrument called a *dhenki*. The *dhenki* is a long, heavy piece of wood with a short pole attached to one end; the outer end of this pole is generally surrounded with a piece of iron, or some other hard metal. The long, heavy piece is fastened firmly to a post fixed in the ground, but in such a way that it can be moved up and down, like a see-saw; under the pole end a rather wide hole is dug in the ground. One woman, generally a younger one, stands at the further end and patiently works up and down the piece of wood with one foot, while another sits on the ground, continually letting small handfuls of rice fall under the pole as it comes down into the hole; she is also continually moving away what has been beaten and thus winnowed, and keeping the hole supplied with more, the wind taking away the chaff.

But it is not to see this and many other interesting sights illustrative of passages of Scripture that I want you to come, but because among these thousands and thousands of women, to say nothing of the men and children, very few of them yet know anything about the Lord Jesus. In the few Christian villages which have been founded, many of the women are so ignorant that they know very little more than their heathen neighbours. There are two great crying needs—one, to teach in the so-called Christian villages, the other to make known the Name of Jesus to those who have never heard it.

The Christian women are most ready to be taught; they are not satisfied with their ignorance; nay, many of them are longing for something to help them to lead better and happier lives. How can they know, poor things, if no one teaches them? As a rule they cannot read, and they are surrounded with influences which tend to draw them downwards. They will generally leave their work at very short notice, and sit quietly and listen, if a Miss *Sahib* comes to their village to teach them the simple Christian doctrines that our children at home learn in the infants' school.

And what about the others who have never heard that they have a Saviour, or are, perhaps, in one of the few favoured villages visited once a year, in the cold weather?

They come in crowds and listen eagerly; they beg us to come again soon, but how can we when there are so few missionaries, and many of them stationed in towns, or teaching in schools? Schools are a very important part of missionary work; we want the schools, but we want many more to teach in the villages.

Can it be possible that those at home realize that Bengal contains one-third of the whole population of India? that the province of Bengal is one-sixth of the whole of the great land, and yet we have got only eleven Mission stations, and only forty missionaries? And this forty includes those home on furlough or on sick-leave, and those learning the language. What can such a small band of workers do among sixty-seven millions of people, dispersed over two hundred and fifty thousand square miles? In proportion to the need, they can do almost nothing. Although India is our own country, although it is governed by a Christian Empress, although much of our power and influence and wealth come from the possession of this beautiful and interesting country, in Bengal—by far the largest province—thousands know nothing of the Christian religion, and thousands of women have not yet heard the Name of Jesus.

This cannot be right. It makes one quite ashamed of being an English-woman. How can we tell them that those who know Christ Jesus are longing for them to know Him too, when we make so little effort ; when even the country God has given to us, that His Name may be made known throughout its length and breadth, remains in darkness and ignorance for lack of teachers ?

The men are often kept back because the women are bound with the chains of heathenism. Although convinced of the folly of Hinduism, they stay in that dangerous position, "halting between two opinions," and "is it not our fault ?"

BOLLOBHPUR—BENGAL.

Nuddea District.

By MISS BROWN.

THE time has gone so quickly, and we have been so busy, that in looking back through the whole year, it seems very difficult to decide which events are most likely to give those at home a fair and true idea of what has taken place.

Come and see, stay just one year with us, and then you will have some idea of the country, the people, and their needs, which those who spend all their life in England or on the Continent can never realise.

"Goodness and mercy" have followed us all the days since we arrived. Though we were saddened by Miss Dawe's long sickness, even then mercy followed us, for now she has returned to us with almost her usual strength, and we are looking forward to a winter of work together. Towards the end of November, 1892, I joined Miss Dawe at Bollobhpur. Now began the proof of what the past months

of study had done for me, and I must confess the attempts at speaking were very feeble. The first attempt to talk to village people who speak what sounds like a different language, brings on a sensation of terrible helplessness. In time you recognise many of the words as abbreviations and corruptions of those learnt in books.

We began the winter's work by going to the rest-house at Sholo, and we visited all the villages within a circle from there. Here I experienced my first bullock-*gari* ride, and a very jolty experience it was. We had to visit a few small Christian, and a great many large Hindu and Mohammedan villages. Two young women had come, asking us to go to their village, which was named after the moon, and where there were a few women who had heard of our religion some years ago, and who wanted to hear again.

This village was on the other side of the river, and few of the inhabitants seemed ever to have seen an English lady, whilst one or two had treasured up the few truths they had heard and understood, and were most anxious to hear again.

A Moving Audience.

Mrs. Charlton and I went together to a small village to try to talk with the women, leaving Miss Dawe, with a large number of people around her, waiting for medicines, and also with various other matters on hand. The people were pleased to see us, and with the help of some pictures, we vainly imagined that we were giving to the group of assembled women and children an interesting Bible-lesson.

Alas! without a word of apology the whole mass suddenly turned their backs upon us, calling to each other to go to the school.

At first we were puzzled to understand the meaning of this sudden movement, but we discovered that some of the women had caught sight of Miss Dawe's figure coming towards the village, and they were calling to one another, "Miss Dawe is coming! There will be a meeting! Leave your work!" Upon this some women hurriedly caught hold of their goats to tie them up; others shovelled rice and other things they had been cooking into remote corners, that the birds should not get at them. There seemed no question as to whether they should go to the meeting. And there were we, sitting each on a stool, left alone! As soon, however, as we discovered

the cause of all this excitement, we followed the example. On reaching the schoolroom we found that Miss Dawe had finished her work, and had come to walk home with us, without the least intention of giving a Bible-lesson. But what could she do, with the women already assembled ready to be taught, expecting to get what had never failed them?

"We and our Tents."

On the last day of the year we started to begin our camping; we had been until then in rest-houses. After leaving the train we had a long ride by strange and circuitous by-paths, and did not reach our tents, which had been sent on before, until nearly dusk. A very pretty picture they made, under the shade of the dark mango-trees, lighted up by the fires in the foreground.

As long as the cold weather lasted we and our tents travelled about from place to place, far away from any Christian villages. We were often surprised and glad to find how much of what they had heard on previous occasions the women remembered. In every village Miss Dawe was welcomed as a friend, and the people had evidently been looking for her.

As the cold weather sets in the villagers begin to reckon on the tent coming into their neighbourhood, and many of them long for the opportunity of hearing "the wonderful words of life."

As I sat by Miss Dawe listening as she went over the Gospel story simply and slowly from the very beginning, how often have I heard such remarks

as, "We have not forgotten," "We have been wanting to hear about it again," or "Yes, we do believe in Jesus; our idols can do nothing"! It often made our hearts ache to strike our tents, after an eight or ten days' stay, and know the listening women would have no opportunity of hearing again until the next cold weather. Miss Monro, who joined us from the very beginning of the camping, has already by her letters given you some of the most striking incidents of the campaign in a more graphic and telling way than I can, so I will only mention one visit that was somewhat an exception to the usual welcome and the eagerness to hear.

One morning we rode to a village that had never been visited before by a lady, though some work has been done amongst the men.

At first they seemed alarmed at our sudden appearance, but after we had made a few conciliatory remarks, and had taken off our hats that they might see we had long hair, and were therefore really women, they let us sit down, and a few women began to gather round and listen. Just then a very repulsive-looking, elderly woman, unwieldy from her enormous size, came and said that in another house there were more women who wished to hear, but could not come to us. We moved on readily enough.

In this next house, however, they would give us no seat in any clean or respectable part of the premises, nor would they cease working their *dhenki*, so that it was impossible to speak above the noise. Added to this there

were most abominable smells, which in any case would have made the wisdom of sitting down doubtful. So we returned to our former seats, saying that if they really wished to hear, they must come to us. Then the same old woman followed us there, and called off first one and then another of those who were inclined to listen, setting them to work so that they should not attend. In spite of their evident desire to hear, and endeavours to come near us, and in spite of Miss Dawe's generally most effective persuasions and arguments, the old woman was obdurate and rather abusive. She would not listen, she said, nor should the others; it was all lies, and we should not sit on her premises.

We were obliged to reluctantly go again in search of some women who would hear us. After again re-assuring some doubtful ones who were outside, that *we were women*, and that they were good words we had come to speak, we got seats in the courtyard of another house, Miss Dawe made an arrangement with the men outside that if the same old woman came to interrupt us, she was not to be allowed to come in. Here we very soon got an attentive group of women. They were Mohammedans, and very ignorant, but listened eagerly, and seemed to think the news was too good to be true. Gradually one and another came dropping in; they began to understand more fully what was being told them, and one or two of the more intelligent asked questions. They seemed to think it most wonderful that

they could have their sins forgiven, and go to live with God in heaven.

From time to time we heard a little altercation going on outside, and presently our old obstructionist appeared in full dignity. She was soon, however, overpowered by the eagerness of the others to hear. When she began to make objections they turned upon her, and before our sitting came to an end she was listening as quietly as any and her voice was among those who when we rose to go, begged us to come again. This invitation has not yet been accepted, but I hope we shall succeed in getting there this winter.

Bollobhpur and the Rainy Season.

The pleasant camping season came to an end about the middle of February, when we hastened down to Bollobhpur in time to welcome Mr. Stewart and Mr. Stock. They had a long and drenching drive here, and it poured with rain all the next day, although four months before the time we expected it. The children of the village and many of the villagers stood for several hours at the entrance of the Mission premises, to greet them with music (?) and singing, but at last the rain drove the musicians to the shelter of their homes, and when at last the guests really arrived, only the Native pastor, school-teachers, and a small number of children remained. This little company succeeded, however, in making so much noise with their instruments and voices that I do not think the defection could be much regretted.

In the evening Mr. Stock and Mr. Stewart each gave an address in the church. The opening of the Dispensary was the next great event of the district, and it has been the means of bringing within sound of the Gospel, a much larger circle than we had ever imagined. The distance these people will walk for medicine is surprising. The other day some people arrived from a village two days' journey off, sleeping anywhere on the way. We are delighted, for now many villages to which we have never been able to go, have heard an echo of the cry, "Jesus is King."

The Mothers' Meetings.

Can you imagine thirty to fifty women all talking at once — all wanting to be shown how to do their piece of work, apparently unable to understand the meaning of "Do not talk," or "Wait where you are ; I will come to you as soon as possible" ? Added to this, numerous babies are crying loudly, and the heat and closeness are almost unbearable. But for Miss Owles' valuable assistance, I am afraid the attempt to hold this meeting weekly would have proved impracticable. But in the end our combined efforts obtained a tolerably orderly class, and we succeeded in producing garments for small children which did credit to some mothers who had never learned to sew before. When the work was folded up and put away, we closed with a simple Bible-lesson and prayer, and I must say at those times the women were, from the beginning, quiet and attentive, and

generally succeeded in keeping their little ones fairly quiet. Twice a week a little band of Christian women went out to preach to their heathen neighbours, once from Bollobhpur and once from Ratnapur, and nowhere have they been received in anything but a kindly fashion.

In the Dispensary.

In one Hindu patient we are much interested. My first interview with her was on one of these expeditions from Ratnapur. Her home is not far from the Christian *parah*, and she had already heard a good deal about Christianity.

She met us in the road, and begged us to come into her compound. This we did, and had many attentive listeners. When we rose to go, the Bible-women told her to show me her foot, which had a very bad open sore, and she asked if we could do anything for it at the Dispensary. I feared it was too bad, but told her she might come and see. How well I remember the look of dismay with which Miss Owles examined it! We told her we were not at all sure it would get well, yet she might pray to the Lord Jesus, for with Him nothing was impossible. After long, patient waiting, and many dressings, it did quite heal, and this

patient never forgot it was *His* doing. She came again and again, not always for herself or her own household, but if any of her neighbours wanted medicine, she seemed glad of the excuse, and she always wanted to hear about Jesus Christ.

After obtaining the medicines, she would sit down again and eagerly listen to all that was told her. Whenever I went to her village, she wanted me to go to her house. Many times I had to refuse. When we were able to go she was not content with hearing herself, but would call her neighbours and make all in her own compound leave their work to listen. Soon a happy look came into her face. She assured us that Jesus Christ had given her peace in her heart, and that she never prayed to any but Him. She has a deep sense of sin. Sometimes in talking with her, I have wished that some of the Christian women had as clear a knowledge of sin, of a Saviour, and of forgiveness. We are all longing for the day when she will see her way to confess her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ by baptism.

Will some kind unknown friend, who has all this year been regularly sending me *The Life of Faith* and *The Christian*, please accept my most hearty thanks?

To our great regret, the Annual Letter from Miss Dawe, our senior missionary at Bollobhpur, was accidentally overlooked until too late for insertion in this Number. By postponing its appearance until April, we shall be, however, able to accompany it with an illustration, and also to add a note from Miss Dawe which has come to hand just as this Magazine must go to press.

Foreign Notes.

NORTH INDIA MISSION.

Miss Hunt writes:—

Normal School, Calcutta,

Jan. 11th, 1894.

I wish I could make you see a scene that I saw to-day in a house that we visit. A dear old lady, the mother of the head of the house, who rules in the Zenana, is a believer in the Lord Jesus, though not baptized. She loves the Bible, and tries to live by its precepts. As she is very deaf, teaching her is difficult, but one comes away feeling the truth is in her heart. To-day when I went I found the Bible-woman there before me, but we both had to wait some time as the *Babu* had not been pleased to have his breakfast until nearly 3 p.m., and the ladies of course could not have theirs till he had eaten! so we had to wait awhile.

Presently the old lady came to us, and after a few words of salutation she asked me if I would like to go and see her sons' apartments. It is often a pleasure to show off their family possessions, so putting my Bible down, I prepared to follow her, but she said, "No; bring your Bible." I was rather puzzled, but of course did as she wished, thinking she might want me to speak to some one. She then led me through a door which she locked behind us, and I noticed a strong money-safe in the room. Opening another door which led to the men's side of the house, she locked that also behind us, and then

passing out on to a verandah we came to a room almost covered by a large divan, with luxurious cushions lying about. Two young men were playing cards, as they reclined, and another sat by watching them. The dear old mother, with a sad, eager face, stood at the side of the divan. The young men did not rise, but looked rather astonished.

The old lady pointed to the Bible in my hand, and asked me aloud whose book it was. I answered that it was the Word of God. She could not hear, agitation increasing her deafness, but watching the movement of my lips, she said, "Yes; the Word of Jesus. There are good words, good teaching in that book—are there not?" To this I replied, and then she turned to the men and said, "This is a lady, a true lady; she comes here to teach me about God from this Book; it is good teaching." She then signed to me to speak to them.

I tried to tell them of the Heavenly Home, and of the time slipping by, that could never come back, warning them of the judgment to come. They listened respectfully, and then I said, "But I am sent to the women of your land—shall I ask a gentleman to visit you and speak of these things?" They consented, and said they would be glad to see him.

As we left the room I explained to

the mother what had passed, and she said very earnestly—I should like her words to ring through the Churches at home—"Send me a *Sahib* (gentleman) who will teach my sons what is right, teach them the truth; one who can sing them songs of Jesus, and save them from destruction."

"Promise to send me a *good Sahib* who will sing the songs of Jesus to my sons," were her last words as I came away.

It was a scene never to forget—those young men reclining, with cards spread out before them, listening to

the very feeble words that I could say. One of them said, pointing to the mother, "She knows all about your Jesus, she reads a great deal."

Pray for this family—for the dear old mother and for her sons, for whose salvation she is so anxious. Mothers' hearts all over the world are beating with the same *great* prayer. Will not Christian mothers think more of the *great* need in heathen lands of "good men [and good women] to sing the songs of Jesus," the Saviour from sin, to the young men and girls out here?

KRISHNAGUR.—*Baptisms.*

One of our missionaries writes:—

December, 1893.

We have had the happiness, during the last two months, of receiving four new members into the visible Church of Christ. One is a man living at Santipur—a weaver. He heard the Truth through our preachers, and was baptized some two months ago by the Rev. E. T. Butler at the church at Krishnagur. He expressed a wish to return again to his house and continue his work of weaving amongst his own people, as before. His relations, however, refused to admit him, and he was obliged to take refuge with our little Christian band there. Mrs. Butler was kind enough to have a tiny mud room erected for him in the little C.E.Z.M. compound, just large enough for him to sit at work. Contributions and a collection amongst the Christians procured him a new machine, and he is now happily and industriously settled at work. He makes the finest kind of *saris* for something like 2s. 8d.

each. If any Christian friends would buy of him, he will be very grateful, and he deserves support.

The other three cases of baptism (i.e. two adults and one infant) are the fruit of the work at Nuddea, which is carried on by our faithful Native band there. The first is an aged woman, somewhat deaf and half blind. She was employed as *jhee* to accompany our Bible-woman in her daily round of visits. In this way she heard and eventually accepted the message of a Saviour's love. She is as ignorant and simple as a child, but she seems to have grasped the Truth. She keeps saying, "I am very, *very* happy! *very happy*! for have I not got Jesus?"

The second case is that of a younger woman, with her baby. She heard the Truth from the lips of our Bible-woman, who visited the house she was staying in at Nuddea. For some months before the baptism she lived

with our catechist and his wife, who instructed her.

These two women were baptized together on Advent Sunday, at the Krishnagur Church, by the names of Udjola and Showshibala.

They answered earnestly and in a

heartfelt way in their own language, the questions simply put to them by the pastor, and I trust they will both prove faithful servants of Christ. The baby was baptized on the following Monday by the name of Heumalini.

SOUTH INDIA MISSION.

BANGALORE.

Miss A. M. Smith writes :—

Nov. 28th, 1893.

The building of our hospital has now fairly begun under Mr. Walker's superintendence, and he hopes to have the foundation finished by the end of the month.

Nov. 30th.

News from Mysore of troubles there and no children in the school. We hope they may come back soon. It is only by threats that they are kept

away. Miss Lee seems to meet the difficulties always with much wisdom, for which we are very thankful. I think we have written our thanks to all who have contributed to the box full of beautiful things from the Manor House. The contents are very different from those of "That Box" described in *INDIA'S WOMEN*, and we much enjoyed the unpacking.

OOTACAMUND.—*Christmas Festivities.*

Miss Ling writes :—

We have just been having our Christmas and New Year holidays, when, though the schools are closed for ten days, we have an even busier time than when they are open.

The festivities began with a Christmas-tree on the Friday before Christmas for our Boarding-school children, as many of them were going home the next day. The Native pastor and his family, the Mission agents and their wives and children all came, and we had a most happy evening, when our good pastor, who saw a Christmas-tree that night for the first time, prayed, as we stood around it, that we might all one day stand thus around the Tree of Life above. On Wednesday between Christ-

mas and the New Year, Miss Walinger came up from Coonoor, and we had our first united Toda prize-giving, that is to say, the two Toda schools, one from ten miles distant, the other eight miles, came here to receive their prizes and had a magic-lantern in a darkened room. After a distribution of clothes and sweetmeats the group was photographed, and they started off across the hills for their distant homes. The following day Miss Lambert and I went and stayed in a travellers' bungalow near one of these schools, and I visited several new *munds* I had not been to before, and had a hearty reception everywhere from the Todas. Better still, my message was most eagerly received.

CHINA MISSION.

*Embarrassing Hospitality.**Fuh Ning, Fuh-Kien,**Dec. 5th, 1893.*

I have had a good time in the village. I went with the Sing-Sang-Niong from the school. She went in a chair, and I walked. She cannot walk much because of her little feet, but I always walk if it is not too far or too hot. We made for a little village where we had never been before—I think it is called Mūo-Tau. To our delight, when we got there and went into one of the houses, we found nearly all the villagers were assembled at a feast in this house in honour of a new baby—a month old to-day. They generally give a feast on that occasion.

In the first room were two tables surrounded by men, and in the second, the women—about twelve of them were all sitting eating. We knew it would be a very good opportunity for talking, so we went into a side room and waited till they had done. The hostess, the mother of the baby, was very pleased to see us; she had heard we had been to other villages, and had wanted us to come. She had been in the hospital a few months ago. When the women had finished their feast, we talked to them—of course the Sing-Sang-Niong doing most—and they listened very well. I told the little hostess she had asked a great many guests, but there was one she had not asked—Who wanted to come to her, and Who loved little children very much. She got up off

her seat, looked round the room, counted up her guests, and then said to the Sing-Sang-Niong, "Is it you?"

Afterwards they prepared a feast for us, which was rather trying: little hunks of meat I could manage all right, only the hostess would give them me in her own chop-sticks. When it came to the pig's fat, I said I had had enough. At the next house we were regaled with poached eggs, cooked in some dreadful stuff. But these things did not matter much.

One can only just leave the Word. They are willing enough to hear, but nothing but God's own Spirit can make them take it into their hearts: we might well give up and say they are so ignorant and difficult to teach, it is impossible, only we know that God can do it, and we know He will.

Friday, Dec. 8th.

I had such a nice little time at the hospital yesterday; there are only seven women in it now. The *Huoi-Mu* who manages the hospital ("*Huoi-Mu*" means a woman member of the Church; the Christian women are either called that or "*Sing-Sang-Niong*") teaches them so well. When the women first come in they know nothing, but she teaches them a little as they are able to take it in day by day. One woman whom she had taught a little, said, "Before I came in I knew nothing about Jesus," and she seemed very happy.

I cannot yet get over the awful, strange feeling, when speaking to a woman first about Jesus, and to find she does not even know who He is. When we tell them they repeat in a vague sort of way, "God's Son"—"Saviour."

It seems dreadful that they have never heard what so many in England have heard often and yet reject. My heart feels sometimes very sad for these women; it seems unjust and selfish of us to have left them so long in darkness.—*From Miss Hankin.*

Correspondence.

(The Editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of Correspondents.)

A CORRECTION.—(See "*India's Women*," February, 1894, p. 68.)

To the Editor of "India's Women."

32, Denning Road, Hampstead, N.W.

DEAR MADAM,—May I point out that Nailsworth in Gloucestershire is not quite a new opening? During the winters of 1890 and 1891 a Zenana working party, representing fairly all classes of the parishioners, was held there under my wife's management. The result was thus summed up in the Parish Magazine for June, 1892, on our leaving the parish:—

"The Zenana working party has closed its operations for the season. It has been very successful. Last year the subscriptions were used in purchasing materials, and the value of the work sent to London was 5*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.* This year it is 9*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; and we have also sent in cash 1*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.* for work purchased here, and 1*l.* 5*s.* in subscriptions and donations; a total of 12*l.* 2*s.*"

A balance of 1*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.* was handed over to my successor.

Yours faithfully,

FREDERIC PEAKE,

Formerly Incumbent of Nailsworth."

HOW WE MADE OUR ZENANA.

DEAR EDITOR,—As the beautiful model Zenana is rather an expensive luxury for parish gatherings, I think it may interest some of your readers, and also give them a useful hint, if I describe as shortly as I can "how we made our Zenana." The materials were two high screens—one three-leaved, the other four-leaved—a few sheets (not too good), and some water-colours. These, judiciously arranged in a corner of the schoolroom, made a very respectable substitute for the real thing.

We first set up the screens so as to enclose a space that would do for a small room, and then tightened the sheets over them. Owing to the nature of screens, we could not have straight walls, but we made a good, strong angle, which looked quite like a building. Then the paints came into requisition, and a bold application of sepia, burnt sienna, &c., in the shape of blocks, brought out a very good imitation of mud and plaster walls. Sheets will wash, so no harm was done, beyond possibly astonishing the laundress! The inside was a little more difficult to manage, as we were not able to have a full-sized *charpae*, &c., but we got over this by having a table with small models of all the usual furnishings of a Zenana. These with a lay figure (life-size) of a Bengali lady, all kindly lent by the C.E.Z.M.S., answered the purpose very well, as the constant stream of people to hear Miss Woolmer's interesting explanations, testified. Indeed, so great was the crowding that it became necessary to hold the not very substantial walls, at the moments of changing audience.

Perhaps this imitation ought not to be attempted by those who have not seen the model Zenana, or studied well, for of course it would not do to make it a sort of fancy subject, but with care it may really be made very instructive. Ours was arranged for a Missionary Conversazione, which is held in our parish every year as part of a missionary week, and the large numbers which attend show how much the evening is appreciated.

I remain, dear Editor,

Yours sincerely,

ALICE J. JANVRIN,

Local Sec. Holy Trinity, St. Marylebone, C.E.Z.M.S. Branch.

[We do not allow, nor would our correspondent suggest, that the expedient she mentions could be a rival of our Bengali Zenana, with its verandah and its native furniture from Bengal. But we gladly make known what "sanctified ingenuity" and skilful hands can accomplish when they are directed by loving hearts.]

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Meetings for praise and prayer will be held (D.V.) in the Society's office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C., on Tuesday, March 13th, at 3.30, and in the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., on Tuesday, March 27th, at 3.30.

REQUEST FOR PRAISE.

For two baptisms connected with our Mohammedan Mission, in Calcutta, one on New Year's Day and another on the second Sunday in this year.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

1. That the newly-baptized converts from Mohammedanism may in their humble spheres so "put on Christ" that they may be used by Him.
2. For many Mohammedan pupils in Calcutta, who seem only deterred by motives of worldly gain from coming out as Christians.

Notices of Books.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND HYMNAL. Edited by the REV. CHARLES D. BELL, D.D., Rector of Cheltenham, and Hon. Canon of Carlisle, and the REV. H. E. FOX, M.A., Vicar of St. Nicholas, Durham; and the Music by A. H. MANN, Esq., Mus. Doc., Oxon., Organist of King's College, Cambridge. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE first appearance of a new Hymnal will be probably greeted with the question—Is there room for another? A nearer acquaintance with the one described above will silence the suggestion that it might be *de trop*. This collection of 623 Hymns and 9 Doxologies is likely to create a demand, if it does not supply one already existing. The name of the writer, translator, and “alterer” are given after each hymn. Old friends appear with additional interest when we see before us on the page that the same spirit inspired Bernard of Morlaix, about 1145, and our own favourite hymn-writers of the present day, many of whose compositions are in this honourable company. It will be easily seen that the demands of our active churches of to-day are met on noting that this book contains 49 hymns for children, 29 for Missions to Heathens, Mohammedans, &c., 29 for evangelistic and open-air services, 22 for devotional meetings and quiet days, and 19 for private use.

GLEANINGS: EIGHT PITHY PAPERS. By A.L.O.E. This book, which we published at 3d. in 1889, has now been transferred to our Penny Library. It is typical of the gifted authoress. Though intended chiefly for lady missionaries, or for those who look forward to entering upon foreign service, its sound commonsense clothed in anecdotes, allegories, dialogues, or verse, commend it to workers at home as well as abroad.

YET NOT I; OR, THE STORY OF AUNT FAN. Third edition. A new edition of this little book has been in demand, and we have published one revised, and with a new and good portrait of Dr. Fanny Butler. The author, who is already a favourite, tells of a life consecrated from childhood to the service of Christ, and at last laid down in Kashmir, after nine years spent amongst the sick and suffering women of India.

WHAT IS A ZENANA? By Colonel G. Herbert Bolland, R.E. Sixth edition. The usefulness of Colonel Bolland's brief but comprehensive answer to this question has been thoroughly tried and proved. The author has revised and enlarged this pamphlet and added a map with all our stations marked, and a list of them with the dates of their occupation.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, with Historical Notes. Edited by the Rev. James Cornford, M.A., Lecturer at the London College of Divinity. Eyre and Spottiswoode. Cloth, 5s. A neat, attractive Book of Common Prayer, with a wide margin, which contains “the source of each component part, and the date at which it was incorporated in the Book.” Lovers of English History, as well as lovers of our Prayer-book, will agree that Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have done well in making this valuable addition to their list of useful books. The Introduction shows in what the worship of the Synagogue, and the worship of the Christian Church, during centuries I. to IV., consisted; the dates given from that time up to 1886 are links in the chain that bind us to the sacred heritage of our forefathers.

NOTICE TO THE SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS OF C.E.Z.M.S. ASSOCIATIONS.

Special attention is requested to the fact that the Financial Year closes on March 31st, and that all sums to be entered in the Annual Report *must be received at the Office* on or before that date. All remittances should be sent to the Financial Secretary, C.E.Z.M.S. Office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.

The Editor's Work Basket.

A Sale of Work will be held at our Society's Home, the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, on March 14th and 15th, from 2.30 to 7 p.m.

The Chester Annual Meeting and Sale of Work will be held (p.v.) the last week in April. The exact date will be published in our April Number. Contributions of any saleable articles will be gratefully received by Miss JOHNSON ROBERTS, 7, Lumley Road, Liverpool Road, Chester. It is hoped to repeat the flower stall. Gifts of primroses and other spring flowers will be gladly accepted by Miss ROSE, Hoole Vicarage, Chester. (Flowers packed in tins always travel best.)

There will be (p.v.) a Sale of Work for the C.E.Z.M.S. at Sorrento Villa, 13, Seaside Road, Eastbourne, on Tuesday and Wednesday in Easter week, March 27th and 28th. Any contributions will be gratefully received by Mrs. Crabb at the above address.

A Request from A.L.O.E.—There is a sad interest in receiving a written request to working parties from Miss Tucker, after the ready pen has been laid down for ever. Through inadvertence the following suggestion has only reached the Editor after the announcement of Miss Tucker's death:—"Could dear, kind friends at working parties be requested to fasten *blank* tickets on articles sent out for sale, that we may write prices upon them? Some kindly do so, and it saves busy, tired missionaries so much trouble."

Miss Dixie, who has been the loved and valued fellow-worker of the late Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.) at Batala, asks us to give notice that some excellent photographs of Miss Tucker will be sold for the benefit of the Batala Medical Mission. Cabinets, 2s. each; carte-de-visites, 1s. each. Apply to Miss Dixie, 3, Gloucester Road, Brownwood Park, London, N.

It has been suggested by a correspondent that we should recommend amongst books for reading at Working Parties, one entitled *Breaking his Fetters*, by the author of *Modern Hinduism*.

Mrs. Morris, The Vicarage, Kirk Michael, Isle of Man, begs to acknowledge, most gratefully, the receipt of a parcel of wools, from an anonymous friend in "Eye," for working into various articles to send out to Kashmir next September.

Christmas Cards for China.—The generous response to Miss M. Newcombe's appeal for Christmas cards has fully met her present need. Thousands have been received at our Society's Home. Miss M. Newcombe's thanks, and some account of what these cards accomplish, must be looked for in INDIA'S WOMEN by-and-bye.

NEEDS AND WANTS.

Our Needs.

For the Punjab Mission.

Medical workers are urgently needed for Batala, for Ajnala, for Kashmir, and for Jandiala, as workers from each of these stations are obliged to come home on account of illness, or urgent private affairs.

For the South India Mission.

A fully qualified Medical Missionary is needed at once to carry on the work among Mohammedan women at Bangalore begun by Miss Nixon, who left the Mission on her marriage.

Another appeal comes from Bangalore. Miss A. M. Smith, the head of our Mohammedan Mission at this station, has strongly represented the need of a training home in South India for lady missionaries. Contributions will be received for this object by the C.E.Z.M.S. Financial Secretary, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.

We are thankful that sums amounting to 50*l.* have been given in response to this notice.

For the China Mission.

For the past three years two ladies have contributed 70*l.* annually toward the support of one of our missionaries in the Fuh-Kien Province. Though unable to continue to give that amount, they are willing still to be responsible for 20*l.* a year, if some friend or friends are willing to guarantee the remaining 50*l.*

We trust that our needs in the Mission-field will always be regarded as subjects for prayer.

Wanted.

Kurtas, skirts, spectacles, pieces of material, for the widows of Industrial Classes at our different stations. Miss MacGregor, 17, Gunterstone Road, West Kensington, W., Hon. Sec. for the C.E.Z.M.S. *Indian Widows' Union*, will supply patterns of garments, or give information, and receive and send other kind gifts for the needy widows of India.

Foreign Postage Stamps (except the common Continental and United States) and collections, for which 20 per cent. more than dealers offer will be given. All proceeds to be devoted to the C.E.Z.M.S. Address, I. W., 19, Kensington Crescent, London, W. Please do not send any English, French, or German stamps.

Foreign Postage Stamps.—Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., will be glad of all sorts of foreign postage stamps and old English ninepence ones of past issues—to sell for the benefit of the C.E.Z.M.S.

Cashmere stamps are much in demand just now and will be gratefully received.

Mothers' Meeting Parcels.—Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, London, N., will be very glad to supply parcels for Mothers' Meetings. Many "mothers" are glad of this opportunity of helping missionary work by the purchase of articles of clothing suitable for themselves or their children. All goods not selling readily may be returned.

Miss Woolmer offers many thanks to all who have so kindly responded to her request for Christmas-cards.

Back Numbers of INDIA'S WOMEN.—We are anxious to obtain back numbers of INDIA'S WOMEN for 1885, 1886 (no others) to add to our sets of complete volumes. If any subscribers have copies of which they would like to dispose, we will gladly buy them at half-price.—EDITOR.

Good Scripture Pictures for Tinnevely.—Our missionary, Miss Munro, pleads for a magic-lantern, and also for good Scripture pictures, which could be carried about in a portfolio. Such attractive means of teaching would probably open many doors now closed against missionaries, and would be invaluable in the villages, where many Christian women cannot read. Gifts of either kind, or contributions towards them, will be gladly received by Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, N.



More Stories from Mother's Note-books.

By LUCY I. TONGE (U. S. O.).

CHAPTER III.—SECUNDRÄ.

NOW often in the Bible we read of men like Abraham and Joshua who, when they had a long day's work before them, rose up early in the morning. The sun gets so hot in the middle of the day in the East that travelling is bad for horses or donkeys as well as for people. Horses cannot wear pith hats. Generally, however, they have a thick padded covering over their heads to keep off the glare of the sun.

When Miss Johnstone, our kind missionary guide, said good-night to us on January 6th, she added, "We must make an early start to-morrow, for my head is full of plans of all I wish you to see. We will begin by a drive of five miles to Secundra."

I have wished for you again and again in India, but never quite so much as in Secundra, and when we get back to England, and I want to tell boys and girls a really nice story, Secundra will be one of the first things to come to my mind. Now as I have said the name of the place three times, and there are only three syllables in it, I think you will remember it.

First we saw the marble tomb of King Akbar,* which was at the top of

* See Chapter I. of "More Stories from Mother's Note-books," INDIA'S WOMEN, January, 1894.

several stone staircases. Amongst the many carvings and inscriptions round it, were ninety-nine names of God from the *Koran*—the Mohammedans' Bible.

There was a better sight than a *tomb* at Secundra, and that was the Orphanage, where the good old German missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt, are like father and mother to four or five hundred boys and girls, who are under their care. Children were there of all ages—tiny babies who could hardly walk, little children and big. We said to Mr. Erhardt, "Where do all these boys and girls come from?"

"Almost all," he said, "were found in the streets, or lying by the side of the road, and they were picked up and sent to us to take care of."

There was one poor boy, about nineteen years of age, who was deaf and dumb and very stupid. His name was Sanichar (Urdu for Saturday), but he is generally called "the wolf-boy." I will tell you his story and how he got his strange names. In the year 1867, some Natives were in a jungle and saw a little boy crawling like an animal, then suddenly he disappeared through a large hole. They tried to get him out, but it was impossible, and they dared not go in, for they discovered it was the den of a wild beast. The men reported their discovery to the magistrate, and he sent a party one Saturday to rescue the child from this strange home. A fire was lighted at the mouth of the cave, and soon the den became choked with smoke. Then out bounded first a fine mother-wolf, and after her crawled the little boy. The wolf, terrified by the sight of all the men, rushed off, so the boy was easily secured and taken to the magistrate. The child seemed to be more like an animal than a human creature; he would only eat raw meat, and devoured his food in a rough, wild way just as the lions do in the Zoological Gardens.

The magistrate sent him to Secundra, and here he needed a caretaker, for he was very tiresome, only wishing to eat like an animal, and trying to walk with four instead of two legs; whilst if clothes were put on him, he tore them off again.

At last the boy learned better ways, and after being at Secundra ten years he wished to come to church regularly, and is always very quiet and attentive. He has now been baptized by the name of Sanichar, or Saturday, the day of the week on which he was saved from the wolf.

Although the boy is an idiot he shows a measure of sense; for instance, if a penny is given him, he knows it is for sweets and looks very pleased, putting his fingers to his mouth as if he were eating.

He was greatly troubled when a favourite caretaker died, and seeing the open grave and the coffin by it, he looked from one to another as if begging for an explanation. Some one pointed to the grave of his dear friend, and then to the sky; and ever since, when the boy does not feel well, he puts his hand to his head, then pretends to be asleep, and points first to the earth and then up again to heaven. His mind has never lost the impression that after illness comes the grave and then the world above.

There have been two other wolf-boys and one wolf-girl at Secundra, but Sanichar is the only one that has lived. Wolves do sometimes, in India, come through the open doors of the servants' huts, and snatch away the baby who is sleeping by the side of its mother. Sadder than this, some little children, especially girls, are thrown away by the cruel parents. If we love God, we love our brother also, and our fathers and mothers or children; but we hear sorrowful stories when we go to countries where God is not loved. Fathers and mothers do dreadful things to please the heathen gods.

A year or two ago there was an awful famine in India; no rain fell, and so there was no rice. Sixty little starving children were brought to the Home; two were already dead when they arrived, and others only lived a day or two. The rest were almost mad with hunger; they howled like wild beasts, snatched at the food, and sat on it to keep it and then pretended they had none. Mrs. Erhardt says she never saw anything that made her so sad. Often she had a good cry when she was in her own house across the compound. A famine boy was pointed out to us who had been saved, and very comfortable he looked. The thinnest boys always do the cooking, and they very soon grow fat.

There is a nice story about the little orphan girls at Secundra. At the time of the famine, invitations were sent all round the neighbourhood asking whether the Hindus and Mohammedans would come and pray for rain. So many came that the church was quite crammed, and as there was no room for the little girls, they had to be sent back. The Hindu door-keeper said, "The little ones are too small for God to hear their prayers." These dear children, however, knew as you do, that God loves the prayers of little children, and always listens when they speak to Him, so they went and told one of their teachers how they had been shut out of the church, and she, to comfort them, said they might have a prayer-meeting. Off the children ran to an empty schoolroom, and a little girl of eight held a meeting. She read Psalm xlii. and then the Confession

and other prayers from the Prayer-book, ending with the one for rain. God heard the prayers of the grown-up people and of the little children, and soon rain poured down, and every one in the place got the blessing of it.

Wherever we went with Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt, whether we were in the grounds or in the Orphanage, more than a hundred boys were after them, some holding their hands, dress, or coat-tails: when the missionaries stopped, the children stopped, when they went on, so did the boys. They did not expect to be noticed, all they cared for was to be near the dear father and mother whom they love very much. Every child comes to Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt when anything is wrong: some of the teachers complained about this, but Mr. Erhardt said, "You forget, I am the father; to whom are children to complain if not to their father?"

He is full of clever and inexpensive contrivances for the comfort of his family, and as a rule his plans are a success, but not always, as you shall hear. The white ants would come and bite the boys who slept on a low earth platform all round the dormitory. To keep these tormentors away the bed-place was well tarred, and supposed to be dry. The boys went to bed as usual wrapped in blankets, the heat of their bodies made the tar damp, and boys and blankets stuck to it: this they all thought very good fun, but Mr. Erhardt did not wish the blankets to be spoiled, and so covered the tar with a layer of mud, and now all is comfortable.

We wanted to know what became of the children; and I am sure you would have wondered if you had seen them, for they are all orphans and have no friends. Government pays a little money for each child's support. Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt have the boys taught trades, printing, book-binding, and other things. The girls are kept at school until they are married. I wanted to know how husbands were found for so many girls, and was told that when a young Native Christian wants a wife he comes to Mr. Erhardt, and brings with him testimonials of good conduct, and also proves that he understands some trade. Mr. Erhardt sends for four or five girls, and the man looks at them, and chooses one of them as his wife. The girl is then taken out of the room, and asked whether she will have this man for her husband. If she says "Yes" all is settled for the wedding, but if "No," the man has to choose again.

It often happens that when the orphan boys have learned a trade they marry one of the girls and live in the Christian village at Secundra; this is a good plan, for they stay near the old Orphanage as long as they

live. Some boys become medical students and schoolmasters, whilst others become ministers, and tell in places far away from Secundra the lessons they learned at school about the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt say as John does in his Epistle, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth," and they often do hear this good news. Some of the printers from the Orphanage went to Allahabad; there were only heathen there, and the boys began Christian work amongst them. In all the large cities Secundra boys may be found, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt can hardly go a journey without finding some of the children grown up who have situations on the railways. Many of these boys must be quite old men now, for the Secundra Orphanage was opened in 1839.

I do not wonder that when the Prince of Wales was in India, and his friends went to pay a visit to Secundra, and saw the boys at work, that they came away saying that "it was the best thing they had seen since they left England."

You remember reading about the Indian Mutiny in "Far Off." At that time, in 1857-8, all the printing-presses at Secundra were broken up, the paper and books burned, and the types thrown down the wells, or into tanks; the missionaries and children hid in the fort at Agra. For a long time after that there was no orphanage; then a dreadful famine came, some missionaries took charge of some of the famine children, the place was rebuilt, and all the work began over again.

We saw some blind girls in the school, and about six deaf and dumb little cooks, who looked full of fun, and were very anxious to show us how well they could make the unleavened cakes, *chapatties*, as they are called here. The oven is in the ground, charcoal at the bottom; this heats the sides of the oven, then a mixture is made of flour, salt, and water; this is well kneaded, and cut into small pieces, which are pressed flat with the hand, or with a stone, and then dabbed against the side of the oven. In two minutes the cake is cooked, and ready to be pulled off with a pair of long tongs. It was cakes of this kind that Sarah "baked quickly on the hearth" when the angels went to see Abraham; see Gen. xviii. 6. We have had *chapatties* once or twice, and *can* eat them, but we prefer our usual bread.

There was one question which I knew you would like me to ask, and that was about the playthings of all these orphan boys and girls, for I saw no toys anywhere. Mrs. Erhardt said, however, that the boys had

a few marbles, and the girls had some dolls.* At Christmas-time she and Mr. Erhardt are very much pleased if they can give the children a treat. What they like to do is to decorate the school, and then give a present to every one; but often there are not toys enough to go round. When I heard this I thought, Why should not we send picture-books, work-bags, marble-bags, and dolls, all packed nicely in a box? The worst of it is that sending boxes to India costs a great deal of money; but if we take great pains to make our things really nice, and write a letter to H. G. Malaher, Esq., 20, Compton Terrace, Islington, N., I believe he would kindly send it for us, only we must try to send him as much money as we can to pay for the box's fare on the steamer. You just think about it. You can, if you like, save your pennies before we come home. Perhaps Miss Emily would help you if you wish to begin making work-bags or marble-bags at once. It will be grand to send a surprise box to Secundra!

We saw other schools and a college in Agra, and a great many missionaries. In one school we found that Miss Bland (F.E.S.) had taught the children the "One Hundred Texts." Father questioned them on the verses, and they said them in Urdu, but Miss Bland said all the answers were right. There was a dear little mite there, who was picked up on a dust-heap when quite small; she is supposed to be four years old; she said, "Jesus, lover of my soul," in English, to Auntie and to me; she did look a sweet pet. Whilst she said her verses to the strange ladies she stood shyly twisting Miss Bland's chain round and round, then at the end looked up brightly into Miss Bland's face for the smile and the kiss, which she knew she had earned.

We spend all our time talking to missionaries, and seeing their work, and wonder all day long that there are not more missionaries in the *world*, when there is so very much to do in *India* alone! Wherever we go we long to stay, and help just a *little*.

There is one large college with five hundred men and boys in it; it was so funny to peep into the schoolroom where they were at their lessons, and see them hard at work; they look very different from English boys in their bright-coloured caps and long, flowing clothing.

(*To be continued.*)

* Hoops, skipping-ropes, battledores and shuttlecocks would be very useful to Secundra children.

Prize Competitions.

THE following prizes are offered for the best answers to Scripture and Missionary Acrostics and Puzzles, which will be printed alternately in each number of this magazine throughout the year :—

For answers in both subjects : First Prize, 15s. ; Second, 10s.

For Scripture only : First Prize, 5s. ; Second, 2s. 6d.

For Missionary Questions only : First Prize, 5s. ; Second, 2s. 6d.

This competition is open to all readers, but answers must be accompanied by a statement whether the competitor is over or under twenty-one years of age, and the name, address, and calling (if any) must be given, as should several answers be of equal merit, these conditions will be considered in awarding the prize. The only help in answering Scripture questions must be a Reference Bible, and answers must be sent in, marked Prize Competition, to the Editor of INDIA'S WOMEN, 9, Salisbury Square, before the first day of the month following that in which questions are given.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY ACROSTIC.

FAITH IN GOD. Mark xi. 22.

Breastplate, Eph. vi. 14, 1 Thess. v. 8; Shield, Eph. vi. 16; Mustard Seed, Matt. xvii. 20, Luke xvii. 6.

- | | |
|--|--|
| (1) Faithful. Numb. xii. 7; Heb. iii. 2-5. | (6) Immortality. 2 Tim. i. 10. |
| (2) Abiathar. 1 Sam. xxii. 23. | (7) Name of the Lord. Prov. xviii. 10. |
| (3) Inscription. Acts xvii. 23. | (8) Gaius. 3 John 11. |
| (4) Table. Lev. xxiv. 6. | (9) Overcometh. Rev. xxi. 7. |
| (5) Hanameel. Jer. xxxii. 9. | (10) Darkness. Prov. iv. 19. |

Answers have been received from :—

C. M. R. B.	C. M. P.	M. E. P.	L. M.
G. M. P.	L. C. H.	M. C. W.	H. L. W.
F. H.	M. H.	E. W.	M. S. N.
E. L.	L. P.	T. T. D.	E. S. S.
J. R.	E. M.	A. R.	C. M. M.
G. M. F.	E. M. C.	C. D. T.	E. T. E.
M. G. C.	H. M. L.	E. B.	F. J.
A. F. W.	M. W. J.	E. O. F.	M. G.

MARCH SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

A subject of supreme importance. Find the following references to it. It is described as

- (1) Great. (2) Common. (3) Eternal.

Unto it—

- | | |
|--|--|
| (4) The Gospel is "the power of God." | It— |
| (5) "Godly sorrow worketh repentance." | (8) "Belongeth unto the Lord," |
| (6) The Scriptures "are able to make thee wise." | (9) "Is of the Lord." |
| (7) We are "kept by the power of God through faith." | (10) "Is far from the wicked." |
| | (11) God "hath appointed us to obtain" it. |
| | (12) God "hath chosen you to" it. |

ERRATUM.

In our last Number, p. 65, second line from the bottom, read "1300l." instead of "1500l.," which is a misprint.



SCENE IN BENGALI VILLAGE LIFE.

INDIA'S WOMEN.



* Fragments *

From the Life of A.L.O.E. in India.

THE former account of A.L.O.E.'s life would be incomplete were it not supplemented by some facts gathered up as fragments from the story of the eighteen years spent in India.

It was a very great change to Miss Tucker to leave work in England—both parish and literary—and undertake new and untried duties in an unknown land at the advanced age of fifty-four; but she was animated by a loyal enthusiasm in the Master's service that was ready to face all difficulties, in a spirit that would not be daunted.

Most deeply interesting are the letters she wrote home throughout her missionary career, giving such vivid descriptions of the difficulties she had to encounter, the help she received from her fellow-workers, the accounts

of the various converts, inquirers: and her correspondence enables us to picture her and her surroundings in a series of word-pictures.

The Mission ladies at Batala divided the work between them, Miss Tucker taking the Zenana visiting, as well as the literary work she was continually engaged in. Miss Hoernle superintended the six schools in the city as well as two in the outlying village of Futteyghar (Fathgar); and Miss Dixie devoted herself to the Dispensary—of which she was the founder. The little building was called "The Star," as suggestive of the fact that the Light of Truth emanated from the ministry of healing carried on there; for Miss Dixie always had portions of Scripture read to the patients while they waited for their turn. Miss Tucker took the deepest interest in the work of her companions.

On one occasion, as Miss Hoernle had no house or room to go to at Futteyghar, Miss Tucker, who would never ask for anything for herself, made special efforts to get some rooms built at this out-station, offering liberal help herself to ensure the plan being carried out.

Miss Dixie's efforts amongst the sick were very near her heart; and though she knew but little of dispensing medicines, she found herself obliged to prescribe for patients many times during Miss Dixie's absence for a much-needed holiday. And all the time she was carrying on her own line of work, which was no easy task in that bigoted Mohammedan city. One Zenana against which she had written the word "*closed*" five times, was at last opened to her persevering attempts to find an entrance.

It was the house of Fazl Shah—the youth who died a Christian in faith, though he was never baptized, owing to the opposition of his family. We cannot but trust that he passed from that dark, bigoted home to the presence of the Saviour he loved.

On the occasion of this visit, Miss Tucker took a copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* to show the family; drawing suitable lessons from it; likening Fazl Shah to Christian: describing his joy on coming to the cross where his burden of sin rolled off his back—as well as various points of his pilgrimage—till he crossed the river of Death and reached the Shining Land beyond. The two *bibis* (wives) listened, and then she read part of St. John iii.

Once she met a Brahmin *bibi* in a Mohammedan Zenana, who asked her to visit her. This was an encouraging circumstance to one accustomed to sow the good seed under many difficulties; especially as the

Hindus in Batala were for the most part shy, and more difficult to reach than the Mohammedans, though less careful about matters of faith than the followers of Islam.

In one Zenana about fifty women and children gathered round her, evidently thinking her an object of curiosity. But her kind manner quickly won their hearts, and they were soon good friends. She showed them a likeness of the Queen, and told them that she was a worshipper of God, trusting in the Saviour whose blood was shed for *sinner*s.

Miss Tucker also showed active pity for the *Mihtars* (sweepers), who are the very lowest caste in society—the opposite end of the social scale to Brahmins: they gladly received a missionary. She felt much for these poor creatures, saying, “Should I fail, there will be no one to take my place in more than 100 Zenanas.”

In 1888, Miss Tucker’s nephew, Colonel Louis Tucker, was appointed for six months as acting Chief Commissioner of the Andaman Islands. This suggested to her the needs of the 13,000 convicts on the island; and she determined—if she could get leave from Government—to carry them, in their banishment, the good news of the Gospel.

She wrote home making the generous offer, proposing to pay all expenses. But the plan had to be abandoned, as Government could not sanction religious proselytising among the political prisoners.

We cannot forebear giving a few extracts from her letter to the Committee at home, when making her offer of going as a missionary to the convicts in the Andaman Islands. She writes:—

“The Andaman Islands are to India what Botany Bay was to England. They contain 13,000 convicts, thieves, murderers, and murderesses, besides a rapidly dwindling Native race of savages, and the soldiers and sailors and police needed, of course, to keep order in such a place. . . .

“There is a chaplain, who seems to take a kind interest in savages; but you are perhaps aware how completely a Government officer in charge of criminals, as Colonel Tucker is, is excluded from anything like proselytising. Government is very jealous in this matter. But I have written to the Andamans to inquire about the feasibility of two ladies, or perhaps a married couple, going to tell some at least of the thirteen thousand criminals, Mohammedans, Heathen, &c., of ONE who died for *sinner*s, ONE who granted salvation to the poor thief on the cross! I have consulted some of the wisest and holiest missionaries whom I know, as to whether they think that my having a near and dear relative in the Andamans may be the opening of a door for me to go, as Joshua’s spies went, to spy out this land flowing with milk and honey, but inhabited by

grievous sinners, whom we have not to destroy but try to save ! It seems to me that the majority of my spiritually-minded friends incline to my going. Mr. Clark does not, alleging my age as unsuited me for new work, saying that I am needed at Batala. I *am* too old to do much personally, but not too old to look about me, and see whether there be a promising field for others more capable than myself. I am perhaps the only missionary sister in all India who could at once find a comfortable home in the Andamans, and go without being an expense to any Society.

"As regards Batala, I should probably return after two or three months to the city where literally thousands of visits have been paid, God's Word read, but, alas ! where only the *few* have received the precious seed into good ground. Batala has just closed Miss Hoernle's four schools for Mohammedan girls ! The dear, devoted worker is turning to village work. . . . I am waiting for God's call ; I do not wish to go without it. I can decide nothing till I hear again from the Andamans. I went yesterday to the prayer-meeting at Amritsar, feeling that the balance hung pretty evenly between *go* and *stay*, about six on either side. A very emphatic message of encouragement sent from that noble worker Miss Hewlett's sick-bed (she was too ill even to see me), weighed down the Andaman side to number seven. 'Go, and draw others after you.'"

Yet Miss Tucker was never so much engrossed with her own plans as to overlook the interests of others. The same letter that brought her offer to go to the Andamans, contained also a bright little notice of the successful work of her loved fellow-labourer. "I think," she writes, "that Miss Dixie's Dispensary work will now be our most successful means of attacking the enemy in Batala."

But A.L.O.E. was not to go to the Andamans. In a letter dated December 6th, 1888, she says :—

"I wrote in November about a project, which then seemed not unfeasible, of my visiting my nephew in the Andaman Islands to ascertain the possibility of establishing a branch of our Mission amongst the thousands of convicts banished to that penal settlement. But a letter received from the head authority shows that my plan is *not* feasible : 'The female jail has over 300 inmates, but I am sure that the Government of India would not tolerate any Bible-reading or form of instruction there. We have villages of self-supporting convicts with wives and children, that might perhaps be visited, but they are quite inaccessible from Government House to any one who cannot ride and walk long distances.'"

"This was the answer to my question, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' It is clear that a feeble old woman is not called to the Andaman Islands."

About this time she made a nice expedition to Ogreaneval (a village

with a little Christian congregation), where she saw Miss Hoernle and Miss Key in their encampment, and had a service in Punjabi, conducted by Dr. Weitbrecht.

Thus she laboured on, despite increasing weakness and growing infirmities. When she was well-nigh seventy, she caught a dreadful illness from the vile atmosphere of some of the Zenanas she visited, and for days her life hung in the balance. But though she recovered, she never regained her strength, and when Miss Dixie was obliged to take her long-delayed trip to England, where her mother needed her presence, the aged missionary gradually sank, and soon she became so ill that she was urged to go to Amritsar, where she could be more easily tended.

She held out against this proposal as long as she possibly could—her great desire being to die in the place where she had laboured so long. But at length, with her usual consideration for others, she gave up her own wishes.

She felt that she was dying, and wished so much to be at her post to the very *last*—but even that long-wished-for thing she yielded. Perhaps the nearness of the eternal joys helped her to bear this last earthly disappointment, which she felt most keenly. Certainly the first moment's taste of its gladness has far outweighed the trials of the journey thither.

“What care the saints of God if they
Through pain and grief are called away
To their reward?
What matters this short life of tears
That ushers in the countless years
With their dear Lord?”

ANNIE TUCKER.

[This paper has been kindly contributed to fill the place reserved for Reminiscences of A.L.O.E. in India, promised by Dr. Weitbrecht, which have not yet come to hand. The last mail brought the assurance from Dr. Weitbrecht that though his article had been delayed he had every intention of sending it.—EDITOR.]

“If thou seek rest in this life, how wilt thou then attain to the everlasting rest? Dispose not thyself for much rest, but for great patience. Seek true peace—not in earth, but in heaven; not in men, nor any other creature, but in God alone.”—*Thomas à Kempis*.

OUR ANNIVERSARY.

It has been decided to hold two Annual Meetings on Friday, May 4th ; one in St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, at 2.30 p.m., when Sir Charles U. Aitchison will preside ; and another in the Polytechnic, Regent Street, at 7.30 p.m., with Bishop Royston, late of Mauritius, in the Chair. The following speakers have kindly consented to take part in the meetings : Miss Mitcheson, our missionary at the Duchess of Connaught Hospital, Peshawur, and the Rev. R. Bateman, C.M.S., Narowal, will represent the Punjab ; the Rev. P. Ireland Jones, our Corresponding Secretary for Bengal, will represent that great Presidency ; Miss Hessie Newcombe, our missionary at Ku-cheng, and the Rev. Ll. Lloyd, C.M.S., who has been acting as our Corresponding Secretary in the Fuh-Kien Province, will represent China. The Rev. Edgar N. Thwaites, who is now on a special Mission tour in India, has also promised to give an address.

Our Annual Sermon will be preached (by the kind permission of the Rev. Walter Abbott), in St. James', Paddington, on Ascension Day, May 3rd, at 11 a.m., by the Rev. Norman F. McNeile, M.A., Vicar of Brafferton.

DAYBREAK WORKERS' UNION.

The Annual Meeting of the D.W.U. was held in the Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, on Thursday, March 8th. The Chair was taken at three o'clock, by the Rev. Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot.

The Rev. J. C. Elliott opened the meeting with prayer ; after the Report had been read by our Clerical Secretary, Miss Bartlett, from St. Catherine's Hospital, Amritsar, addressed the meeting, followed by the Rev. G. Ensor.

The weather, to say the least, was unpromising, but Daybreak Workers are not to be daunted by rain. The body of the new room at the Church House was well filled, and the hymns rose with great ardour and sweetness, led by the D.W.U. Choir, Hampstead Band.

Space does not admit of our giving what is due to Miss Bartlett's story of progress, illustrated by incidents of brave confession of faith and endurance for Christ's sake ; nor can we do more than mention the inspiring definitions of the term "Daybreak Workers" suggested by Mr. Ensor—the "going out like the sunbeams," and the "going forth from the Mercy seat."



THE annual meeting of the Manchester and Salford Branch was held in the Town Hall on February 8th, the Lady Mayoress occupying the chair instead of her husband, who was unable to be present. The Rev. C. N. Keeling read the treasurer's statement for the year ending March 31st, 1893, which showed that the subscriptions received amounted to 617*l.*, the largest sum yet raised by the Association. The Hon. W. Sugden gave a graphic account of work in the Indian Zenanas, earnestly pleading for more workers and increased support, after which the Rev. G. Ensor narrated some of his experiences in the East. There were about 220 present, 12*l.* was collected, and 14*s.* 9*d.* spent on books.

* * *

At a drawing-room meeting which she addressed at Stalybridge on February 5th, Miss White met with a warm reception; the audience was most responsive, and the chairman, the Rev. C. Sutcliffe, remarked that he hoped the day was not far off when they would have a missionary of their own. The collection was 6*l.*, besides 6*s.* 2*d.* paid for books.

Three new openings are reported in the same direction. At Hyde, and at St. Peter's, Bowdon, Miss White was heartily supported by the clergy; at the latter place, a lady offered to act as collector, and a working party will probably be arranged: this district has only recently been formed into a parish. Fresh ground was also broken up by Miss Sugden at Levens-

hulme, near Manchester; the meeting took place at the Rectory, the Rector himself presiding. So much interest was shown, it was a pleasure to talk to the people, and there was such a demand for *Stories from Mother's Note-book* and A.L.O.E.'s works, that the supply ran short.

* *

The Sunday-school at Bolton does not flag in its missionary zeal. Like other Deputations, Miss Sugden was stirred by the sight of the hundreds gathered there to hear her on February 11th, when twenty-eight cards were taken, and 4*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.* contributed, more than double the sum given last year.

* *

During the previous month, the Rev. G. Ensor preached two sermons at St. Mary's, Rawtenstall, and also at St. Mark's, Oldham, where he had a cordial welcome from the Rev. J. G. Watts; a definite auxiliary was formed, and the salaries of two Bible-women promised.

* *

At Leighton Buzzard, a very successful and interesting gathering took place at the Town Hall on February 2nd. The proceedings began with a social tea for members of the D.W.U. and their friends. At one end of the room three tables were laden with the year's work done by the Band. It was highly creditable to all concerned, and was examined and admired by those present. The chairman, the Rev. R. Orr, opened the meeting with prayer, and insisted on the truth that want of zeal on behalf of Missions is occasioned by want of knowledge of their work, after which Mrs. Shirt gave some of the most recent news from the foreign field, and pointed out the many open doors set before us.

* *

The Worthing anniversary gave much cause for encouragement. A large number of friends met at Broadwater Rectory on February 8th, to hear an address from Mrs. Greaves; between 6*l.* and 7*l.* was collected, and it is hoped, through the earnest efforts of some local helpers, the working party may soon be started afresh. The same evening there was a crowded audience at the Worthing Town Hall, under the presidency of Dr. Hole, at a lecture on China, illustrated with dissolving views. On the next night, Mrs. Greaves gave the lecture at the little village of Falmer, where the inhabitants proved themselves awake to the claims of Missions.

At Silverhill, near St. Leonards-on-Sea, the Rev. G. Ensor was very warmly received when he represented the Society there on February 11th. He had good collections and the promise of support for a Bible-woman, her first year's salary being paid at once, and he was invited by the Rev. Foster Pegg to go there again next year.

* * *

Amongst meetings in the London district, we note a lantern lecture given by Miss Sandys at Twickenham Town Hall on January 29th, the Rev. G. Tonge acting as chairman. Addresses were given at St. Barnabas, Holloway, and St. Paul's, Canonbury, by the Hon. W. Sugden; also at St. John's, Upper Holloway, by Miss Woolmer, to the members of a C.E.Z. working party who were connected with houses of business. At Christ Church, Hampstead, on January 14th, sermons were preached on behalf of the Society by the Rev. A. Elwin, C.M.S., of Hangchow, in the morning, and in the evening by the Rev. G. Tonge, in place of the Rev. H. M. M. Hackett, who failed through indisposition. The congregation was much thinned by the weather, but the collections realised 36*l.* 14*s.*, an advance of 3*l.* on last year.

* * *

Two more meetings addressed by Miss White must not be altogether passed over. One, on January 29th, was held at the Palace, Waterford, where, through the kindness of the Bishop of Cashel and Mrs. Day, she was invited to meet a number of friends, some of whom came from a distance in spite of bad weather. Mrs. Day herself presided. The other took place at the Church House, Denbigh, on February 2nd, and was presided over by the Rector. Severe weather still prevailed, but it did not spoil the attendance, or the heartiness of the gathering. Eighty were present, and on both these occasions a real, deep spirit of interest was stirred up, many remaining afterwards to thank the speaker for her words, and to say how much their sympathy with the work would be increased by what they had heard.

* * *

The Liverpool Anniversary is fixed (D.V.) for Monday, April 23rd. Will our readers kindly send contributions of moss and flowers (packed where possible in tins) to sell at the Afternoon Meeting? Send off so as to reach Miss Royston, 32, Falkner Square, Liverpool, by the morning of the 23rd.

The Chester Annual Meeting is fixed for April 26th.

FAREWELL TO OLD WORKERS—WELCOME TO NEW.

The removal from the town of Macclesfield of the valued treasurer and secretary, Mrs. Lees, deserves our special notice this month. The chronicles of Mrs. Lees' work carry us back to February, 1870, when our C.E.Z. ex-secretary, Miss Cockle, first held a drawing-room meeting in her house at Knutsford. In 1873, Mrs. Lees brought to Macclesfield her zeal and love for Zenana Missions, and since then, the Association, including a vigorous working-party, has continued steadily to progress.

Almost with the regularity of clockwork, the annual sale of work and meeting combined have been held at "Sunny Bank." Deputations, including the well-known names of Mrs. Greaves, Ridley, Weitbrecht, Ball, Bardsley, Misses Blandford, Swainson, S. Mulvany, Valpy, Phillips, Bartlett, and others have pleaded our cause there. The working-party has ever been a great centre of missionary interest, and several of its members are now in the mission-field. Earnest prayer and steady effort have marked the upward growth of this Association, which has now been entrusted as a precious legacy to the hands of other willing workers, whose names we shall gratefully enroll. The Association Secretary, while bidding farewell to this much-valued Christian friend and worker, is glad to feel that her interest will help on our work and stimulate effort in the county of Leicester, where Mrs. Lees hopes to reside.

* * *

We much regret to have to record the death of two valued local workers. Mrs. Bignold, who had been since 1877 the kind and helpful C.E.Z.M.S. Treasurer for Norwich, died on December 12th, after about a fortnight's illness. It is a cause for great thankfulness that Miss Pelham, daughter of the late Bishop of Norwich, has consented to fill her place, and also to accept the office of President of the Association, left vacant through the death of Mrs. Pelham.

We are sorry that these particulars did not reach us earlier.

Mrs. Maw, our Secretary and Treasurer for Kenley, Surrey, has also entered into rest. In addition to giving her energy to Home work, she had willingly yielded her daughter for foreign service. Miss Maw hoped to have gone to India in 1892, but her departure has been postponed through failure of health.

At Luton a C.E.Z.M.S. Conversazione was held in the Parish Church Girls' School (St. Mary's Hall) on February 12th. On entering the Hall,

which had been tastefully decorated, there was a great deal to be seen both interesting and instructive. One table was piled up with work that had been done during the winter months by members of the senior classes of the Sunday-school, and other willing helpers, under the guidance of Mrs. J. F. Hamlyn: on another table was displayed a large number of curiosities, some lent by friends in the neighbourhood, but the greater part lent by C.E.Z.M.S. Miss Hasell (of St. Alban's) did great service in explaining to visitors the different objects of interest. At the end of the room was an exhibition of dolls for India. During the evening, Mrs. Piper gave two short addresses on the work of the Society: her earnest, solemn, and loving words are not likely to be forgotten. As the *Conversazione* was held more for the purpose of awakening fresh interest than for raising money, it is satisfactory to state that from the collection, the refreshment-stall, and [admission to the Doll Exhibition, a sum amounting to nearly 5*l.* was realised.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

At the *General Committee* on *Wednesday, March 7th*, the death from cholera, at Kummamet on February 1st, of Miss Clara H. Ward, who joined the South India Mission at Ellore from Australia at the end of 1892, was reported, and a Minute was adopted expressing the Committee's sincere sympathy with her relatives, and their sorrow for her early removal from the mission-field.

The Secretaries also reported the arrival in England, on February 10th, of Miss Newman from Kashmir, and the sailing, on February 23rd, of Miss Hull, on her return to that Mission.

The resignation by the Misses Leslie Melville of the Hon. Association Secretaryship for Lincolnshire was accepted with much regret, and with cordial thanks for their valuable services. The Committee gratefully accepted the offer of their nieces, the Misses Leslie Melville of Welbourn Rectory, Lincolnshire, to undertake the duties of the Secretaryship in that county.

Requests from the C.M.S. to our Society to strengthen the staff of ladies in the Nuddea Village Mission, with a special view to the Christian women of the district, and also to send ladies to Quetta, were considered. It was agreed that the former request should be borne in mind when considering the location of workers needed in Bengal. In

regard to Quetta, it was felt there was no immediate prospect of occupying a new station, involving the erection of a mission-house, owing to the urgent prior necessity of strengthening existing Missions.

Suggestions were made whereby Miss Highton's urgent appeal for workers at Baranagore might be met.

A letter was read from one of our workers showing the need of two European ladies being stationed both at Bhagalpur and Jamalpur, if any itinerating is to be undertaken among the unevangelized millions in Behar, and offering to forego half her salary in order to facilitate the appointment of an additional lady. The Committee gratefully acknowledged this generous offer, and agreed to keep before them, and to bring before the readers of *INDIA'S WOMEN*, the needs of the district of which Bhagalpur is the centre.

It was reported with much thankfulness that Miss Harding had offered to undertake temporarily the charge of the Krishnagar Girls' Boarding-school, while Miss Bristow is learning the language, thus releasing Miss Eleanor Sampson from the necessity of postponing her needed furlough for another year, as she had generously offered to do.

The appointment of Mrs. Partinkar, who had formerly been trained at St. Catherine's Hospital, as assistant medical missionary at Jandiala was sanctioned. It was noted with much regret that Miss Parslee felt obliged to postpone her furlough for the present, as it was found impossible to provide satisfactorily for carrying on the work both at Ajnala and Jandiala.

The proposed arrangements of the Corresponding Committee for carrying on the school work at Sukkur till the holidays, with occasional visits from the ladies at Hyderabad, were sanctioned. Miss Compton's offer to reside there temporarily was warmly appreciated.

It was reported that Miss J. P. Brandon had been ordered home on medical certificate, and that the Misses Coleman were going to the hills for needed change. Miss Waitt had been sent to Trichur from Trevandrum to work with Miss Crooke.

The Committee also acknowledged the generous offer of the Misses Brandon to hand over to the Society, on certain conditions, houses at Masulipatam, Bezwada, and Kummamet, of the value of Rs. 25,000, and would be prepared to take steps to carry out the necessary arrangements after consultation with Miss Brandon on her arrival in England.

Proposals for the establishment of an Undenominational Medical School for Eurasian and Christian women in North India were considered. The desirability of such a school was fully recognised, but there were practical difficulties in the way of the Society contributing to its establishment, and taking part in working it according to the scheme suggested.

A grant of Rs. 20 per mensem was made towards a hostel for Christian girls at Ootacamund, under Miss Ling.

A letter was read from the Rev. R. W. Stewart concerning buildings required for ladies in the Hing-Hwa and Lo-Nguong districts, and bearing high testimony to the spirit of zeal and concord among the workers.

DEATH OF MISS WALLINGER OF COONOR.

JUST as we are going to press, the tidings have reached us of the home-call of another loved and honoured labourer in the foreign field. A telegram received by her relatives tells us that Miss Amelia Wallinger, our honorary missionary at Coonor, died, after a short illness, on Saturday, March 3rd. She returned to India, after a few months spent in England, at the beginning of October last, in the hope of remaining at her chosen post of work for Christ in the Nilgiri Hills, for the full period of five years. The Master had been preparing her for the service of the inner sanctuary. She has passed into the presence of Him Whom her soul loved. We hope to be able to give some particulars of her life and work in an "In Memoriam" sketch in our next Number.

DEATH OF MISS CLARA HELEN WARD.

SORROWFUL tidings reach us from South India. Miss C. H. Ward, the last missionary sent to India by our Australian Auxiliary, died of cholera on February 1st.

Miss Ward went to India from Melbourne in November, 1892, and was stationed at Ellore, a town which has owed the chief number of workers of the C.E.Z.M.S. to Australia. From time to time bright letters that she has written have come to hand at this office, after travelling round by Australia. One extract, which we give here, as a message from a voice, now silent, has been waiting for insertion:—

You would like to have an idea of our schoolrooms. They are all the same—a large barn, with matting on the floor, like that on tea-chests, one or two blackboards, one small table, one chair, a cupboard, and a map-stand. The children sit on the floor, or stand, grouped round their teacher. In some of the schools the children

are very poor, and so they have prizes given them of a skirt and a jacket which is all the clothing they wear. The skirts are made simply of print, with a hem at the bottom, and a string run in the top; there is no shaping. They are all worn long, i.e., down to the ankle. I tell you so that you can perhaps make some.

Miss Ward was working at Kummamet when she received her call to rest.

Our July Number of last year, p. 329, contained part of a letter from Miss Ward, telling of her heart-ache for the little wives of India, old almost before the days of girlhood had begun, and of the untaught thousands. This extract closes with the appeal :—"Labourers ! labourers ! Oh, do pray for more labourers !"

Mr. Eugene Stock has kindly written an In Memoriam, which will appear in our next Number.

Gifts and Bequests.

THE first page of this Number opens with a little sketch of A.L.O.E.'s home at Batala. This house, which Miss Tucker named *Gurīb-ī-Afīāb*, or Sunset, because there she hoped to spend the close of "life's little day," is her legacy to our Society. It joins a building which she named *Sunshine*, because it was occupied by her colleagues, and she felt that younger workers should live in the brightness of noonday.

Miss Pinniger, of Bhagulpur, faithful to the end in her zeal for this Society, has remembered it amongst the many claims upon her affection ; we have had notice of a bequest of 100/.

Miss Caroline Cay, of Tunbridge Wells, whose death we had to mention in our last Number, p. 120, has left the Society 3000/.

These legacies do not bring an immediate accession to our income, but they enable us to look forward in hope and gratitude to the future.

The generous gift of the Misses Brandon, our missionaries at Masulipatam, is mentioned in our Committee Notes, p. 158.

What can we say for these and many other gifts, which come from friends whose names are often known only to the Giver of all ? They are trusts for which we are the honoured stewards. Each one is accompanied by the solemn reminder, "Moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."



OUR stations in densely-populated Bengal have chiefly filled the unusually large space given in this Number to despatches from abroad. Bollobhpur is the headquarters of our Bengal Village Mission, which was described in our last Number, p. 122; Krishnagur, a sacred city, and resort of Hindu pilgrims, is the capital of the district of that name; the same can be said of Bhagulpur, in the province of Behar, Jabalpur is in the Central Provinces. We very much regret that want of space has obliged us to hold over Miss Daeuble's account of her work at Bhagulpur.

NUDDEA VILLAGE MISSION.

Camp Work round Bollobhpur.

BY MISS DAWE.

I CANNOT express my thankfulness for the great help and comfort it has been to have fellow-workers with me. Only those who have ever been called on to work alone, can understand the great difference it has made. But as the number of workers has increased, so also have the open doors, and we are constantly being made to feel how much more is left undone in our districts than is being done. More frequent visits to our outlying

Christian congregations are urgently needed, while there are hundreds of heathen villages still untouched, and many, indeed most of the remainder, visited only at one season of the year.

The town of Kooshtea with its remarkable openings for work, and that of Meherpur not yet attempted, might fully occupy our time. The C.M.S. missionaries in one direction beg for more frequent visits to the non-Christian women in their part of the district, while another urges that all our

time should be given to the Christians ; and I have frequently had occasion to wish I could be in a dozen places at one and the same time. Will not some now at home come to our assistance ? And will not others, who cannot come themselves, send a substitute, like the friend who has provided one valued fellow-worker ? It is the Master calling—shall *He* call in vain ?

The chief event of the year now drawing to a close has been the opening of the dispensary at Bollobhpur, and by Miss Owles giving daily some hours of her time to it, in addition to studying the language—the chief work of a missionary in her first year,—we have been enabled to carry on the work there without a break, till it had to be closed while we took our needed holiday. But not Bollobhpur only has benefited ; the patients have come from many villages far and near, and we were able, in an adjoining cottage, to take a few in-patients from distant places. The recovery of one of these made a great impression on the whole neighbourhood, being regarded as little less marvellous than a rising from the dead, so hopeless did the case at first appear. We have been greatly cheered, too, by the attention paid to the teaching of our Bible-woman. There is every reason to hope that spiritual as well as bodily healing will be given by Him Who is recognised by all who come to us as the Great Physician.

My own serious illness has prevented my going, as in previous

years, to the out-stations for work among the Christian women, but in and around Bollobhpur, including Ratnapur, Bhubapara, Taranagur, Hidaipur, Nazarikoni, Juggenathpur, and Horirampur, they have been visited more frequently and regularly than ever before by Miss Brown ; she has done most valuable work among them by her visits, classes, mothers' meeting, leading evangelistic bands to heathen villages, and, in Bollobhpur, superintendence of the Sunday-school, together with a preparation class for the teachers. In the coming year, now that she has passed her second examination in the language, I look forward to her help in visiting the out-stations. An examination for the Bible-women and school-teachers of the district was held in June, and the most successful candidates received a small prize. Another will be held in the spring (D.V.), and the Bible-women acknowledge the benefit to themselves and their work that results from it.

Converts.

The converts baptized last year have been going on very satisfactorily. Shoshi continues under the kind care and teaching of Miss Adams and Mrs. Ghose at Chupra, while Ujjala helps us in our dispensary, and little Martha is a great pet at the Girls' Boarding-school in Krishnagur. We now have with us an inquirer from the same village from which Shoshi came, and we hope she may prove herself a sincere and worthy candidate for baptism. Her name is Horimoni,

and we would ask the prayers of all our readers for her; also for our *ayah* and her husband, the former of whom has only been with us a few months, but in that time seems to have taken in with child-like faith the truth that Christ died for her, and is her Saviour.

Amongst Non-Christians.

Turning to the work among non-Christians in the north of the district, I need say nothing here of our tour last cold season, when I was accompanied for the first time by Miss Monro and Miss Brown, as an account of it by Miss Monro has already appeared in *INDIA'S WOMEN* (Vol. xiii. 221). We hope to go over the same ground again this winter, and to find that the seed then sown has been watered by the Holy Spirit. But how we long for the time when there shall no longer be a *year's interval* between our visits! What would be thought at home of the use of a Bible-class held *once a year* in a village where there was no other means of grace, if such a thing can be imagined?

Miss Brown and I had paid a visit to Kooshtea in December, 1892, and this year Miss Monro and I went there in May for a fortnight. The leading gentlemen of the place welcome us cordially to their homes, and are anxious that we should undertake permanent work there, though they well know that our only object is to lead the women to Christ. "My wife is often asking when you are coming;" "You are always welcome;" "My

daughter will be so sorry she was away when you came," are the remarks frequently made.

I had looked forward to a good time of work there this winter with Miss Brown, Miss Owles, and our Bible-women, hoping we should be able to divide into bands and work the town and neighbouring villages thoroughly. I went first for a week alone, and then we all went together; but after two or three days, I got a letter from our Native pastor telling me that cholera had broken out in Bollobhpur, so I hastened back to the aid of our people, and am writing in the intervals between attending to the cholera cases, so if it is very disconnected I hope I shall be forgiven. Two years ago there was a similar outbreak, and now Bollobhpur is again suffering severely. There have been so far nineteen deaths, but, through God's mercy and His blessing on the remedies used, a great many recoveries.

At such a time, with death so very near, how precious are the promises of our covenant-keeping God! He does give His own perfect peace. I am greatly upheld by the knowledge that many prayers are going up on our behalf. To add to the anxiety, I get news from Kooshtea that Miss Brown is ill, and must be taken to Calcutta. But though *our* plans of work are thus upset, we know our Captain makes no mistakes, and we trust Him fully.

A Deserted Child.

On Sunday morning, the day before

I left Kooshtea, we had just had our little service together, and I was waiting for breakfast, when a man came in hurriedly, telling me that a child was lying on the road near our bungalow, evidently left to die. We at once went to the spot, and found a girl of about eight years of age, in a filthy state, and apparently starving as well as ill, lying all alone on the roadside. Some men working in the fields near said they had seen a man with a baby in his arms come along the road with this child, and he had gone on and left her there.

We fed and then washed her, and, wrapping her in a blanket, carried her to the dispensary of the town, and the doctor there kindly promised to attend to her till my return from Bollobhpur. As I was leaving the next morning, I wrote to the Inspector of Police and asked him to make inquiries, but nothing has been discovered, and the magistrate has given an order that the child shall be handed over to us. She is now recovering, and we cannot but feel that it was ordered by God that she should be left so near our house, as otherwise she probably would have died.

Intelligence of Miss Brown's dangerous illness, and subsequent progress towards recovery, has anticipated Miss Dawe's letter, written in the midst of anxiety. A more recent letter from Miss Dawe gives a happy sequel to the story, in which she touches lightly on the trial of being alone, as far as Europeans were concerned, in the midst of the sick and dying. On January 4th, she writes of a glad Christmas time when the scourge of cholera had abated :—

The Christmas Day service at Bollobhpur was well attended, every seat being filled; the collection was

Thanks for the Past and Hopes for the Future.

Next year I hope to be able to tell of more villages reached in the rains (when our roads get impassable) by means of a boat, which the kindness of friends will enable me to purchase. The boxes with sale work and prizes have reached us, and great has been our thankfulness in opening them to see how constantly our friends think of and work for us. Truly our boxes were not disappointing! Christmas time is looked forward to eagerly by all the children, and others, too, while the sum realised by the sale of work is a most welcome and needed addition to our funds. We hope to write to all the friends who have been working so kindly for us. I should like to say, too, how greatly cheered and helped we have been by receiving letters assuring us of prayer and sympathy. For these and for papers and magazines so thoughtfully sent, and so welcome in our out-of-the-way corner of the field, I would most heartily thank all our friends, and assure them that such tokens of loving remembrance are a real help to us.

Bollobhpur, Dec., 1893.

larger than ever before, though the people are not at all well off.

Many of them gave large thank-

offerings for life spared in the cholera outbreak. . . .

With anxiety and sorrow, we have much to make us glad.

On January 22nd, Miss Dawe writes :—

In Camp, Nuddea.

Will you kindly put a note in INDIA'S WOMEN that the child mentioned in my report as having been picked up on the roadside at Kooshtea,

has since died? We hoped she might have recovered, and been brought up as a Christian, but God has willed it otherwise, and taken the poor little forsaken girl to Himself.

Amongst Sick and Needy.

BY MISS OWLES.

I sympathise fully with those of our sisters who are inclined to do a "big grumble" when reminded that it is time to write the Annual Report; yet I do feel the great responsibility of the task imposed upon us.

How many of the Lord's people in England, having sent us forth in faith, are waiting beyond the ocean to hear our report of the land, what it is—"whether it be good or bad—the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many, and what cities they be that they dwell in"?

God grant that with Caleb and Joshua of old, we may give a faithful report in the ears of His people. Having had but one year's experience of the country and its people, I will leave it to those more capable of judging to expatiate on what are indeed the chief obstacles in the way of possession, and which of the numerous strongholds of the Enemy are the most inaccessible. I can speak as to the reality of "walled cities," and giants and opposing forces, but I cannot attempt to describe the

difficulties of the warfare, being still in the ranks with those whose armour has yet to be proved. But of this I am certain, that the battle is the Lord's, and that no obstacle is so great, no stronghold so fast, but that the weakest soldier in our ranks may overcome it in the Name of Him Who says: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth."

First Days.

A year has passed since my arrival in Bengal, the first three months of which were spent in Krishnagur in the (to me) uninteresting occupation of disentangling impossible letters, and of acquiring the rudiments of the Bengali language. The monotony was relieved by a visit to the Krishnagur dispensary, where, by the kind and efficient help of Miss Phailbus, I was able to gain much useful experience for future need. In March, Miss Dawe and Miss Brown returned from the winter's itineration, and warmly welcomed me to this field of my hopes and prayers—Bollobhpur.

Those accustomed to live in cities,

or at least in a Government station, will tell you this small village of ours is but a jungle, that it is lonely, uncivilised, inaccessible, and a resort for leopards! Literally it may be so; but to us who, for a time, have adopted it as "home," it is seen under a different aspect. We describe it as a lovely spot of nature, with sloping fields and green trees rising from the banks of its winding river. We take a lawful pride in the small native church, that has won the title of Cathedral of the District; we thank God for the faithful Bengali pastor, for our whole-hearted Bible-women; and we have learnt to love the simple villagers who worship with us in God's House of Prayer!

Does it surprise you that *three* workers should be stationed in this small, out-of-the-way place? Let me explain, then, that Bollobhpur is but a centre or home, that the work of the Nuddea district extends over an area more than half as large as Wales and more thickly populated, that there is a very inadequate supply of workers, as any one must admit, and that we look forward in faith and hope to a large increase in our band!

There are needs at home—I know it! But why must the proportion between home and foreign workers be so unequal? Why should numbers of Christian people be working together in one place, sometimes even treading upon one another's ground, whilst one other of Christ's members is toiling on absolutely alone against tremendous odds, as Miss Dawe has done these three years past? Why, indeed?

A Preaching Band.

Refrain from questioning me as to how far I am able to preach and teach! I have been studying and reading with a pundit, as is usual in the first year, only unfortunately I belong to the class of people who are slow of speech. Very early in the year I was escorted out with the voluntary band of women preachers to a heathen village near, and I smile still to remember the care they took of me.

It is evidently an understood thing among the women, that a person who cannot speak their language is in all respects incapable. One leading the way, the rest following me in single file, we wend our way through the jungle and arrive at a Mussulman house. We are welcomed, mats are spread for the women; a stool placed for the Miss *Sahib*, and an audience quickly gathers round us in the courtyard. An opening hymn and our Bible-woman, Shukto, launches forth, and is lost in the oft-repeated story of Redeeming grace. Understanding little, but in full sympathy with her message, I am praying for the poor, dark souls before us—when my thoughts are suddenly diverted. A small, dark head is bowed to the ground at my feet, black eyes are peeping under my *solar topi* into my face, and I become aware that to the crowd before me, a white face and English dress are exciting more interest than is agreeable to the object of it. At the same time a mutual feeling of inquiry causes me to look around me.

What variety of feature and expression in these dark faces, and how much more they are able to understand than is often credited! I am less struck by the grace of their attire than by their absence of clothing, for with boys, and often girls, too, a coloured cord round the waist is the only apology for clothing.

Shortly, seeing I am no longer the centre of attraction, for eager faces are turned towards the speaker, and some are asking questions, I venture to remove my *topi*, and to let the evening air blow upon my head.

Alas! for the ill-fated action! Complete revolution in the listening crowd. Cries of, "The Miss *Sahib* is ill! see how hot she is!" arouse our women. Shukto forgets to conclude her argument, and before I can protest is vigorously wiping my face with the end of her *sari*. Happily at this critical moment my mind is relieved by remembering that her garments are usually clean.

A hand-punkah is next produced, and I still powerless to resist!

Bad Roads in the Rainy Season.

A week or two later, when out with the same band of women, we were overtaken by a heavy storm of rain, and, after sheltering for a time in a *Babu's* house, had to make our way back through the muddy roads. As we neared a particularly bad place, or a stretch of water, I heard a cry down the file behind me of, "Hold her! hold her!" and immediately I was seized on either side under the arm and borne in triumph over the bad part of

road, far too convulsed with inward laughter to resist.

Speaking of roads, I wish I could describe them as I have seen them these rains—when, for instance, the mud has been so thick, that in visiting in the village, the Bible-woman has entreated me to leave the side of the path and follow her through the stream in the middle, with the assurance that it is so much better in the water. So it may be for her with her bare feet, but, alas! not for those bound down by the laws of civilisation. How often I have been tempted to break through these rules (when, for instance, my shoe stays behind in the pool, and I am only reminded of its absence by a cool sensation) only they who prevent me from carrying out my wishes can believe.

The high-road to Chupra has been broken away by the rains, and in coming back by it last week we had to dismount from our horses and cross over by boat. The bullock *gari* with the boxes, being too heavy for this frail construction, sank, and with it all our luggage. Such are a few of our experiences.

First Year Trials.

A first-year missionary escapes much responsibility and many of the difficulties that fall to the lot of the more experienced, but she is not altogether without her trying circumstances.

It is by no means pleasant on a stormy night to be alone in comfort in the house, with the knowledge that one's fellow-worker is out driving in the drenching rain; nor, as on another

occasion, that she is in the rain in a bullock *gari*, which is quite as likely to rush down into a ditch in the darkness as to keep to the level track. Nor again, with even the consolation of sharing discomforts denied, is the knowledge pleasant that she is away in some comfortless rest-house, possibly ill. More might be said, but this is only in passing.

Magic-lantern Exhibition.

A magic-lantern is a splendid means of sowing the seed in dark, heathen hearts. A visit with Miss Dawe to an outlying village in the hot season is still fresh in my mind.

A long drive over roads (?), on which to the eye of one lately arrived from home the words "no thoroughfare" are as distinctly seen as though a sign-post were up to that effect, brought us to the appointed place of exhibition. What excitement our arrival caused; how the children gathered round and gazed at us and at the boxes which contained the magic pictures; how eagerly they conducted us to the chosen spot, where two upright bamboo posts and a third across at the top had been prepared to hang the sheet! And then as darkness came on, what a sea of faces were turned expectantly upon the sheet!

The night was still, the darkness increased by the thickness of the luxuriant foliage of the overhanging trees; even the stars were hidden from view, and only the sparkling fireflies saw no reason to hide their light.

First a picture of Her Majesty the Queen and of her "big child" he

name by which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is most familiarly known to the people of this land, then Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, St. Paul's Cathedral; and, gazing in the midst of this weird scene, I begin to wonder, Am I still in the same world with these familiar glimpses of the great Western capital? And now follow a series of pictures illustrative of the life of our Lord, and as one and another is ably explained in simple language, a hush falls upon the listening crowd, broken only by exclamations of admiration and wonder at the love and beauty depicted in this most holy life. One Mussulman hearer of that night has now come out to us for Christian instruction, and from the hundreds who heard the words of life there must be some hearts in which fruit is springing up to the glory of our God.

Dispensary Work.

But what of the work so near my heart, that of our Bollobhpur Dispensary?

It is well known that in Bollobhpur for three years Miss Dawe was dispensing medicines from her verandah, and that in travelling to outlying villages her medicine-chest invariably accompanied her.

But in March, by the suggestion of a kind friend in England, who promised to be responsible for the necessary funds, a dispensary was opened. By God's blessing this has been used to relieve not only the sufferers in the immediate neighbourhood, but many in the district for miles round.

There are cases which it would be

wrong for us to undertake. Only this morning I was called out from the dispensary to see a man who had been carried by his friends in a native bed in the hope of obtaining help. A glance sufficed to show that amputation of the limb was the only remedy, and sadly I advised them, having come so far already, to go on to a Native doctor in a neighbouring village. The man joined his hands in entreaty, the woman, his wife, cried, held my feet, and strove to move my heart to pity, as though already it were not stirred to the very depths.

There can be no doubt as to whether we are in need of a qualified medical assistant. Stay with us one moment and look round upon the patients.

Your eyes are directed to the shelves so well stocked with medicines. Could they speak they would tell of a less happy time, when demands were great and supplies not forthcoming; but, thank God, those days are past, and we need not recall them. This poor woman's sores are revolting, but with careful, patient dressing she will soon be relieved. The loud screams of that lad distress you, but I assure you my ear-syringe is the only cause for this unnecessary alarm. And you wonder that I should prepare medicine for a child whose mother has just informed me that she died of pain yesterday. Perhaps you have yet to learn that Bengalis die easily, and that if we are to take their word for it, they must be the fortunate possessors of more than one life. How carefully that old lady is receiving instructions about her medicine, and she has cause. On her

last visit to us she saw fit to drink the oil and turpentine that had been prepared as a liniment for rheumatic pains, and she has learnt her lesson!

Do not leave without noticing the active little Native Bible-woman who is waiting upon me, for, although she does label my bottles upside down, Latin or English names being equally unintelligible to her, her heart is wholly in the work, and her services are invaluable. Outside, on the verandah of the adjoining hospital, patients are waiting to come in to us in turn, and in the meantime how gladly they sit to listen to the Gospel message, which our good Shukto never tires of telling! That this work has indeed been blessed to the souls of the people we have already had proof, and we believe yet more fruit will abound of which at present we know nothing.

Pray for us that we may work on in faith, hope, and love, looking forward unto the time of the Lord's appearing in glory, when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Do you long to hasten this time? Then, in love to our Lord, forsake all and come. From the time of leaving England, I have known what it is to walk alike in the sunshine and in the darkest shadow; but in the shadow of His wings there is ever peace, rest, and joy. I bring you then to-day this message: "The Master is come, and calleth for you!" Oh! hasten and come away, for in every deed "the Lord hath need of you!"

November, 1893.

KRISHNAGUR.

Told in a Tent.

BY MISS COLLISON.



LAST March we moved into new Mission premises. The house itself is not larger than our former one, but it has attached to it a large billiard-room, which has already proved very valuable, both for teachers and for housing converts. We have been obliged to build a row of four nice rooms (each 12 feet by 12) with a verandah, for our teachers and converts. We have been enabled to do this through the generous help of a kind friend. As the compound is all high and dry, and rarely affected by the floods, we shall feel safer and more comfortable in this respect than we did in our former quarters.

Since the call to "retrench" sent to us some two years ago, our work has suffered sadly, as the natural consequence.

Our Dispensary.

The *medical work* carried on by Miss Phailbus with her three Native helpers grows apace, and is most encouraging. So many patients now come daily for treatment, that we find it hard to keep pace with the work to be done, both as regards time and funds. If only God would put it into the heart of some good Christian friend to take up this special branch of the Krishnagur Mission, and support it, or endeavour to get it supported

by contributions, what a great help it would be in the Master's work here, and what a relief from anxiety to the workers! Though we strictly limit the benefits conferred to "women only," the stocks of medicine vanish with alarming rapidity, and we sadly need support.

Our little dispensary is too small, and yet so suitable a centre, and the landlord so good to us, that we can hardly think of leaving it, even if we could procure any other place, which seems doubtful. The only way out of the difficulty seems to be to enlarge the premises, but this will cost, according to an estimate just made out, from 120-150 rupees.* Daily, as the patients collect and sit on the verandah, waiting for their numbers to be called, the evangelistic teaching goes on, and the seed of eternal life is sown in the heart of many a poor, afflicted one. Three of our converts—Golap, Noni (her son), and Shushilla—are a fruit of this work. The following numbers will show how much the work is appreciated by the people:—

During the year 1893, the numbers of cases treated at the two dispensaries were at the town dispensary, old cases, 8118; new cases, 2384; and at the compound dispensary, 568 patients—total 11,070. Also 783 visits were made to patients in their own homes. These numbers include

some visits paid to a few Europeans in the station.

Our "Converts' Room."

This has already proved a great boon to us as a place for receiving and sheltering converts who come out for baptism; but at the same time, until we have a larger staff of workers, we cannot undertake to make it, properly speaking, a "Converts' Home." We have been obliged to refuse to take in several women.

Our Converts.

Torongini is doing very well as a teacher in the Benares Mission; Golap is pleasing all by her steady improvement under training at the Normal School; Shushilla has been doing well lately, both learning and teaching little children. Noni (Golap's son) and Biraj and Nemaï (brother and sister) are going on well at school. The old grandmother is too old and blind to do much now, but she tries to help.

During the last two months four new converts have been added to the number.†

Santipur.

The band of seven faithful men and women at this out-station, fourteen miles away, carry on good work. The two large girls' schools give us great

* This sum has been most kindly given by a friend for the purpose, since this was written.

† A separate account of those converts appeared in our last Number, p. 130.

encouragement, and the preaching and teaching have not been without fruit.

Nuddea (eight miles away).

The large girls' school here, and the regular Zenana work carried on by our band of six, continue hopeful. Mr. Butler very kindly devotes two days in the month to visiting these stations with us, at which times he holds a service with the workers and administers the Holy Communion. He also works amongst the men of these places, whilst we are engaged in visiting the Zenanas and examining the schools. The help thus given greatly strengthens the work and encourages the workers.

A few weeks ago one of the great annual Hindu festivals occurred at Santipur. We spent a long day there, working amongst the crowds of pilgrims. We sold fifty Gospels, the C.M.S. party also sold a good many, and some hundreds of very useful tracts were distributed. We feel this work of broadcast seed-sowing to be the only way of reaching many of these pilgrims.

Camp Work.

At the present moment, our little encampment is pitched on the outskirts of a large Hindu village, where the people a few years back gave us no little trouble. Now, however, they have come to know us, and both here and in the villages round, they are receiving us and our message with

greater willingness. To-morrow evening we are hoping to show our magic-lantern Scripture scenes; our audience will be men, as the women will not come out at night.

In March (D.V.) we hope to have our annual prize-giving, when all the liberal gifts of dolls, jackets, &c., sent from many kind fellow-helpers at home, will be brought forth to make happy and encourage many little hearts. I hope all who have kindly contributed will accept our warmest thanks for these good gifts. I wish they could see the delight with which the children receive them. This year we have had an unusually good supply of prizes. We had, however, no box of English things for sale to Europeans. Such help is very acceptable as a means of raising funds. For our last annual C.E.Z. sale in Calcutta, we were obliged to make up a "Krishnagur stall" by a collection of country-made things.

The present staff at Krishnagur:—

Miss Collisson, superintendent missionary.

Miss Eleanor Sampson (about to leave on furlough).

Miss Valpy.

Miss Phailbus, assistant missionary (medical).

Miss Mackenzie, assistant missionary (Zenana worker).

Six Bible-women.

Nineteen Native teachers (viz., three Christian men and sixteen Christian women).

Jan. 2nd, 1894.

Breaking up New Ground.

BY MISS ELEANOR M. SAMPSON.

During the cold weather, as it was necessary for Miss Collisson to be in Krishnagur, Miss Rainsford Hannay gave her services for the village itineration before entering upon her new work at Howrah. This was a very great help to us, as she had been the whole round with Miss Thorp (now Mrs. Gill) the previous year. Miss Thorp is so well remembered and so much beloved and missed by her friends in the villages, that we were very glad to have one with us who was not a stranger to them, and who found friends wherever she went.

During the three months, we encamped in eight different places and visited altogether forty-three villages. We began with a little village about two miles off, across the river, where we had never encamped before. There was no intelligent knowledge of the Gospel either in that or other villages we visited in the neighbourhood. Everywhere we heard the same cry: "We don't know anything—we are just like *sheep*. How can we understand when we cannot read and write?"

We had a great many male listeners. Some earnestly questioned us as to the Way of Life. There was one man of low caste who asked us several times to visit him, and seemed really anxious to know the truth. On the last day of our stay, his *guru* (teacher) came, and was sent to the tent to invite us to a discussion at his house. He was a very silent man, and led us through the yellow mustard-fields to

the village without a word. Arrived at the house, seats were given us in the open-air, and the *guru* sat on a mat, umbrella and shoes before him. The discussion was all on our side, as he sat mute the whole time, and when appealed to and challenged by the men to reply, he only answered dejectedly, "What do *I* know?" The audience were evidently disappointed to find their spiritual guide unable to rise to the occasion, and as we prepared to go, they said to him pointedly, "Now mind you lead us the right way." We found this man could neither read nor write, and was verily a "blind leader of the blind."

In a very small village near our second camping-ground, a woman cried out as soon as she caught sight of us: "I have been calling on Jesus ever since you were here, but He has not heard me yet." We *did* want to stay and teach her the way of God more perfectly, but just then her father-in-law appeared on the scene and she fled, whilst he ordered us off.

Whilst at Menagacha, where we spent a fortnight, we met our old friends Nistarini and Bindu, of whom Mrs. Gill has often written as among those who have confessed their faith in Jesus as their Saviour, but do not see their way, or lack courage, to be baptized. We should like continued prayer for them, for as long as they continue in their present state, they are in danger of going back. Whilst much that they said made us hopeful

and thankful, we found they had not given up doing *puja* to the idols. We had some most interesting talks with them when we got them alone, but they were much afraid of speaking in the presence of others.

At Bohirgachi, visited one morning from Menagacha, we had a very stirring time. A band of men and boys followed us, and turned us out of every house where we tried to get in to the women. Finally we found ourselves at the head of a procession, and deafened by cries of "Hori Bol," and singing to the beating of a huge drum. With this escort, we were obliged to make for our *gari*, and beat a retreat with as much dignity as was possible under the circumstances.

At Bikrampur, where we camped for the first time, our experience was rather unusual. On the first evening, when we reached the nearest village, there was not a woman to be seen! We entered house after house (i.e. the courtyards of the houses), but wherever we went, the women fled precipitately, or made themselves scarce before we approached their dwellings. We had to return to our tents without having seen more of the women than flying forms escaping before us into hiding. A few days later, a deputation was sent to us from that village begging us to go again, and promising that the women should be allowed to come and listen. We went, and had rather a nice time with them. All over that neighbourhood we had much the same difficulty. They often took us for men, and we sometimes had to stand before a crowd, and try in vain

to prove that we were women, only to hear it whispered as we walked away, "Certainly they are men"!

Debogram, a place mentioned last year as exceedingly hopeful new ground, where Jogot and Shorot and other women received the Word so gladly, was a little disappointing. Some were afraid to have us. We were forbidden the house where Jogot lives, and only saw her once. Shorot and Diutarini still loved to listen, and invited us often to their house. But we found many houses shut against us, and many women who last year received the Word with joy, had had their minds filled with other teaching, and only cared to argue and oppose.

Zenana Work.

After the May holiday we determined to make an effort to visit every house in Krishnagar, so that all might at least have the opportunity of hearing of the Saviour. We began this work early in June, and have not finished yet (December 11th). We go in two parties, each taking a different side of the road, and visit every house, beginning next day where we left off. Of course we have met with all kinds of receptions. Sometimes the *Babus* turn us off with scant civility, or the women are busy cooking or afraid to let us in because of the men. But on the whole we have much to thank God for in the way doors have been opened to us, and in the numbers we have been able to reach in this way. Often we have had eager, interested audiences, and warm invitations to come again.

In one house a very respectable elderly man was listening outside as we were talking to the women about the crucifixion and sufferings of our Lord, and after a little, he handed in a large picture of Jesus Christ wearing the crown of thorns, which he held up to our audience, and which produced a great impression. Another time, when we were seated before a large open-air audience, a picture of Krishna was put into my hand by a young man, with a request that I would tell the people of his great deeds. This, too, made an impression, because it led one to emphasise the contrast between the life and death of Krishna and of Jesus Christ. We hope that one result of this house-to-house visitation may be a number of new regular houses.

Mela Work.

We had very interesting *mela* work in March for three days. At the Raja's house here, every year large numbers of people gather to enjoy all

the amusements of a large fair, combined with the presentation of offerings to twelve large idols brought out for the occasion. These twelve idols are hideous black figures representing Krishna at twelve epochs of his life. They are dressed up and placed in booths, and crowds of people from all the country round visit them with their offerings. As there is a special enclosure for the women to pass and re-pass to the idol-booths, we had splendid opportunities of gathering them together, and teaching and singing to them, without the opposition from the men that is usually a hindrance in *mela* work. The previous year the Raja's servants used to come up and scatter our audience directly we got a few women gathered together, but this year we were undisturbed, and were able to speak to a large number together, as well as have interesting individual talks. The women seemed wonderfully touched, and many of them gladly gave their pice to buy Gospels and hymn-books.

JABALPUR.

The City and Neighbourhood.

BY MISS BRANCH.

BEAUTIFUL phrases will not come to me. My record of work refuses to be anything but a repetition, with slight variations, of last year's "joys and sorrows, and hopes and fears." I trust that friends will not weary of the sameness, but will kindly read to the end, so that

they may know how great our need is of their continued earnest prayers and of their loving help.

From my chief fear I am now relieved. Miss Louise Daeuble, who has lately lost her father, had decided to go and live with Mrs. Daeuble at Kangra after this Christmas holiday.

Had she done so, I do not know what would have become of work here. Even with her hearty, loving help, we cannot get through all that there is to do now. But she will not leave Jabalpur at present, seeing that no one can be found to take up her work. After next March, the superintendence of Gurha schools and Zenanas will also have to be taken up by one of us, for Miss Moore is going home on furlough. She kindly offered to stay till the spring of 1895, for the work's sake; but Dr. Gaffney thinks that she ought not to risk another hot season in India, without first having thorough rest and change. She has not told you about her second school in Gurha. It (like "Sitabai's" school) has outgrown its house, and we are building a new one which will accommodate eighty pupils, and will be a possession to be proud of. By the kind help of Mr. Horesh Chunder Bose, Assistant Commissioner, we bought a piece of land for very little money, and Miss Moore's generosity and a Government grant will, we hope, pay all the expenses of the building. We have not actually got the grant yet, but the Inspector-General of Education says that we are sure of it sooner or later, so we feel justified in going on with the work.

In Penâgar we have had many "ups and downs." Our school there is still in its babyhood. The landlord of the school-house, a few weeks ago, sent us notice to quit or to pay 2s. more rent monthly. As we are now giving as much as the house is worth, we must leave, and we are looking for

another place. Our kind friend, Mr. Bose, is again helping us. He thinks that he can get for us a native house which we have seen, and like, and which is for sale. It is small, and made only of mud and unbaked bricks, plastered over, but it is well situated, and has a tiny courtyard, and a long, low room which will do for a school-room, and two small rooms in which a Native teacher can live. It belongs to an oil-seller, and I am not at all sure that he will let us buy it, seeing that we are Christians, and that his family live next door. At first he asked Rs. 300 for it, now he wants Rs. 500. Mr. Bose says that if we wait we shall probably get it for the first-named sum, and he has induced our present landlord to let us stay where we are till negotiations can be leisurely concluded. In the meantime I am trying to collect money for the purchase. I have towards it 67. 7s. and ten rupees which a friend here gave me.

I hope that we shall get the house. It will do for us to sleep in when we itinerate in that direction, and for our school for two or three years to come; and when it is no longer big enough for the children it will do beautifully for Native Christian teachers to live in. That is what I look forward to. Now, we could not possibly put a Native Christian woman to live in that village, even if we had a suitable person whom we could spare. But, in the future, perhaps in the near future, the people will be less bigoted, and then we can have living there, in our own little house, not only a Christian

head-mistress, but a Zenana teacher also, and we can seek for, or build, a larger room for the school.

Zenana pupils in Penâgar have also given us anxiety. They are so timid, and so readily believe anything that they hear against us. Twice they have been frightened into leaving off reading—the last time because they heard that we should take them away. Now, again, they are re-assured, and thirteen are reading regularly. With a full heart I thank the kind friends who are giving money for carrying on this work. It would have been so sad to give it up just when the worst of its difficulties had been surmounted.

In Jabalpur we have one new assistant missionary, Miss Agnes Anthony, and a new Native Christian teacher, Angelina Kastury. Angelina lives with Lizzie in our compound, and her work at present is helping Miss Anthony with her poorer Zenana pupils, and giving Bible-lessons in school. She is an industrious, quiet girl, and has a strong voice for singing. She was brought up in the C.M.S. Orphanage, Benares. We shall be glad if a lady will kindly "adopt" her. She is unsupported at present.

Now that our work has increased, we have not room in our compound for all our Native teachers. Therefore we have hired a larger house in the city for our Bengali school, and Mrs. Bannerjee, Mrs. Mookerjee, and her son and his wife will live in it, so making room for our unmarried and young widowed teachers to live under our wing.

In September we began two Sunday-schools for Hindu girls, one in the Bil Bâgh, the other in the Gâgala district. Attendance has averaged forty-five in the former and thirty-five in the latter, which we think very good for a beginning. We have done but little itinerating work *this* cold season yet; there has been no one to do it. Miss Moore has been ill with malarial fever, and Miss L. Daeuble was a prisoner for three weeks with a sprained ankle. After Christmas, we hope to go regularly to the near villages. From two of the largest we have again had requests to open girls' schools, but we have been obliged to answer, "We cannot at present." Perhaps next year God will send us more workers and larger means.

Our Jabalpur Zenana pupils have increased slightly in number, but they have read very irregularly this year, partly because of sickness, and partly (it has seemed to me) because they have observed their fasts and feasts with more than usual rigour. Perhaps they are holding them all the tighter because they are beginning to doubt their efficacy.

Miss Lima, who, on Miss Daeuble being transferred to Bhagulpur, took up her Mohammedan pupils, has worked well, but we miss Miss Daeuble very much.

The Mission Boxes.

Our "Mission boxes" have again given us great pleasure, and their proceeds enable us to go on with our schools and to pay those teachers whose salaries depend on them.

We give grateful thanks to those untiring friends who year by year send us such suitable and pretty things for sale, and as presents for our children.

Mrs. Venning and several other ladies helped us with our bazaar, which was a decided success, although every-

thing was not sold. I have just packed nearly all that was left in two baskets, and shall send them by train to two ladies who used to live in Jabalpur, and who have promised to try to sell them for us. A great deal of kindness has been shown us this year, for which we are most grateful.

Hindi Work at Jabalpur.

By MISS L. DAEUBLE.

This year my work has been a little more varied than usual. At the beginning of the year I went once a week with one of our Bible-women to visit the villages in the neighbourhood of Jabalpur. I found this work both trying and pleasant, wearying and refreshing. The further the villages lie from the town, the nicer and pleasanter are the people. One village, built on a hill, one could see a long way off, and the words of our Saviour came forcibly into my mind: "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." The people there were friendly, only they had little time to attend to us, for the harvest was going on, and they had just come home for their twelve o'clock dinner. One of the men came to call them away just as we and they had sat down to sing a *bhajan*. "This is the first time I have come to your village," I pleaded; "let your people just listen to a few *bhajans* and a few words about them." He allowed them to stay for a few minutes.

Travellers by Railway.

For the last three months I have gone once a week to Penâgar. Dur-

ing the rains I went by rail to within a mile of the place, and then by *tonga*. It was a refreshing change from continual *gari* driving to the city. The country through which the train passes is pretty and hilly. On one of these journeys I had an opportunity of speaking to one of the poor Native ladies who had come from Ellichpur in South India to make a pilgrimage. Her husband, her two daughter-in-law, sons, and her grandchildren were with her. They came as far as Kashi (Benares), where one daughter-in-law lost her own mother, her husband, and one of the children. The baby was in his grandmother's arms.

The mother-in-law was so distressed at all these losses, that she said to me very pitifully: "I just folded my hands, put them against my forehead, and said, '*Salaam Kashi-ji*' (it is enough), and now I am going back to my country as quickly as I can."

They were yet a long way from home. I spoke to her about our "God of Love," and told her how empty and vain all these pilgrimages were: this she had now found out to her cost.

Another time I found a Native woman in the zenana-carriage, 3rd class, who was smoking a cigarette. I felt inclined to tell her that this was a ladies' carriage and no smoking allowed, but I refrained from it, as I had only to stay half an hour in the carriage.

Among the Jains I have a few more pupils. For one week of the year, they are not allowed to say the names of cat, crow, or other animal or bird, above a whisper. One girl who had learned reading and writing in a Government Girls' School, on being married, asked me to come and teach her. I had to go to her on one of these days of restriction. It happened that she had to read a chapter on a cat, which is in the second Hindi Book. She read the heading, and then suddenly stopped, and put her

hand to her mouth. I asked what was the matter, and she told me of this rule, and said something dreadful would happen if the animal heard. "Never mind," I said, "a cat can do you no harm." She continued; but whenever the words, "cat," "rat," "to kill," came in the reading, she only whispered them.

Yesterday the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces came to my school, and his daughter, Miss Woodburn, kindly distributed the prizes. The children were very pleased with their lovely *chadars*, and work-boxes with key and lock, sent out to me by the D.W.U. juvenile work-party from Bromley, and their *kurtas*, dolls, and bags. Many thanks to the senders at Guildford and Bromley; the dolls were beautifully dressed.]

Dec. 15th, 1893.

Gurha.

BY MISS MOORE.

Since my return from my holiday last cold weather, my Bible-woman and I have pretty regularly continued our daily work of visiting the two schools in the village of Gurha, teaching the women in their homes, and, when opportunity offered, visiting the surrounding villages.

"I have given them Thy Word," St. John xvii. 14, is a text that has often been a consolation to my mind when distributing a portion of the "Incorruptible Seed" of the Word of God to those who are able to read it; "when Thy Word goeth forth, it

giveth light and understanding to the simple," viz., "guileless." May the Holy Ghost *indeed* teach and guide them into the Way of Salvation!]

During the year we have had more than 3000 listeners.

In the Schools.

One day I was giving a Bible-lesson to the children, and I showed them the picture of the High Priest entering into the Most Holy Place, and asked them, "Why had he blood in the basin?" One of them immediately gave the Scripture answer: "With-

out shedding of blood is no remission of sin."

"Then if I kill a thousand bulls and goats, shall I get Salvation?"

At this question *from me* they were very much surprised, and exclaimed with one voice, "No." Once more I asked, "By Whose Blood then do we obtain forgiveness of sins?" The answer came without hesitation: "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Another time I remarked, "Our righteousnesses are like —?" and the answer quickly came: "Filthy rags."

As soon as the children pass the Government Upper Standard we give them each a New Testament, which they value greatly, and we encourage them to learn as many Bible texts as possible.

They enjoy this effort of memory, and the highest class vie with one another in learning the most texts for the Miss *Sahib-ji*, without my setting any special number.

One dear little girl who was going on well with her lessons, and listened attentively to the Bible, passed away during the year. Her parents are very poor, and she was often very hungry and suffered from fever; so, although I miss her face amongst the usual listeners, I know she is better off.

A week after her death, the children were again solemnised by the nearness of the Invisible World. This time it was the sudden death, by drowning, of a little boy of eight years old, the son of my Bible-woman, Mrs.

Emma Page. On coming home from work one evening, she was told that her little boy had been found drowned in a pond while bathing. It was a terrible shock to the poor mother, and, in fact, to all of us.

Various are the interruptions to regular instruction, and I often wonder that the women know so much, seeing they have so few opportunities of learning. One day I heard that the eldest daughter of a widowed pupil had died of fever. When we visited the mother, she was sitting on the ground, the picture of despair and desolation. We spoke to her of the resurrection, and of the Christian's hope and comfort at such times of bereavement. Her mother was much interested, and the old lady remarked: "See what words of wisdom we have heard; don't cry, sing to the Lord; one day we too shall die and go to her."

From time to time we have continued our visits to this pupil, and she is beginning to rouse herself from her apathy. The last time I saw her, she promised to recommence reading. "December bād," she remarked, which English word from her lips very much amused me. She knew the names of the English months, but could not repeat them in succession, nor the name of the corresponding month in Hindi. So she was immediately given a reading lesson out of the first Hindi Government book, in which these things are mentioned, and which greatly interested her.

I must not omit to mention that

last month our school was visited by a rich Native lady residing at Gurha, which shows that the bigotry of the inhabitants to our work is gradually breaking down.

Her father-in-law had died, and left all his rupees to her husband and her. For a fortnight they were busy feeding all their relations and friends, &c. : one day she sent a message that she would like to give some of her sweetmeats to our school-children. I thought she would only *send* them, but much to my surprise she *came* herself, accompanied by her servant carrying the basket of "*metat*" on her head, in true Oriental style.

As this was the first Native lady who had done our schools the honour of a visit, I tried to entertain her as best I could, making the children sing action-songs, &c.

The next day, which was the villagers' Bible-class, she appeared again with her servant and a neighbour. They listened most attentively to the *bhajan* singing, and the Bible-woman's address on "The Flood," and were not a bit tired. She also enjoyed watching the distribution of medicines to the poor and sick afterwards.

Last year I gave her a New Testament, and in a time of sore family trouble she not only asked "Emma" to pray for her, but also to teach her how to pray to the true God. One day I had explained to her the story of some Scripture picture; she asked leave to show the picture to her husband, and

repeated to him all I had said to her.

In visiting the women in the surrounding villages, we have great encouragement.

At one hamlet, the approach to which is generally under water the whole of the rainy season, the women thought we must be angry with them, as we had not been to see them for six months, and therefore they endeavoured to appease us by an offering of custard apples! It was their way of showing how glad they were to see us once more.

"You do not come every day, so please stay a little longer, and sing some more *bhajans* to us," was the welcome in another hamlet. The first time we went to a new village, a woman ran into her house and cried, and shut the door on my approach, and the men forbade their wives to come and listen to us. A message has lately come from this self-same village, wanting to know when we are coming again, and saying that one woman is willing to become a regular pupil. Perhaps it is the one who ran away and shut the door!

I shall be very sorry to leave all these women and children next spring, when my furlough is due; but I suppose it will be the truest wisdom if I wish to return and work amongst them for the remaining years of my life.

December, 1893.



MISS DAEUBLE, MISS HAITZ, MISS LAWRENCE,
AND NATIVE WORKERS AT BHAGULPUR.

BHAGULPUR.

BY MISS HAITZ.

At the beginning of February, 1893, Miss Hall was called upon to leave this busy corner of the great harvest field to glean for the Master in a quiet sick-room at home. Miss Daeuble joined us to take up Miss Hall's work, but a few days after her arrival, she heard of her dear father's serious illness. We all know with what feelings she was daily watching the post that brought her rews of great suffering, till at last, on May 11th, a telegram told her of the Home call.

All this time, our friend and fellow-worker, Miss Pinniger, who was

detained in England by illness, cheered us by bright and loving letters, giving us hopes of her return to help us. But God had other and better plans for her: she is serving the Master now, not under a tropical sun, but in the sunshine of His face! Oh, what perfect service, what perfect bliss! How many of her dear Bhagulpur women and children, who had gone before her, will there have welcomed her! How these events spur us on to greater zeal and earnestness in making known the Saviour's love, wherever opportunity affords, for

our time for work on earth may be short too. May we be faithful, and finish the work He has sent us to do for His glory!

Miss Lawrence, our new fellow-worker, arrived here on November 18th to be a help and a comfort.

Among our Native helpers our staff has increased by four. Thank God for this. Going round day by day to the schools and Zenanas, one feels at times discouraged at not seeing more fruit; yet taking a class in a school makes one ashamed of want of faith and ingratitude. Those who at the beginning of the year hardly knew their A B C, can now read "the glad story of old," and enjoy telling and singing of Jesus their Saviour. It is the same in the Zenanas; many women have during the year heard enough of God's Word to know His plan of salvation. Let us pray that God by His Holy Spirit may finish the work thus begun.

In many, many villages both round Bhagulpur and Jamalpur, thousands of women have heard the Gospel for the first time this year; but there are many millions in Behar yet untouched; we are longing to go out to bring them also to the knowledge of their Saviour. We earnestly hope and pray that next cold weather the Society will send us two new ladies to take up this most important work among the thousands of villages in Behar.

If time and space allowed, many details might be given of how the school-children's influence is felt in their homes. A blind boy in one of our Zenanas, who used to be wild, naughty, and wicked, is now a new creature,

coming to the girls' school every day, sitting outside the open door, learning all the hymns, texts, and Scripture stories the girls learn. The expression of his face is quite changed, so are his ways and habits; he is every and any hour of the day singing hymns, and his old playfellows in mockery call him "Jesus," and will not play with him any more. This boy's father is a staunch Hindu, and refuses to read the Bible, but his little sister in school professes to believe in Christ, and often talks to her father of Him.

Jamalpur.

The work at Jamalpur has grown steadily during this year; the school has now eighty-six pupils, and Mrs. Chalke has also been giving instructions in sixteen Zenanas during the year. Satan has done his utmost to hinder the work; the school was nearly emptied several times, but the prayer of faith prevailed, and we believe that the Lord will greatly bless the people there. As I have often said before, Jamalpur is a grand centre for work: Miss Daeuble will tell you something of the villages lying around it, but, alas! one of us can only be there in the cold weather. Mrs. Chalke needs help sadly; we need two ladies to live there and take up the work manfully. Who will come to help us?

Will all friends who have helped us by their means, prayers, and efforts, accept our warmest thanks? they are truly upholding us and are strengthening our hands and hearts.

Bhagulpur, Dec. 30th, 1893.

Small Pupils of Bhagalpur.

BY MISS LAWRENCE.

I have been at Bhagalpur about six weeks, and I feel that in sending me to this station the Lord has indeed "crowned me with lovingkindness and tender mercies."

I have been to some of the schools with Miss Haitz, and it has been lovely to watch the chorus of eager responses from the bright-eyed little Bengalis, as she questioned them on a Bible story. The Hindustanis, too, are dear little things, and it is a great pleasure to help them to spell out their "First book."

On Friday, December 22nd, we had our school-treat and prize-giving. Gaily covered tables, spread with parcels of every description and colour, sent by friends at home, are carried out to the stone terrace in front of the house. About two o'clock we hear the hum of little voices, and are greeted on going out to meet them with bright smiles of welcome. How readily they enter into English games, and how they enjoy chasing each other! The Hindustanis having walked, arrive first; most of the Bengalis, in various conveyances, appear rather later.

What wonderful costumes they wear! Some have queer hats with feather trimmings, others frocks of green and pink brocade, or a terracotta bodice with a green *sari*, or a black and green satin frock! And now a group has gathered round three Bengali girls who, under the direction of their teacher, are reciting a conversation about the religion of Jesus.

How fast the words come, almost

tumbling out of their mouths! They have been taught, while reciting, to take one another by the hand, or to put their hands on each other's shoulder, as if in earnest pleading. As one watches the scene, many thoughts come crowding into one's mind; of her (dear Miss Pinniger) who so loved the little ones, and whose last Christmas out here was spent in amusing them, and who is now in Glory awaiting them. Specially our thoughts rise to Him Who died for them; and instinctively the prayer comes—

"In the Kingdom of Thy grace,
Grant *these little ones* a place."

But now the visitors have arrived and it is time for the prize-giving, so the children are collected on the terrace, and after the group has been photographed, and some hymns sung, and a wee girlie of about three years old has recited, Mrs. Badcock, our Judge's wife, gives the prizes. Mrs. Quinn, our Commissioner's wife, had promised to come, but owing to her husband having met with a serious accident some days previously, she was unable to do so. Each child received some gift: the Hindustanis, skirts, jackets, dolls; the Bengalis, bags, well stocked with bright wools, needles, canvas, cottons, &c., dolls, and all sorts of little things, and each child had two oranges. Some of the English people in the station were present, and several expressed great interest in the proceedings. There were also some Brahmo ladies with us, one of whom has been a pupil of

Miss Haitz for five years; and there were two "*purdah* ladies"—Bengalis, dressed in very rich *saris* of violet and pale-blue silk.

The following evening we gave our teachers a dinner; they looked such a picturesque group sitting on the floor in our dining-room with their bright *chaddars*. Miss Haitz, Miss Daeuble, and I sat at a table in the corner of the room, but partook of the same native fare. We then adjourned to another room, where we sat round the bright log fire, and sang hymns, and partook of tea and native sweetmeats. Then came the event of the evening—the bran-pie. It was amusing to see how gingerly the children put their hands into the bran; though all seemed to enjoy pulling out the presents.

Christmas Day in Bhagulpur.

On Christmas Day, we went early to service at the Mission Church. The singing was very bright. It seemed wonderful to me to be singing, "Hark! the Herald Angels sing," in Urdu, and to realise that at last the hope of years was fulfilled, and I was really partaking of the Holy Communion with an Indian congregation, united in Him, "Who hath made of one blood all nations upon earth." The Christmas service was a very happy one. English service was at noon, and our hearts were cheered with the message, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

In the afternoon we took a lovely walk, with the teachers, to a hill about a mile away. It is crowned by a

Mohammedan tomb, and from this one gets a lovely and far-reaching view. Below us, on one side, was a big tank, with a mosque on the opposite bank; on the other, a village nestled among the trees. Around us were beautiful groups of fan-palms and thicker foliage; right away in the distance we saw the faint line of the river.

After tea, we walked down to the other side, and sat there watching the sunset, and singing *bhajans*; then in the glory of the sunset glow, we made our way home. The Bengali teachers had asked us to *tiffin* at two o'clock and we had found the table decorated, and a very tasty feast prepared; all native food, but very nice. A quiet, pleasant evening at home ended a very happy Christmas Day.

If Christmas can be such a blessed day in this land, what must it be in the Glory-land! What praises must resound *there*! How our dear Miss Pinniger must be rejoicing this first Christmas in Glory! The thought that such a saint of God has laboured here, makes this place holy ground.

To be sent to the station where she worked, to the people she loved so well, is to me a very great privilege, a very sacred thing. Oh, that the Lord would take of the Spirit that was upon her, and put it upon me, upon us here, in a very special way, for His glory's sake! Pray much for us. We need your prayers, oh! so much. For myself I would ask that I may be able readily to understand and grasp the language, and that meanwhile, in my daily life, "God in *all* things may be glorified through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Foreign Notes.

NORTH INDIA MISSION.

CALCUTTA.

Two clergymen, the Rev. Edgar N. Thwaites, Rector of Fisherton, Salisbury, and the Rev. Martin J. Hall, have been spending the winter months in Ceylon and India, in order to hold a temporary evangelistic mission.

Mr. Thwaites writes to our Clerical Secretary from Calcutta, on January 31st, 1894 :—

<p>God has given us "showers of blessing" all the way along. We had a splendid passage; we met with welcome and kindness at Bombay, Agra, Lucknow, and Benares, and now at Calcutta, everywhere we find a wonderful readiness of the people to hear the grand old Gospel story</p>	<p>with which you are all so familiar. Here at Calcutta, where we have just finished a ten days' mission, we have glorious signs of the Spirit's working.</p> <p>I have seen much of the glorious work of the C.E.Z.M.S., and have met many of the ladies.</p>
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CHINA MISSIONS.

Our last Number, p. 132, contained a letter from Miss Elsie Marshall, under the heading, "Embarrassing Hospitality." To our great regret, this letter was printed as "from Miss Hankin." We have no excuse to offer to Miss Marshall and Miss Hankin for the mistake, except that copies of letters from these two ladies arrived about the same time, and were accidentally confused. We hope they and their friends will accept our apology.

Correspondence.

(The Editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of Correspondents.)

OLD CLOTHES TO SELL.

DEAR EDITOR,—In spite of many hindrances, our sale of which I wrote to you was a great success. Very few ladies came because of the pouring rain, but the working people bought everything useful and suitable for them.

The renovated old dress department was a great success—every dress sold, bought by the respectable poor of my mothers' meeting, who have been saving

up their money for months. The hat and bonnet stall created great amusement. I made sixteen children's frocks out of old things, and they looked like new. I think I see the way to make this an annual sale, if friends will but send me left-off garments.

We took 44*l.*, and on *only one* day, and I shall send 50*l.* to London, and am only waiting for a few more articles to be sold privately.

The men's clothes actually brought in 5*l.*, and these were no use to the friends who sent them, but all purchasers are most content. We mended up and turned everything that needed it.

The 1*d.* bundles gained 1*l.*; that will give you an idea of the number of poor women who were present. In answer to my letter in *INDIA'S WOMEN*, I only received one parcel.

Yours faithfully,

M. E. FOX.

A HINT WITH REGARD TO COLLECTING CARDS.

DEAR EDITOR,—May I make use of your pages to suggest to my fellow-workers the great need of care in the circulation of collecting cards and boxes? Each year as the month of March comes round, one notes with regret the very small result of the many cards that have been distributed during the year. A very valued Local Secretary writes thus to me :—

“There is one thing as an old Secretary I would like to impress on other *débutantes*, viz, the incalculable importance of having every card booked or kept in view by the Secretary; if not able to do this herself, she should empower another lady to act for her. If this is not done at the time of issue, generally at the public or drawing-room meeting, the interest evaporates, the collecting-card after a few weeks is quite forgotten, the year closes, the accounts are called in, and many card-holders are defaulters through being responsible to no one for their return. Thus numerous small sums are constantly lost to the Society, the holders are demoralised by the transaction, and the Society suffers accordingly.

“No one but the Secretary, or some one representing her, should issue the cards, and she should keep a numbered list of the names and addresses of holders, and look after each card several weeks before the close of the year.”

I would add to these suggestions that the Half-crown and Five Shilling cards be called in at the end of three or six months, and that no children be allowed to keep a card longer than that time without inspection by the Secretary.

Every card given out should be carefully filled up with pen and ink, bearing date of return and full address of Secretary, in addition to the collector's name. In schools I find it an excellent plan to let each candidate for a card write her name and address on a slip of paper which I provide. I gather up these slips, take them home, fill up the cards from them, and draw up a clear list for the

headmistress, keeping the slips for my own use. Even with this care I have difficulties, but I find it a useful check against carelessness or forgetfulness in collecting.

Yours sincerely,

AN ASSOCIATION SECRETARY.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Meetings for praise and prayer will be held (D.V.) at the Society's office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C., on Tuesday, April 10th, at 3.30, and in the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., on Tuesday, April 24th, at 3.30.

REQUESTS FOR PRAISE.

From our Missionaries of the Mohammedan Mission, Calcutta.

1. Praise for much blessing in our household during the late Mission and special meetings.
2. Praise for the consistent profession of their faith in Christ which two poor little girls in the low-caste school have been enabled to show.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

Prayer for the conversion of the parents of two girls mentioned in Request for Praise, No. 2, and that they may be brought to give their consent to the baptism of their children.

Prayer for a Mohammedan widow at Calcutta, and her three sons, who seem to be near the Kingdom.

Prayer for Horimoni (see p. 162).

Miss E. Highton (Baranagore) asks for prayer for a married girl of fourteen, who much wishes to confess her faith in Christ by baptism, that she may be "kept by the power of God," confess Him at home by her life, and when of age (eighteen) may have grace and courage to give up all, if need be, for His sake.

WANTED.

Purchasers of Garden Produce.

1. Choice hardy perennial plants, 400 different kinds, at lower prices than nurserymen's, correctly named, are offered by a friend of the Missions. A priced catalogue will be forwarded on application to the Financial Secretary, C.E.Z.M.S., 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.
2. The best English Lavender Water is offered by another. Price 1s. per bottle, post free; profits for the C.E.Z.M.S. Miss Jonas, 75, Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, S.E.

Magic-Lantern Slides.—Miss Dawe, senior missionary at Bollobhpur, Bengal, writes: "I shall be thankful for the gift of new magic-lantern slides, especially on missionary work in other lands, to help in cultivating a missionary spirit among our people; also slides illustrating the story of the Prodigal Son, the Acts of the Apostles, &c., would be very acceptable." Magic-lantern slides, &c., forwarded by the Lady Superintendent, Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N.



More Stories from Mother's Note-books.

By LUCY I. TONGE (U. S. O.).

CHAPTER IV.—A FEAST.

THE last afternoon I was in Agra we had no sooner finished dinner than we had to go to a Native feast at the house of one of the Christians in the village. The occasion was the birth of the first son, who was now eleven days old. The little hero was dressed very smartly; he wore a nightgown of large green and red plaid, and a frilled cap to match. A little pair of nicely knitted woollen shoes looked comfortable, but over them were silver anklets; while round his poor neck he wore two such stiff collars or necklaces of silver that it seemed as if he would be strangled.

Our kind hosts had made large preparations for our visit. In the courtyard before their house, poles had been put up, and blankets were stretched over them to form a tent or awning. On the floor were more blankets, which served as a carpet!

All this we took in at a glance. We also saw that many guests had already arrived, and were seated on the floor. Through the open door of the house we could see ten or twelve women, and we could also *hear* them, for they had the use of the *tom-tom* * that the missionary takes with him when he wishes to collect a congregation in the villages. We are not used to Indian music; at present it sounds to us like a dismal wail, without

* *Tom-tom* = Indian drum.

tune or harmony. However, what we thought rather a miserable noise cheered the missionaries, for they explained to us that the dirges which were sung were Christian hymns with good words, whilst generally at Indian festivals the heathen sing bad songs.

As I could not talk, excepting to those guests who knew a few English words, there was plenty of time to devote to the baby, who was a funny, sleepy, little brown ball, not half so amusing as a neighbour's baby, who was also nursed and petted, and was so perfectly delighted with our white faces that he did nothing but laugh and crow his admiration.

After a while there was a pause in the banging at the drum, and the singers were still. A Bible and hymn-book were handed to our missionary friend; he read and explained a chapter, and then prayed for the baby. After this we *wished* to join in singing a hymn, but we could not make out a single letter of the Persian or Arabic character in our hymn-book.

Our dinner was cooked in brass pans, one above the other, in a corner of the courtyard. The fireplace was very simple, being two little mounds of mud about as tall as a brick. A fire was made on the ground, and the pans were placed on the two little mud walls. You will want to know what we had for dinner. It was difficult to begin to eat so soon after we had finished our real dinner, nevertheless we managed each course. First we had *pillau*, a mixture of raisins, rice, onions, meat, and spices; the second course was curry and rice, and the third rice boiled dry in treacle.

Do you think the feast was ended now? Oh no! The mother had been very busy preparing the *pan*; we did not like to decline taking it, and made ourselves very wretched by chewing. We succeeded in gratifying our kind host, and as there were forty other guests watching us take our dinner, it was worth while to do our best. After the *pan* came the hookah. The missionary took a few whiffs; but was kind enough not to hand it to father, which was a great relief.

All the time we were eating, guests were assembling, and the courtyard was now very full of men, women, and babies. Father was asked to make a speech, which he did through our friend, who translated each sentence into Hindu; the chief man then repeated the words to the guests.

All good things must come to an end—even feasts. As the sun was setting we gave the baby a final kiss, said another little prayer for him in parts, and bade good-bye to our hosts.

We stopped on our way back to see one of Miss Johnstone's patients, a poor woman ill in bed, who had two little tiny twin babies by her side. It was a comfortless home, but the kind missionary helps in every way; she makes the food and is nurse as well as doctor. It seemed to us hard work, for there was nothing for her to use, not even a piece of soap to wash her hands.

The sunset was still beautiful as we walked about on the house-top, looking for the last time at Agra's tombs and palaces, until the *gari* was ready, when we ran down the staircase outside the house and were soon on our way to a soldiers' Bible-class. On Sunday half the congregation in church were English soldiers; there were sixty, who marched there with their guns. The missionary, with whom we were staying, loved the brave English soldiers, and had a Bible-class for them every week; we went to it one Thursday evening, and thought how glad the mothers at home, who were praying for their sons, would have been if they could have seen them in the quiet room with the good missionary. Boys and girls little know how much absent fathers and mothers think of them and pray for them; but God knows, and He hears and answers.

Is it not nice that we in India and you in England have the same Eye watching, and the same Hand caring for us? You and we can both speak to the same God at the same time, and this makes us very near to one another.

The busy day was not over yet, for after returning to a hurried tea and packing, I set off all alone on a long journey, to Amritsar. I felt somewhat like Hagar, when the kind friends started me with an earthenware bottle of water as well as food for the twenty-four hours in the train. The journey was both dull and uncomfortable, and I often missed father and auntie, and wondered what they were doing.

What a good sight the friendly face of dear Miss Hewlett was, at Amritsar Station, when the train arrived at 9.30 on Wednesday evening! How warm and loving was her welcome to the Medical Mission Bungalow!

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.

The well-known artist, Mr. Frank Bourdillon, has kindly sent us from India two exquisite drawings—illustrations of our work in Burdwan villages—which will appear in our next Number.

Prize Competitions.

THE following prizes are offered for the best answers to Scripture and Missionary Acrostics and Puzzles, which will be printed alternately in each number of this magazine throughout the year :—

For answers in both subjects : First Prize, 15s. ; Second, 10s.

For Scripture only : First Prize, 5s. ; Second, 2s. 6d.

For Missionary Questions only : First Prize, 5s. ; Second, 2s. 6d.

This competition is open to all readers, but answers must be accompanied by a statement whether the competitor is over or under twenty-one years of age, and the name, address, and calling (if any) must be given, as should several answers be of equal merit, these conditions will be considered in awarding the prize. The only help in answering Scripture questions must be a Reference Bible, and answers must be sent in, marked Prize Competition, to the Editor of INDIA'S WOMEN, 9, Salisbury Square, before the first day of the month following that in which questions are given.

ANSWER TO FEBRUARY MISSIONARY ACROSTIC.

- | | |
|---|--|
| (1) C-ooke, Miss, INDIA'S WOMEN, vol. xii. p. 60 ; vol. xiii. p. 299. | |
| (2) A-mritsar, " " 210. | |
| (3) S-atthianadhan, Mrs. " " 405. | |
| (4) T-ucker, Miss, " vol. xiv. | |
| (5) E-llore, " vol. xiii. p. 132. | |

Answers have been received from C. M. R. B., M. G. C., E. M. C., J. K. F., G. M. F., E. O. F., E. L., H. M. L., L. W. M., C. M. M., M. S. N., C. M. P., G. M. P., M. E. P., J. R., A. R., E. S. S., H. L. W., M. C. W., E. W., Mrs. W.

MISSIONARY ENIGMA.

A C.E.Z.M.S. station is buried in each of the following sentences : find these places and give one missionary fact about each.

1. To shrink and yield in the face of difficulties is to court defeat.
2. Retrenchment in a Missionary Society is the death-knell or entire undoing of established work.
3. The need of the heathen is their claim on all who possess the light of knowledge ; it is alike on the lowliest poor or noblest rich, urgent, instant, and imperative.
4. A Hindu widow is required to fast regularly, when for twenty-four hours she may not swallow even a crumb ; at a large and sacred town, Krishnagur, this fast occurs every eleventh day.
5. " *Here* Indian widows in a Christian church upraise,
With one accord their grateful songs of praise."
6. Muhammad rashly declared that many of his revelations were brought to him by the angel Gabriel after his flight from Mecca, though numbers of his disciples had read his account of them before that event.

ERRATUM.

In answer to Acrostic No. 1, erase after "Breastplate" Eph. vi. 14.



The late Miss Wallinger,
HON. C.E.Z.M.S. MISSIONARY, NILGIRI MISSION.

INDIA'S WOMEN.



In Memoriam.

AMELIA ANNE WALLINGER.

"I have redeemed thee ; I have called thee by thy name ; thou art Mine"
(*Isaiah* xliii. 1).

THIS seems the thought—the motto stamped on Amy Wallinger's life from very early years. She was the only daughter of the late Arnold Wallinger, Serjeant-at-Law, and was born on November 13th, 1839. Gifted with more than usual mental power, she was during her school-days under strong religious impressions, and at length came into the bright light of a Saviour's love. From *that hour* her *one* thought and longing seemed to be "to know Him," to do His will, to lead others to Him.

Her young life had strong contrasts of sunshine and cloud. The youngest child and only daughter in a home of refinement, culture, and wealth, with devotedly attached parents and brothers, nothing could seem brighter than her prospect, yet she was not dazzled by earth's joys. Sad bereavements followed closely on each other ; her father and several

brothers were taken, and the sorrowing, widowed mother left to her tender, watchful care. Again, a very few brief years, and almost suddenly the beloved mother, too, was taken Home, and Amy, still quite young, found herself *alone*. "None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate (Psalm xxxiv. 22) was the word that strengthened her faith in that darkest hour.

Hitherto she had not had opportunity for more than Sunday-school and district visiting work, though she always loved "news from the front," as she used to call missionary magazines. Now, having an abundant income at her command, she looked round for some distinct work for her Lord, and decided to fill her house with the orphan daughters of professional men. From 1870 to 1882, entirely at her own expense, she made her house the home and school for fourteen girls of gentle birth, whose means were not sufficient to educate them for the position to which they belonged. She threw herself into this plan with earnestness, using her intellectual gifts unceasingly in teaching a variety of subjects to her girls, and being ably seconded by a lady selected to assist her. The Scripture teaching she took entirely herself. God gave His blessing: many a young heart received the message of His love, and many a happy wife and mother looks back to the training of those days.

But Miss Wallinger was not one to settle into a groove; she saw that High schools for girls were beginning to make education easy, and turned her thoughts to another plan. She now moved to Red Hill, and while still keeping a few children and a governess, she more especially worked among the tramps and lodging-houses which had sprung up in a low district there. She built an iron room, had mothers' meetings, children's sewing classes, and Sunday-evening addresses given by friends to the lowest class of tramps, &c.; much good was done, and she gained a wide experience.

About this time the last aged relative for whose sake she had felt it incumbent on her to remain in England, passed away. And soon afterwards her decision was made, that the Master's call to *her* was now to the foreign field. To realise this was to rise up and go! Few ever loved a sweet English home and its ties of friendship more than she did; but to tell the story of a Saviour's love to those who had never heard it was a new and intense joy.

The details of her work in India, in the Wynaad, at Ootacamund, and among the Todas, are better known to others than to the present writer.

A few words, touching *now* in their significance, may be added from a letter received since her death, penned only a week before it. She says: "Personally *at present* I cannot help thinking the cloud is being 'taken up,' Numb. ix. 21. We shall see—I believe there will be *no doubt* when the time comes."

Soon indeed her hope was realised! But it was through the summons, "Come up higher." She has passed within the veil, and now knows the meaning of her *favourite promise*, to which the early break-up of her earthly home had given an *emphasis* of meaning, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he *shall go no more out*."

E. A. L.

MISS WALLINGER IN INDIA.

The honour of drawing in outline Miss Wallinger's missionary career has unexpectedly fallen to the Editor of this magazine. It is an easy and delightful task to read her letters from the Nilgiris—fresh and breezy as the mountain air, which in her own words, in describing the scene of her labour, is "bright, bracing, but very, very rarefied." Not by any means is it so easy to select, condense, and reproduce the impressions of eight years filled with missionary interest.

It was in 1886 that Miss Wallinger broke up the pleasant home she loved, and sailed as a missionary of the C.E.Z.M.S. for Ootacamund. Not only did she go entirely at her own charges, but she bore the expense of another missionary who accompanied her. She wrote in 1887: "Ootacamund is said to be the most English place in South India, and yet I sometimes think the English life is like the foam on the water, and below it a whole world of life of a different sort." Though she threw great energy into the Native life below the surface of Ootacamund society, her ardent spirit soon longed for regions beyond it. The next year she and her colleague, Miss Ling, wrote of a tour they had made in the Wynaad.

"What is the Wynaad?" Miss Wallinger had inquired; the repeated answer, "Oh, the Wynaad is down there," did not satisfy her. "The Wynaad," she wrote, "became to me a land of mystery. I got a notebook, and wrote down every fact, without exception, that I heard concerning it; and gradually I began to know that it is a vast district; that what is true of one part is not true of another; that it harbours wild elephants and mean-spirited tigers, has streams liable to be swollen, good roads

liable to deteriorate, cinchona, coffee, tea, gold-mines not a few (although very scattered), English households of planters and managers, swarms of Canarese-speaking people, as well as Malayalim and Tamil, a few Native Christians who have gone there to get work, and who are cut off from means of grace and surrounded by heathenism; and the principal places (townlets shall we call them?) are Gudalore and Devala."

From their exploring expedition, Miss Wallinger and Miss Ling returned with "many plans which they hoped some day to see realised." But their ambition was not limited to the lower plateau of the Wynaad. In the heights of the Nilgiri Hills are a remnant of an ancient race, possibly the "giants" in tales of conquest in the Hindus' misty Ancient History. The chief tribe of this race, the Todas, are believed to have been the Lords of the Hills. As the Rev. T. Walker of Tinnevely has contributed some articles on these little-known people, which will appear later on in *INDIA'S WOMEN*, no description of their strange habits and customs need be given here. The fact that nothing was being done to bring the Light of life to the women was sufficient to call out Miss Wallinger's compassion for them.

In 1889 she sent two beautiful photographs of a group of Todas, and their beaver-like huts, addressed to the Editor of *INDIA'S WOMEN*. It was before the days of illustrating this magazine, and as there seemed a question whether the direction could have been a mistake, her niece was consulted. No doubt the photographs were intended simply as a present, was the answer; it was just like her aunt to send them. A letter from Miss Wallinger with an appeal for the "remnant that remain" of a once numerous tribe.

In the spring of 1893, when Miss Wallinger returned to England, she paid a visit to the Editor's room, and then it was easy to understand that it was just like her to delight in acts of courtesy and kindness. The vision of a beaming face, with a bright colour and sparkling dark eyes, looking all the brighter in contrast with the white hair, comes to mind with each mention of her name. A few minutes of conversation, a few words of encouragement, and she had gone; but the brightness of her presence did not pass away so quickly. She left behind a sense of invigoration, and further acquaintance only deepened the impression that it was in harmony with her character to try to give pleasure in small as well as in great affairs of life. It was equally like her to supply children in our Mission-schools with toys, and to go with Miss Ling as the first women evangelists to the

neglected Todas; it was like her to write of the "sunny slopes" where they fed their cattle, to tell how the smoke-blackened interiors of their huts, when she and Miss Ling had accepted the invitation to creep on hands and knees through the entrance-holes—a rare honour for strangers—were really better than one might imagine, and to say nothing of the trial of contact with indescribable degradation. It was easy also to understand that she should so win the confidence and love of these shy people, that a deputation of them would walk miles to meet her, and greet the appearance of her bullock-waggon with a shout of welcome.

Miss Wallinger, accompanied by a niece, returned last autumn to India, and her frequent letters, some of which have been received since the news of her death, tell of unceasing work. From one of them, written to Mrs. Bourdillon, Normanholt, Dorking, we quote an extract:—

Coonor, The Nilgiris,

Jan. 4th, 1894.

The Nilgiri work is divided now. Mr. Lash takes the Ooty Boys' School, and the mixed school in Coonor, and the Wynaad, officially. The Nilgiri prospects are bright, wonderfully so, compared with a few years ago. Mr. Lash is making a brisk beginning, and I find him very kind and considerate. He has been a month in the Wynaad, and is anxious to greatly extend the work there, and has secured promises of help from planters in South, West, and North Wynaad. The Todas are left especially to the C.E.Z.M.S., no doubt because Miss Ling can now talk the Toda language fluently.

I went up to Ooty last week for the Toda prize-giving; two little schools met in Ooty, when I heard them move along singing, "God is good, God is good," the refrain of a Christian Tamil hymn; it was a joyful sound indeed. Since then, Miss Ling has gone for two or three days to Pykara, visiting

many *munds*, and was well received in all but one.

In one the people asked, "How are we to pray to God aright?"

After some talk, Miss Ling made a Toda boy who was with her say the publican's prayer and the Lord's Prayer. Some asked him, "Do you pray like that?" and he said, "Yes; what would be the use of learning it if I did not?"

I was in Pykara last November and could tell you pleasant things, but all that seems stale now! Certainly we rejoice, but while the Todas keep up their abominable marriage customs, one feels that the Devil still reigns in their *munds*, like a strong man armed, and my heart aches in looking at our sweet little Toda girls.

A Canarese woman, Ruth, was baptized the day before Christmas Day; very poor, but not a beggar. They come in one by one.

As to future help, if your friends will still think of us, caps* are always valuable, and bags for marbles.

* Pattern of these caps can be received from Mrs. Bourdillon, Normanholt, Dorking.

The following letter was written by Miss Wallinger to our Clerical Secretary on February 27th, only four days before her death:—

Coonoor, The Nilgiris.

DEAR MR TONGE,—It occurs to me that the Committee and Secretaries might find a statement of the position of things up here useful either now or at some future time.

The statement I am sending I believe to be accurate. It is not financial, but only from the point of view of the division of the work between C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M.S. ladies. I have ventured to put a little mark, X, to show the work which was caused to grow up under my hands, and which now, *most rightly*, and to my great

thankfulness, is passed over to the C.M.S.

Possibly our Committee may remark that there is but little left for me to do! In this case, I should be inclined to reply as did Feria in one of Tennyson's plays:—

"Sire, if your Grace hath mark'd it, so have I."

I suppose you are already arranging about the Annual Meeting. I hope all will go well.

Yours very sincerely,

AMELIA A. WALLINGER.

Does not this read as a *Nunc Dimittis*? Like other letters written recently, it bears the stamp of vigour of mind and body, though our missionary seems to have made all things ready to fold her tent, and move on to a "continuing city," whenever the summons should be given. How quickly it came will be seen in the following letter from Miss Ling:—

Ootacamund, March 7th, 1894.

Miss Wallinger passed away from this world last Saturday, March 3rd, at 5.45 p.m., after less than twenty-four 'hours' illness. Her niece, Miss Ivy Wallinger, had only left her a week to return to England, and she would have been alone had not Miss Wallinger most providentially invited Miss Lambert (an assistant missionary and trained nurse) to come and spend a few days with her in Coonoor. She was thus privileged to attend on her in her last illness, which was very short and sharp. There were choleraic symptoms, and medical aid was at once called in; the doctor, an

Englishman, tried everything in his power, but she never rallied, and death resulted from failure of the action of the heart.

Her death is a great loss to us all, and I especially shall miss her sound judgment, ready, sympathetic, and generous help in every branch of our work.

Whether she was in England, or in India, her one thought was how Christ's cause on the Nilgiris could be best advanced, and almost all the most recent developments of our work were at her instigation, and largely assisted by her means.

From being the stronger, much of

the working of these plans often fell to me ; but she, who from the nature of the case was less able to take an active part, had more time for thinking and planning. I do not mean for an instant that her usefulness was limited to making plans ; she acquired Tamil most wonderfully, considering her age, and had a forcible way of speaking that could not fail to arrest attention and remain in the people's minds.

How she worked and prayed for the Wynaad will never be forgotten by those who knew her, and the fact that there is a vigorous branch of the C.M.S., now under the superintendence of a C.M.S. European missionary, is largely due to her representations and efforts.

"The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more to the perfect day."

Her sun has set gloriously. The cultured English lady, who after freely spending her means and intellectual gifts for orphans, for the friendless, for the desolate around her at home, is able to take a quiet survey of the work "God has caused to grow up under her hand" during the evening of her life spent in India, and then to lie down to sleep. The favourite hymn sung on the day when loving hands carried her body to its last resting-place was well chosen. One verse in particular recalls her work on earth :—

"O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting sever'd friendships up,
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimm'd with tears of late ;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate."

A CALCULATION.

"It is my deep conviction, and I say it again and again, that if the Church of Christ were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass away till the story of the Cross would be uttered in the ears of every creature."—*Simon Calhoun*.

Her last two periods of residence in India had been spent in Coonoor, by which she had much endeared herself to the Native Christians on that side, and by their own special request they carried her to her last resting-place in the lovely Coonoor churchyard.

At the evening service, which followed immediately on the funeral, we had, by the special permission of the chaplain, the beautiful hymn beginning, "Ten thousand times ten thousand," which was a special favourite of Miss Wallinger's, and one we had often sung together.

To my great regret, though I went immediately I was summoned, I did not get there in time to see her alive.



Burdwan Village Scenes.

“ I AM sending you a couple of small pen-and-ink drawings.

No. 1 is just a group of trees and bamboos near the house we were in at Burdwan. Miss Edwards and I went out, and while I sketched, she got into conversation with and preached the Lord Jesus to a Mohammedan farmer.

“ No. 2 is an imaginary group, with a background of Miss Edwards' and Miss Harding's tent, where they were just before Christ-

mas, at Panagar, in a 'tope' (group) of mango-trees."—*February 14th, 1894.*

So writes Mr. Frank Bourdillon, whose name visitors to the R.A. know well as belonging to the Newlyn artists. It occurred in this magazine last year in connexion with the story of the baptism of converts and subsequent riots at Burdwan (*INDIA'S WOMEN*, vol. xiii. p. 422). Now his talent calls notice to our oldest station in Rural Bengal. The drawings bear the same date as a letter from Miss Harding written for *INDIA'S WOMEN*, from her encampment. It is fitting that they should plead together for the villagers, so rich in the gifts of nature, but so poor in the means of grace, which surround us—their favoured fellow-subjects.

A Letter from Miss Harding.

Camp, Mankar, Feb. 14th, 1894.

A friend is encamped with me. She is reading *INDIA'S WOMEN*, but she says it is much more interesting to look at the people who are gathered round me than to continue her reading. Is this not a hint for readers at home? Come and see the people, and then you will see the reality of the work! If I could only transport you here somehow or other, I should not need to plead for these Bengal women; their very faces would tell you they wanted the Friend of sinners, One who would love them and care for them. Who is to tell them of their Saviour? It is sad to see these poor ignorant Indian sisters, without hope, without God.

Let me tell you of a village where we have had our tents pitched for a month. Gopalpore is the name. I give you the name, as I want you to pray about it. I want you definitely to ask God to bless the seed we have been sowing there lately. We had a warm reception; the people almost lived with us; scarcely for an hour in

the day were we alone. We had our meals out of doors, and that was the time for friendly talk; a crowd of villagers would gather round to see the English women eat. The mothers told us it was difficult to get the children to come home for food for themselves, for they were always with the *Mems.*

By this familiar intercourse we understood the people better, and they listened to us; and many homes were we invited to visit. The women would stop at our tents for a talk when on their way to the tank to bathe, and it was very amusing to hear their remarks on our toilet. Our brushes and combs were objects of great interest; our white skins a great wonderment! We soon knew several of the women's names, and many a smile lighted up their faces when they found we recognised them. The boys, too, were very well-disposed, and came every day to see us; they bought hymn-books, and joined with us in singing simple Bengali hymns. They learnt them so quickly that when they



followed us to any of the houses we visited, they formed a little choir. Kindness was shown us on all sides; and presents of sweetmeats or vegetables were often brought to us.

We showed the magic-lantern three times in two different houses. In one encampment over 200 were present. The pictures, as they expressed it, were an astonishment to them; they had never seen anything like them before. They were much impressed when I told them how forty poor women in England had saved up their pence to give them that magic-lantern out of the proceeds.

When we were coming away the people were very distressed; they were most anxious we should live among them and teach them. Land was offered to us by the chief man of the place (the squire we should call him in England). He had a girls' school, in which he took great in-

terest, and asked us to examine the pupils. We gave away some dolls as prizes. This was a red-letter day for that village, they had never before had a prize-distribution!

But now in a week we must go to Burdwan, as it will be getting too hot to live in tents; I shall be sorry to leave these simple village folk. Until we get a village centre and can live among these people, they can only hear the Gospel once a year; that is during the cold season, which passes very quickly. To have a village centre, we must have more *workers*. Who will offer to "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty?" Oh! if I could only *pull* out some of you who are at home! But I know the love of Christ can constrain you to say, "Here am I, send me." The time is short; the Lord is at hand. In His Name, for His sake, I plead the cause of Christ in India. Come over and help us.

Clara Helen Ward.

IN MEMORIAM.



ASK the Editor's permission to contribute to INDIA'S WOMEN a short notice of Miss C. H. Ward, one of the C.E.Z.M.S. Australian missionaries, who died a few weeks ago at Kumamett, a station of the Telugu Mission. Miss Ward came with me from Melbourne to India in November, 1892, and I learned to think very highly of her as a devoted Christian who promised to be a true and useful missionary.

Miss Ward was an English lady who had settled at Sydney. One of her brothers is Dr. James Ward, Lecturer in Moral Philosophy at Trinity College, Cambridge. She told me her history, but I do not remember the details, nor are they needed for the purpose of this notice. She had latterly had a school of her own at Sydney, and was in literary society there. She used to give "Browning tea-parties" on Sunday afternoons. But she had had sorrows in life, and was not happy. She had "found the world was vain," yet "had not found a Friend" in Christ. When the Rev. G. C. Grubb was about to visit Sydney, it was laid on her heart that perhaps he had a message for her, and she resolved to go and hear him; but in the mysterious providence of God, she was taken ill just when he arrived, and lay sick the whole time he was holding his mission services in the city—I think, with influenza. One day, after he had left, and when she was convalescent, she received an invitation to Goulburn (six hours' railway journey from Sydney) to stay with a friend during Mr. Grubb's mission there. She went, and was at Goulburn Cathedral for the opening service; but she was taken ill during the prayers, had to be carried out, and again lay sick during the time of the mission. Her friend wrote to Mr. Grubb, and asked him to call and see her, but no answer came, and she wrote (I think) three or four times.

At last he called one day, saw her on the sofa where she lay, and stayed five or ten minutes only. But the words given him by the Spirit to utter fell upon ground prepared by the same Spirit, and she took the Lord Jesus Christ for her Saviour and King, then and there.

The missionary call was now laid upon her heart, and she spoke of it to the Rev. J. D. Langley, Incumbent of St. Philip's, Sydney, one of the leading Evangelical clergymen in the Colony. He wrote to the Rev.

H. B. Macartney of Melbourne, who had sent several lady missionaries to India, and had lately formed an Australian Branch of the C.E.Z.M.S. Mr. Macartney invited Miss Ward to stay with him at Melbourne; and she had only been there one or two weeks when Mr. Stewart and I arrived from England, in April, 1892, and quickly made her acquaintance. A few days after, I attended a Committee of the C.E.Z.M.S. Auxiliary, at which her case was considered; and shortly after, she was placed in the Training Home then lately opened by Dr. and Mrs. Warren on undenominational lines, the venerable Dean of Melbourne undertaking to give her doctrinal and Church teaching himself. Dr. and Mrs. Warren are most excellent people (she was a Miss Soltau), and under their care and influence Miss Ward's spiritual life grew and flourished. She also received great blessing at the Geelong Convention in September of the same year.

The Melbourne C.E.Z.M.S. Committee now arranged that Miss Ward should sail for India with Mr. Stewart and myself in the *Victoria*. On the voyage I saw a good deal of her, and could only thank God for the grace and strength vouchsafed to her. She was at Bombay during the Decennial Missionary Conference, and was lodged in one of the tents of the C.M.S. camp, together with Miss E. H. Collisson, sister of the C.E.Z.M.S. missionary of that name at Krishnagur, who had also come with us from Australia to join her other sister, Mrs. H. D. Williamson, of the C.M.S. Gond Mission (now at Calcutta). I am sure that several of the missionary brethren and sisters who were at Bombay at the time will have heard of Miss Ward's death with unfeigned sorrow.

From Bombay she proceeded across India to Ellore, where other Australian ladies are working in the C.E.Z.M.S. Mission. I have heard from her several times since, and her letters always breathed the true spirit of whole-hearted devotion to the Saviour she loved. I trusted that she had a long career of happy service before her; but her Lord has quickly called her to Himself. She was suddenly attacked by cholera, which was raging at Kumamett (whither she had lately been sent), and died in a few hours. The Rev. James Stone, who hastened to the place, writes that even in the awful suffering and rapid collapse of the fell disease, she begged the Parsee doctor who came to see her to come to Christ. "Believe on our Jesus," she said, "if you want thus to die. I am dying happily. Believe on Jesus!"

EUGENE STOCK.



PLEASE take notice of the arrangements for our Anniversary, and do all that can be done to make it a success.

Our Annual Meetings will be held on Friday, May 4th. The first will be in St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, at 2.30 p.m. Sir Charles Aitchison will preside, and the following speakers will take part: The Right Rev. Bishop Stuart, late of Waiapu, formerly missionary in India, and about to go as a missionary to Persia; Miss Hessie Newcombe, our missionary at Ku Cheng, China; the Rev. Rowland Bateman, C.M.S., the Punjab; the Rev. Edgar N. Thwaites, Rector of Fisherton, Salisbury, on his return from a tour in India and Ceylon. The second Meeting will be in the Polytechnic, Regent Street at 7.30 p.m. The Right Rev. Bishop Royston, late of Mauritius, will take the Chair, and addresses will be given by our missionary, Miss Mitcheson, of the Duchess of Connaught Hospital, Peshawur, by the Rev. L. Lloyd, C.M.S., Foo-Chow, and the Rev. P. Ireland Jones, C.M.S., of Calcutta. Miss Swainson, who we hoped would have been amongst the speakers, will not, it is feared, arrive from India in time. Arrangements for filling her place are not yet decided.

As an evening Annual Meeting is a new departure, we are very anxious for help in making it widely known.

Our Annual Sermon will be preached (by the kind permission of the Rev. Walter Abbott) in St. James's, Paddington, on Ascension Day, May 3rd, at 11 a.m., by the Rev. Norman F. McNeile, M.A., Vicar of Brafferton.

The thickly clustered groups of Associations in the north, which have sprung up under the persevering efforts of our helpers there, have furnished three Deputations with a long list of engagements. The meetings held at Birkenhead by the Hon. W. Sugden were encouraging both as regards the pains taken to make them successful, and also in the actual results realised: as a specimen of the latter, the collection at Upton more than quadrupled the amount given the year before, in addition to the sum of 6s. 3d. paid for books. At Higher Tranmore, it was proposed that a Bible-woman should be supported, and the Vicar, who presided, thought the necessary sum could be raised. In Liverpool and the suburbs, the attendances and collections and expenditure on the Society's publications were all alike good.

At St. James's, Collyhurst, Manchester, Miss Alice Hobbs had an audience of quite 250, who valiantly made their way through torrents of rain, and who undertook to provide a Native helper for Jandiala; whilst, at Holy Trinity, Barnsley, so many came to hear Miss White, that it was impossible to accommodate them all in the schoolroom.

* * *

Opportunities were afforded of reaching young people of all classes. At Bedford College, Liverpool, Miss Sugden addressed 150 girls on February 22nd; 3*l.* 10*s.* was collected, and it was agreed that a quilt should be made and 3*l.* sent to Miss Hewlett.

On February 23rd, Miss Alice Hobbs had a gathering of D.W.U. members at the High School, Manchester; twelve cards were taken, 5*s.* laid out on books, and 5*l.* 5*s.* given for the Jandiala Hospital building fund. A similar gathering from four schools was held at Scarborough on February 28th; the girls there are working well, and the boys are very energetic in making scrap-books and preparing bandages for hospitals. At Scouthead also, great interest was shown by the children, even little ones of four helping to make balls. The large Sunday-schools at Bolton, Hawkshaw, &c., gave eager listeners to the various Deputations who addressed them, the scholars in some cases being so anxious to hear that they would readily have stayed on for another hour; the contributions were liberal even when the collection had not been previously announced.

* * *

Miss Tristram took two important meetings in her district—one, on March 6th, at the house of R. Gurney Hoare, Esq., Jesmond Park, Newcastle, when 160 were present and 17*l.* 6*s.* collected the other, on

March 12th, at Bishop Auckland Castle, where the Bishop of Durham and Mrs. Westcott invited a large party of friends to meet the Deputation; the Rev. E. Price acted as chairman, 5*l.* was collected, and 14*s.* paid for books.

* * *

The Birmingham meetings were held during the first half of February, nearly every day of the fortnight being spent by Miss Bartlett in visiting one of the parochial Associations there. Where so much earnest effort is made, it is almost invidious to specify any, but it was remarked that warm and even enthusiastic interest was shown in the gatherings at St. Thomas's, Sparkbrook, St. George's, and West Bromwich. At St. John's, Ladywood, a new Association was formed, ten fresh annual subscribers secured, and the promise made of supporting a Bible-woman in the Amritsar district.

* * *

In Derby there are signs of growth; the parishes of St. Alkmund's and Holy Trinity having had meetings of their own for the first time this year; Mrs. Greaves gave the addresses at both, and also at Chapel-en-le-Frith, where she was listened to with eager attention.

* * *

At St. Neot's, Mrs. Shirt held a meeting on February 27th, principally attended by the neighbouring clergy, which she trusts may lead to more openings among the villages. She also took a lantern tour, introducing the work for the first time at Bassingbourne and Ickleton.

* * *

In London and the suburbs, valuable help has been given by Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Gardiner, and Mrs. Macdonald; also by the Misses Bartlett, Catchpool, Goodwin, Lawrence, Oxley, E. Sandys, Warren, and Woolmer.

At Park Chapel Y.W.C.A., February 7th, real interest was shown by the members; at All Souls', Marylebone, Miss Warren met with warm support, and the D.W.U. Band had a good show of work.

At Hampstead, Bickersteth Memorial Hall, there was a large and influential gathering on March 5th, to hear addresses from the Rev. G. Ensor and Miss Bartlett, the Rev. G. Head presiding; the interest was well sustained, 8*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* collected, and the support of a Bible-woman at Masulipatam undertaken.

Notices of other London meetings and of those held in southern districts must stand over until our next issue.

The Continent.—On January 26th, a well-attended meeting was held in Rome, at 66, Piazza di Spagna, by the kind invitation of Miss Winter Jones. Bishop Cheetham opened with prayer, and after a hymn, and a brief address from Sir C. Aitchison, the Rev. S. C. Morgan, D.D., pleaded the claims of the Society. Collection realised 242 francs.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

At the *General Committee* on *Wednesday, April 4th*, it was reported that the actual receipts of the past month were considerably in excess of what had been estimated. Until the accounts are closed it is impossible to give exact figures as to the total income for the Financial Year, but there is good reason to hope that it will not fall far below that of 1892-3. This, in view of the commercial depression prevailing throughout the country, is a cause for special thanksgiving. But it was strongly felt that we must not limit our responsibilities by our stationary income, and by the number of candidates available this year for Foreign service. Rather does it become us to respond to the Master's call to "lengthen our cords and to strengthen our stakes," in the spirit of simple, courageous faith in the boundless resources of Him whose servants we are—"by Thy grace we will." It was recommended that definite information be regularly supplied through the Society's periodicals with regard to the labourers required to secure the efficient working of stations now occupied, and with regard to appeals from the C.M.S. and from our own missionaries to press forward into new fields. This would furnish matter for special prayer, and would keep before God's people the call for more offers of service, and of a largely increased income.

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The Committee had interviews with Miss Moore, lately arrived in England on furlough from Jabalpur, and with Miss Hetherington, from Ajnala, who has come home by medical advice. The Secretaries also announced that Miss Annie E. M. Thomas had arrived at home, and also that Miss Bellerby, from Kandy, the Clarence Memorial School, was on her way to England on medical certificate.

* *

The Committee have received with unfeigned sorrow the tidings of the death, at Coonoor on March 3rd, after a very short illness, of their much-

loved missionary, Miss Wallinger. They would put on record their affectionate and grateful sense of the valuable help she has, by the grace of God, been permitted to render in the development and maintenance of the Society's work in the Nilgiri hills.

The Clerical Secretary was instructed to convey to the relatives of the late Miss Wallinger the expression of their sympathy with them in their bereavement.

We do not print under Committee Notes the whole of the Resolution entered in our Minute Book expressing the Society's appreciation of Miss Wallinger's noble and generous gifts of strength, and means, and talents, as the substance is found on another page in the form of an In Memoriam.

* * *

The resignation by A. C. Macrae, Esq., on his approaching removal from London, of the office which he has for many years held as one of the Society's Honorary Medical Referees, was accepted with much regret; and a cordial vote of thanks was passed to him for his valuable services to the Society.

* * *

A paper was read which is being circulated in Ireland by the Ladies' Auxiliary, recently formed in connexion with the Dublin University Fuh-Kien Mission, appealing for ladies to work under the C.E.Z.M.S. in the Fuh-Kien Province, for whose maintenance the Auxiliary would be responsible.

A letter was read from Miss M. L. White, at Peshawar, saying that progress was being made with the foundations of the *Duchess of Connaught Hospital*, and it was hoped that the memorial-stone of the main block would be laid before Miss Robertson left for England on March 25th.

The engagement was announced of Miss Denny, honorary missionary at Bangalore, to Captain Gibbon, R.E.

The Society has received notice of a legacy of 1000*l.* from the late Miss A. G. G. Rolleston, of 9, Hyde Park Terrace, London.

The Committee have accepted the kind offer of Miss Goodwin to take charge of Khyber House, our missionaries' sanatorium in the Himalayas, during the hot weather, and to be used for Mission work in the plains during the cold season.



“**W**ORKERS are urgently required.” This is the burden of letters from our various mission-fields. A complete list of vacancies which must be filled in the autumn has not yet been made; we hear, however, that at the very lowest estimate, thirteen missionaries are required for Bengal alone. One or two *must* be sent to Baranagore and the Nuddea District; Bhagulpur, in the province of Behar, *must* have one, Mirat *must* have another. As for the Punjab, Amritsar, Jandiala, and Batala cannot be left without reinforcements. The claims of South India, especially those of Masulipatam, ought not to be set aside. As we look positive obligations in the face, they appear almost overwhelming. Added to this, we must at least listen to the reasonable requests to take up new and promising stations. That this is a day of opportunity is patent in the letters from Burdwan, Bhagulpur, and Amritsar in this Number. The day when missionaries had to seek for pupils has been succeeded by a time of hunger for teachers. Whilst we linger to enter them, the doors now open may be closed against the Light. There is serious risk of missionaries breaking down under the double load they are attempting to lift, whilst the weight of what is left undone is heavier than the work they try to do. Need we say that the difficulty of raising forces to relieve the strain abroad is a heavy burden on Secretaries at home? How can the slumbering Church be awakened to the awful truth that millions of women, at this moment accessible to teaching, are dying—body and soul—for lack of knowledge?

AMRITSAR.

General Outlines of the Mission Picture.

BY MISS WAUTON.

AS Miss Jackson is writing of her own department, the Industrial work, and Miss Tuting about the schools and villages, it only remains for me to give a few general outlines of the Mission picture which their details will fill up.

We have had this year a great joy and a great sorrow. The joy has been the return of a dearly loved fellow-labourer, after an absence of two years. Scarcely was the pleasure of welcoming Miss Dewar over, than we were mourning the loss of the loved and honoured Batala missionary, Miss Tucker, whose last days on earth were spent, as the first days of her missionary life had been, under our roof.

Very fragrant memories has she left there. The sweet and holy friendship of eighteen years, the invigorating example, and the written and spoken words of help and counsel, were choice blessings, to be ever a cause of thankfulness to Him Who gave to His dear servant such a wealth of endowments, wherewith to strengthen and enrich the hearts of others. Kneeling by her sleeping-place in the Batala cemetery a short time ago, one felt constrained to cry, "Lord, send more such labourers into Thy Harvest-field; and oh, send them quickly, for the time is short."

The want of more workers is a sore trial to those who, being on the spot,

can realise something of the immensity of the work to be done. Our earnest desire is that many more from this country may join the Mission army, those who can "keep rank," and have been trained to be skilful in the use of spiritual weapons. We are thankful to have been able to send out one this year from the Training Home, Miss M. Judd, who has already proved a help and comfort to the lonely Zenana missionary in Jandiala.

The Society's offer of some pecuniary help towards the expenses of the preparation time has been a great boon, and is already proving an incentive to some of our Indian sisters to offer themselves for Mission service, who could not otherwise have done so. As the number of "candidates-in-waiting" increases, we hope year by year to have some ready to fill the posts where they are so much needed.

The time that has been to spare from the duties of this training class has been chiefly spent in the Central School for Hindu and Mohammedan girls.

The principal change to note there has been that Gobindi, having gained a senior certificate in the Government teachers' examination, has been put in charge of the Upper Primary Hindu class. I think I may say, too, that she fully justifies in her teaching all that was expected of her from the

singular ability she showed during her student life.

Whatever she has herself learnt she tries to impress in a very practical way upon her scholars. Cleanliness, order, and obedience are as important a part of her curriculum as reading, writing, and arithmetic. Clean *chaddars* are kept in a box for the pupils to wear during school-hours, and if any one refuses to conform to the rule, and prefers her own dirty garments, she is made to sit apart from the others in disgrace.

Not less noticeable is the effect of Gobindi's influence over her pupils, shown by their reverent interest in the Bible teaching. On the occasion of the Bishop's recent visit to the school, she chose out passages from Scripture, doxologies, hymns, and ascriptions of praise to Christ as decorations for the walls, all written with Oriental embellishment by her own skilful hand.

How great would be the joy if this dear young teacher would come out on the Lord's side, and confess with her lips what we are sure she believes in her heart! For this we pray and wait, and we believe the answer will be given.

A Mustard-seed School.

The *Majitha* School has had an addition this year in the opening of a branch for Mohammedan girls. This is but a mustard-seed school at present, but as the Mohammedan women themselves expressed a wish for it, we hope it will take root amongst them, and in time bring

forth its blossoms and fruit. About thirty children are now on the rolls. Mariyam, who was sent from Amritsar to take charge, has been diligently teaching the children the One Hundred Texts, as well as the Commandments, and thus a beginning has been made in the introduction of Christian truth into the homes of the Moslem as well as the Sikh families of that place.

A Village School.

One of the ex-pupils of the Hindu School there has lately entered on the charge of our village school at Werka. In last year's report, Miss Tuting mentioned the happy death of a Sikh *Bibi* whom she had been visiting, the wife of a teacher in the Art School at Lahore. Our pupil, Santi, became his second wife, but intrigues amongst the female members of the family poisoned the husband's mind and led him to cast her off. Happily for her, she has found a means of support, as well as a sphere of work, in this Werka School, where, surrounded by her forty or fifty scholars, she may be seen day by day diligently imparting to them the lessons she was herself lately learning from the lips of her kind Christian teacher, Mrs. Chatterjee, at Majitha.

Rumours versus Reason.

There has been less *direct* opposition to our work from Hindus and Mohammedans lately than perhaps at any previous time; though of course absurd rumours are still always made the most of in order to frighten the

children away from school. One day a panic is caused in the city by the story that the Queen has ordered a number of children's heads to be cut off in order to make the foundation of a bridge, or to be put under a new throne which is being made for her. Another day, Dr. Haffkeine's agent being abroad, the rumour is afloat that vaccination for cholera is made compulsory, and that helpless victims are being seized and compelled to endure various sorts of torture in the operation. It is not surprising if, for a few days, while these stories are current, the number of scholars should be somewhat diminished; but the readiness with which the women and girls now listen to an explanation of such matters shows that education is making them into more reasonable beings than in former days, and that the light is gradually expelling the darkness of prejudice and ignorance.

A Rest-house for Workers.

Those who have kindly furnished us with the means of raising our Do Burji Rest-house will be glad to hear that, the difficulties about the land having been removed, we have been able to set to work, and the building is now nearly completed. The comfort will be great of exchanging tents, in which the climate of the Punjab in its various stages of heat and cold is often severely felt, for the substantial dwelling-place, which will enable us to make a more prolonged sojourn amongst the people of the surrounding villages. The erection of it has been hailed by them with great

pleasure, and such exclamations as, "This *Karān ghar* (Christian house) is good. You have done a kind thing in coming here," show us that our Punjabi neighbours are prepared to give us a warm welcome.

Zenana Work in the City.

Zenana visiting in the city, where we have one hundred houses open, has somewhat suffered from the loss of a Bible-woman; two who were engaged in this work having left us, one after the other. On the other hand, we have had one given to us, kindly spared from St. Catherine's Hospital, who promises to be an earnest, useful helper in the villages.

The death of pupils, the removal of families to other places, just as we have begun to see some little signs of the Word taking root in their hearts, often make us feel that Zenana teaching is not by any means so promising a field of labour as that amongst the younger and more impressible minds in the schools. Many are the disappointments connected with it, and we would not hide them from our friends at home, for it is right they should understand the difficulties that beset us in seeking to rescue the captives from the hands of the "strong man armed," who keeps his palace. But though the work goes on slowly, we are not left without encouragement that fruit, much more abundant than in time past, will be reaped from it in the future.

A glance over our balance-sheet for 1893, and another glance into our well-stored cupboards, with their piles of *chaddars*, *kurtas*, and dolls, remind

us of the numerous friends, both in this country and in England, who have so generously kept our cash-box supplied with the necessary number of rupees, and who have gladdened and stimulated the hearts and minds of our scholars by their bright gifts.

We thank the supporters of the Majitha and Werka schools; we thank the donors to the Rest-house; we thank every one who has given donations to the general fund; we

thank all who have made saleable articles of work, and those who have helped us in selling them; we thank all who have aided the cause by needle, or pen, or pencil;—but first and most of all, do we thank Him in whose Name we are linked together in the common interest of sending out the Gospel of life and liberty to the fetter-bound inmates of these Indian homes.

Amritsar, Jan. 5th, 1894.

Industrial Work.

BY MISS JACKSON.

During the past year the work of the Hindu Widows' Industrial Class has been extended in two new directions, and the number of members considerably increased. In the Report for 1892 we recorded sixty members, now we have *eighty-four*. In spite of this advance, the number of applications for admission continues as great as ever. Truly these poor, downtrodden, suffering women are legion in Amritsar alone, and any little help we can give them seems but as a *drop* of comfort in the *ocean* of their sorrow and need. We often found that those whose claims were most urgent were either too old, or too blind, or too stupid to do *kasida* work; it therefore occurred to us that they might spin cotton to be utilised for other branches of the class.

All Punjabi women know how to spin, and this proposition was therefore received with very great satisfaction, so much so, that their thankfulness broke forth in a song of their own

composition, which, when translated, ran something as follows:—

Famine Song.

"It was a time of famine, and our lot was sad and drear,
We starved and sighed and suffered,
but alas! no help seemed near;
We saw our daughters' faces growing thinner every day,
And our *rotis* (bread) getting smaller,
yet we knew not how to pray."

Then came the English:—

"Well done, Miss *Sahibs*!
They brought us joyful tidings, for they said 'Here's work to do,
'Twill help to earn the daily bread for children and for you.
You shall make *gay phūlkāris*, and wind and twist the thread,
That others spin on busy wheel. 'Tis thus you shall be fed.'
Well done, English!
Bravo, Miss *Sahibs*!" &c., &c.

We have about twenty spinners, of whom two are perfectly blind, one a toothless old creature, bent nearly double; one very much "touched" in her head, but quite harmless, and others in various states of mental and

bodily decrepitude. The hum of the twenty busy wheels is quite considerable, and sometimes their noise, plus the equally busy tongues, is rather *too* much to be pleasant. When reproved they often say, "Well, how can we help it? Our hearts are happy, and as our wheels go round, so our tongues move." They are just like children, and have to be dealt with as such.

The finer-spun cotton is woven and dyed various colours, and then used for the *kasida* work. The coarser cotton is needed for our third industry, which was started about three months ago, i.e. the making of *nawár*, a kind of webbing much used for native bedsteads. As this requires a considerable amount of space, we have erected a thatched shed on the roof, where a happy little group carry on their work. The webbing is made on a small wooden frame, standing about eighteen inches high, and the threads are stretched on tall iron pegs at each side of the shed. The left hand passes the shuttle backwards and forwards, and the right hand presses down the threads with a piece of wood shaped like a large carving-knife.

This year again kind friends sent us the money to give our large family a treat. The women assembled in the mission-house garden, sitting in a circle on the grass with the Miss Sahibs in the middle. Each of us was adorned with a wreath of pink roses and orange marigolds, and next we were given a basket of fruit and some cardamon seeds. These last are supposed to be a mark of special

friendship. Then a tiny bottle of attar-of-roses was produced, a straw wrapped round with cotton-wool dipped in, and our faces smeared over. Lastly one of us was asked to put that same bit of wool in her ear, but this was ungratefully declined!

After this solemn ceremony, each woman received a packet of sweets wrapped in leaves, which they immediately tied up in a corner of their *chuddars* or otherwise hid away. Then they were informed that a very excellent cloth-merchant had come and desired their custom, for which purpose each woman was given some sham money. The shopkeeper, a venerable Sikh with grey beard, sitting on the ground in full turban, red *kurta*, and flowered *chuddar*, would not have been recognised by the united eyes of all the members of the Committee as one of its missionaries. Every woman purchased from Bakhshish Singh a warm *kurta*, a gaudy handkerchief, and a piece of English soap. Last but not least, in another room there was a lighted Christmas-tree, not less than fifteen feet high. This was hung with little bunches of cotton-wool, intended to look like snow, and each containing a two-anna bit. The women fairly screamed with delight, and asked whether the tree "grew like that"!

Our heartiest and most grateful thanks are due to Mrs. Basden, the Misses Bayly, Miss E. Jackson, Miss Locke-King, Miss Macgregor, Miss Phillips, and others for their warm and liberal response to our request last year for *kurtas* for the cold weather.

One day some of the women were going over our house, which is considered a great pleasure. On coming to the dining-room we found the table laid for a meal. One of the women, looking backwards and forwards from the table to herself, said, "How *very* clean your cloth is, and how *very* dirty my *chuddar* is! Why I never noticed that before; I will go home and wash it." And she kept her word.

With regard to our Christian Women's Sewing Class, we write very thankfully, for we believe it to have been a real means of usefulness to needy women.

During the year there have been eight workers, some permanent, others temporary. The average daily attendance has been five. They darn socks and stockings, make and mend various under-garments, and supply most of the Mission houses in the neighbourhood with strong dusters and household cloths, hemmed and marked ready for use. In our daily intercourse with these women, we

hear much of the joys and sorrows of their home life, and are able to study their individual characters. We are thus, we trust, better fitted to help and sympathise with them. The cutting, preparing, and packing of the work takes up a good deal of time; we should therefore feel very thankful for the services of a second good assistant missionary, who would make the manual part of this work one of her duties. This need presses itself the more upon us owing to the increased number of pupils in our training-class, as much of my time that was at first free for industrial and school work, is now occupied in teaching these pupils.

The little waif, Mumi, mentioned last year (INDIA'S WOMEN, vol. viii., p. 214), was baptized as an infant in March, by the name of Salome. She is growing into a strong, healthy child, truthful and obedient, and as happy as the day is long. While writing, I hear her clear little voice singing, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

February 3rd, 1894.

Village Work round Amritsar.

BY MISS TURING.

One of the first events of the year for me was a visit of a few days to Majitha in the middle of February. The time was spent in examining the girls in the large, well-established Hindu and little new Mohammedan school there, and in visits to some of the Zenanas with the Bible-woman. The elder girls were reading the first Book of Samuel and the Acts of the

Apostles, and whilst listening to their thoughtful answers, one felt convinced that many were grasping the deeper spiritual meaning. The influence of the schools and of the residence of civilians in the village (or rather small town) was very evident in the intelligent interest of the women I visited, and in the comparative absence of the foolish question-

ing to which one is generally subjected.

We had a great deal of rain during the year, which hindered both the spring itineration and visiting of villages from the city. Miss Wauton and I went out into camp for a short time in March. We spent most of the time at a village called Chabba, where we had been told there was a spirit of inquiry amongst the *chuhras* (one of the inferior castes). There is a Mission-school for boys in this village, and consequently we received a very warm welcome from all classes. We were called from house to house, and the women crowded our tent every day before we went out and after we returned. Some came only to see us or be taught, but some days we had forty or fifty for medicine. There are two *sardars* (head-man or petty magistrate) in the village, whose wives were very anxious for teaching. One told the other to persuade her husband to give us a house for a girls' school, as she said her's would not obey her. But the wife's persuasions have not prevailed over her lord yet.

A catechist and his wife are now living at Chabba. He is a dispenser, so with the help of the medicine they are making their way among the people, who at first took fright at having Christians actually living among them.

We went on to Khāpar Kheri on a Saturday, and on the Sunday our tent was crowded with people wishing to be taught and asking for books. Some

men came and sat down with the servants while they were having their Sunday Bible-lesson, and listened very attentively. There used to be a boys' Mission-school here, too, and its effects are still evident in the eagerness of the people for teaching. We have long been wishing to have a girls' school, and many of the people wish it, but the way has not yet opened. The difficulties in the way of village schools are peculiarly great, perhaps because the people feel them to be such a formidable weapon against their religions.

We have paid several visits to Khāpar Kheri during the year. An old woman, called Hukmi, the widow of a *lambardar* (head-man), expressed a strong desire for baptism. She had long listened with marked interest to Bible-teaching. She paid us several visits in the city, once staying over Sunday, in order to go to church with us. But some months ago her favourite son was imprisoned on a charge of stealing, and this trouble seems to have staggered her faith, because the people tell her it is a judgment on her for wishing to leave her religion. It has been a deep disappointment to us, for she seemed so thoroughly in earnest; but we can still hope and pray for her. Another in this village who we believe had really received Jesus Christ into her heart died last year. A neighbour told us about it in the words, "Pābi has gone to your Jesus."

The greater part of my work is in the city schools, but it has generally been possible to spare one day in the

week for villages within reach of Amritsar, besides a weekly visit to a village school. In one village, which has had several visits in this way, there are a few Christian *chuhars* from the Narowal district, which has seemed to make the rest of the people more ready to listen. In another, a young woman, a *sardar's* daughter, as a child had learnt her letters in a school, and on this foundation it was easy to teach her to read. She has been going through a set of Punjabi Readers prepared by Miss Wauton; one contains the Ten Commandments, which she learnt of her own accord, and now promises to help two or three others who wish to learn to read.

At the beginning of November, Miss Singh and I, at Miss Parslee's request, spent about ten days in the Jandiala district. We were in a Canal bungalow in a very thickly-populated part. There are more than thirty villages within a radius of about four miles. The people were a little puzzled to find that we were not the same who visited them last year, but some at first thought we were, and gave us a specially warm welcome in consequence. We nearly always had a friendly reception, and though men would sometimes come and argue, they often ended by asking for a Gospel and saying that our message was good and true. Some evidently questioned from a real desire to find out the truth. Others only seemed to wish to tease us, to see if we should get angry. Some reminded us of the Judæan objectors, for they would say,

"If you will show us a miracle, we will believe you."

We always had most opposition in Mohammedan villages, but in one we were delighted to find that the *lambardar's* wife was a *pardah* woman, so no men were allowed in, and we had a quiet, interested hearing from the women. One poor old woman said, "But what shall I do? I am so old; I have heard this story too late." When we told her of the thief on the cross, and taught her a little prayer, she closed her eyes and was silent for a few moments, as if she, too, were looking to the Saviour.

There was another woman present whose husband had been servant in a missionary's family, but had since died. The missionary's wife used to teach the servants' wives, so she knew a good deal and was a great help to us. One day we gave a book to a man, and another sitting by said, "You come and bring us one draught of your living water, but we soon get thirsty again. Now you have given that man a rope to draw the bucket up from the well for himself, will you not give me one, too?" He could not read himself, but said his son would read to him the Gospel we handed to him.

When Miss Dewar and I were out in camp a month or so later, a young Sikh woman came for a few hours' visit from her distant home to her mother. Last year we gave her a Gospel History; and her first words when she came to see us this time were, "I have read all that book you gave me, and it is very good."

We sometimes lament over the

irregular attendance of the children at school, because they are constantly paying long visits to their grandmothers or mothers-in-law. But, again, we feel that this evil has its good side, too; for the children, like little birds, carry the seed with them, and scatter it far and wide.

In the city, too, we find that the schools are influencing the homes. This year a desire has sprung up among the mothers for their children to take us to see them. Of course they always ask for a *bhajan*, often requesting a particular one, and joining in it themselves, because, they say, their children have taught it to them. In one of these houses, where the people are high-caste Hindus, they have just begged for a weekly visit, for one said, "Is it too late for me to learn now I am old? These words have gone down into my heart." She seemed not to have heard before, and had been talking sadly of eating the fruit now of the sins of her former lives, and not knowing what bad states might be awaiting her in lives yet to come, for Hindus think they go through more than eight million births, and they never know how many of them are still left.

Sometimes the girls' brothers ask us for copies of the books their sisters are reading in school, for these new Readers, with their combination of interesting stories, Christian teaching, and *bhajans*, are a great attraction. There are short prayers in them, too, which many of the children have learnt, and use every day of their own accord in their homes.

My share of work in Zenanas is very small, and most of the pupils I had have gone away. Two sisters, aged about nine and thirteen, have gone to their husbands' homes in Delhi. One has gone on a long visit to her mother, owing to the death of her mother-in-law, a dear old woman, who used to listen most eagerly to Christian teaching. Some months ago she was nursing a dying sister in a distant village, who asked her if there were any way to be saved. The old woman told her, "Our Miss Sahibs say their Jesus came to save sinners." She said, "Will He save me?" Her sister answered, "Yes; He saves every one who takes hold of Him, only if you have taken more than your due from any one, you must restore it." So she did so. Miss Singh visited this house alternately with me, and the last time she saw our pupil's mother-in-law she was well, but was going on a visit to a village. She said, "Perhaps we shall never meet again in this world, but you have taught me that those who believe on Jesus will meet in Heaven." She was a Hindu, and hope of future happiness and reunion seems one of the last truths that a Hindu seems able to accept.

A year seems too short a time for much to be accomplished in this slow-moving East; but one of the most prominent and encouraging thoughts is that we are a combined army, attacking the fortress at many different points. One sees plainly how the different agencies and workers are helping one another. For instance, a

woman will say, "I heard these things before in hospital," or in some far-away place, or a Mission-school boy or girl will appear unexpectedly to revive one's heart in the midst of a dull and ignorant audience, or a boy will come up with a book or tract


given him at a preaching at some *mela*. So though personal or direct results may not be very evident, yet one does see that the one Captain of us all is working and carrying out His own plans.

February 3rd, 1894.

BHAGULPUR.

Village Work.

BY MISS DAEUBLE.

 HIS year has been one of many changes and trials, but through all have shone the comforting words, "God is Love," to brighten the way.

Last January I came here from Jabalpur, as Miss Hall was obliged to go home. Soon after her departure, one of her Zenana pupils, a fine young woman, much beloved by all her family, went to her father-in-law's house, got the small-pox there, and died after ten days. Her parents and brothers and sisters-in-law mourned and grieved much for her; the wife of her eldest brother, who especially missed her, took great comfort in listening to the Bible-lesson, and in hearing the words of a Saviour "Who was a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." I am sure this woman is a Christian at heart; she seems to be living for others. One longs to see such bright examples come out and join the Church of Christ in baptism. When will the happy time come when these women, who are bound by the fetters of custom and superstition,

shall be able to throw them off and enjoy the liberty we have in Christ?

Two Zenana pupils who take a great interest in their Scripture lessons are former pupils of Miss Pinniger's; one of them is very near "the Kingdom," and believes in Christ, Who has been a great comfort to her in the many trials she has passed through; but as yet she has not the courage to come out for Christ in baptism. Will the friends at home pray that the needed courage and strength may be given to her? I have met with many in the city who love and remember Miss Pinniger: though she is no longer here, she will live in many hearts in Bhagulpur; "her works do follow her."

In the Villages.

For the last two months I have been at our out-station, Jamalpur. The Bible-woman there was a great help to me. In a large village not far from Monghyr, the men showed great enmity to Christ, and did all they could to hinder us. One

dear little fair girl, who was sitting near me listening, was suddenly very roughly taken away by a grown-up brother, and beaten because she had listened to us. The boys, roused up by the men, threw stones at us as we were walking from one part of the village to another. It made me very sad to see the enmity to Christ in that place. A nice, well-behaved boy to whom we offered a tract or Gospel, refused it, as he did not wish to have a book in which Christ's name was mentioned.

In all the villages except three the women listened most attentively. Among them, there were some who seemed weary and heavy laden, and expressed their belief in Jesus, and called on Him to forgive their sins and give them salvation.

It is dreadful to see how the people are fettered and bound by their fear of evil spirits. We saw many sad cases where members of a family were very ill and suffering, and where often simple remedies might have helped at the beginning ; they had done nothing because they said an evil spirit had taken possession of the patient, and he must be driven out. They will pay many rupees to a kind of sorcerer to "exorcise the evil spirit." The Bible-woman who visits these villages found that in several cases where she had persuaded them to use some simple remedies, the patient, who had been supposed to have an "evil spirit," had become quite well.

Several times we went by rail to "Purab Serai," a new station on the line to Monghyr, which is a very good centre. To none of the villages that we visited had any one ever been before to speak to the women, and in some places they were afraid of me and ran away. In others the women listened most attentively ; we were asked to come to several of the better houses.

In one rich man's house we had quite a crowd of listeners. We were asked to speak to the women of one of the headmen of the village. The mother was very sad, fretting for her children ; she had lost all except one son. She grasped hold of the words of a "Saviour, Who could feel and sympathise with us in our sorrows," and said, "If He can comfort and soothe my sad heart, I will pray to Him. I have done so much *puja* and many works of merit, but I derive no comfort from them." She begged us to come again to her.

There is a hunger and thirst in these villages for the Truth, one longs so to help them and point them to the true Saviour ; but only the Holy Spirit can convince them of sin and open their eyes and understandings, which are dark and dense; because they have been bound for ages in superstition. But with God "all things are possible," and He can change the hearts of these ignorant women and fill them with true faith and love.

December, 1893.

Mrs. Chalk,* formerly assistant missionary at Barrackpore, tells of a severe struggle to carry on, in the face of bigotry, the school and Zenana

teaching at Jamalpur. A struggle, too, seems to be going on in many parents' minds between a desire for education for their children and fear that knowledge of Jesus Christ may lead to their openly declaring themselves on His side. In spite of many a repulse, Light and Knowledge are surely gaining ground. Mrs. Chalk tells of—

A Seeker after Truth.

One little schoolgirl's mother, whom I shall call the doctor's wife, made up her mind to read the Book of the Christians and see for herself what objection there was to it. She told me she had had a bath, and kept on her wet *sari*, and had made obeisance to the Book, and read a good portion of it through; she had found nothing but good teaching in it, she said, so she decided to send for me and ask me to teach her girl at home, and from the same book. After a few months they went away for a change, and during their absence the younger girl, a child of eight, who used to come to school, died. The mother

told me that just a day or two before her death, this little girl said, "Mother, bring me the *Old, Old Story*; there is a picture of Jesus with the crown of thorns in it; I should like to keep that part open, and to lay on my chest."

We can scarcely tell how much a child can take in, but we know the Good Shepherd is always ready to take the lambs in His arms, and to bless them, and to Him we leave such little ones.

The family are living in Monghyr for the present, and we would ask friends to remember the doctor's wife in prayer, as she is really in search of the Truth.

Foreign Notes.

NORTH INDIA MISSION.

BARANAGORE.

Prayer for the Sick.

Miss Edith Highton writes:—

The other day one of our school-children felt fever coming on in school, so we sent her home. The next day we heard the child was dying. As a rule the fever is not so soon fatal, the patient often lingers on for weeks. So the teacher went to see if this was true, and found the

child to all appearance dying. She had been taken out of the house into the yard, poor child! for the custom will not allow any one to die in the house if it can possibly be helped. So the sick are put into some miserable yard or outhouse, lest the house should be polluted by the presence of death.

The child's relations asked us to pray for her, and God has wonderfully answered us, for the next day, on inquiring, we found her much better.

Another of our little scholars, whom I went to see a short time since, was ill with typhoid fever, and was nothing but skin and bone. She was lying on a wooden bed (to you it would have looked just like a table), with nothing but a piece of cloth under her, and a dreadfully hard-looking bolster for her head. I begged them to let her have something soft to lie upon. Before leaving they asked me to pray to our God to make her well, which I did.

It is interesting to see what faith many of them have in prayer.

One day, in going the round of a village, I came upon a boy very ill with fever. His mother was in sad trouble about him, so before leaving I prayed that, if it were God's will, the little lad's life might be spared. The Bible-woman who went to see him a few days after found him much better, and the mother was full of wonder at this manifest answer to prayer. She said the other day someone else was ill, and she was looking about everywhere for the *Mem* (lady) to come and pray for her sick friend.

THE PUNJAB MISSION.

AMRITSAR.

Gifts for the Widows.

Miss Wauton writes to the Hon. Sec. of the Indian Widows' Union on January 2nd, 1894, of the Christmas Treat given to the widows of the Industrial Class. Although since this extract has been in type, Miss Jackson has also described the same thing, the various details given by both these missionaries are too good to lose. Miss Wauton says:—

I must lose no time in thanking you for the many valuable gifts you have so kindly sent, and which reached us in the cases which came from the Manor House.

The warm *kurtas* you have had made for the widows have given almost more pleasure than you can imagine. These, together with similar contributions from other sources, were all put together and kept for the Christmas treat, which took place last Thursday. The whole party assem-

bled at half-past three in the compound, when they were first feasted with sweetmeats. Then Miss Jackson, arrayed as a venerable silk-merchant, spread out *kurtas* and pocket-handkerchiefs in tempting array in the "*Kapra Wala's*" shop, and they all went by turns to make their purchases with paper money. They entered into the fun of it like children, and were quite as much entertained by it as last year.

In another room a Christmas tree

was lighted up for them, where, in little balls of cotton-wool, were wrapped up two-anna pieces. The tree was a great novelty, and called forth unbounded delight, but the *kurtas* are the source of the most lasting enjoyment. They all put them on at once, and showed them to us again and again. This morning, when Miss Jackson went as usual to the class, every one had to be shown off a second time, and I do wish you could have heard their expressions of thankfulness to the kind friends who had made them.

I am sure they will feel that their work has not been thrown away.

The poor things said, stroking down their soft, warm flannel: "How can we ever feel cold, or have aches and pains again with such beautiful clothing?" "We are so cosy in them. We have been working so fast to-day, for our hands are warm and our hearts are light and glad, on account of all the love that has been shown us. May you all live for ever and ever!" &c., invoking various blessings on the heads of all who have helped to give them these comforts.

Information concerning the C.E.Z.M.S. Indian Widows' Union, and how to help these outcasts of Hindu Society, can be obtained of the Hon. Sec., Miss MacGregor, 17, Gunterstone Road, West Kensington; Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., will receive and forward *kurtas* and other gifts to India for them.

The Wave of Progress.

Miss Saw, of the Alexandra School, Amritsar, writes from Tarn Taran, where she was on a visit, on February 4th:—

I went yesterday into a Zenana with Miss Janson, and was much struck with the warm and affectionate welcome she received. It was the house of a doctor who seems drawn to our faith, and to wish his little girl to be brought up in a Christian school. It is interesting, too, to find an old Alexandra girl at work here and much valued. I am constantly coming across Native Christians who are earnestly working for the Lord. There is certainly much progress being made, I have seen

marks of it everywhere. Three new churches have been opened in the Punjab since I came out early in 1893, and I myself have witnessed twenty baptisms without going *especially* to see any of them. On the occasion of the Bishop's visitation, forty persons were confirmed at Amritsar, eight of our girls among them. As the outcome of this letter, may I ask you to "give unto the Lord the glory due unto His Name," for "He only doeth wonderful things."

TARN TARAN.—*A Punjabi Lady on an English Tourist.*

The *Times of India* and various other Indian publications have made known that Mrs. Besant has visited many well-known cities of India

during the past winter, for the purpose of lecturing on Theosophy. The *Punjab Mission News* of January 15th publishes a review of a book, *Theosophy Exposed*, in which a sketch is given of Mrs. Besant's life, with an account of her numerous religious changes. Beginning with Christianity, she ends with Hinduism, the tenth creed she has professed. It is interesting to hear how one Hindu lady, at least, regards the compliment a fellow-subject from England has paid to her native form of worship.

Miss Grimwood writes on February 22nd, 1894:—

The other day I was visiting two Hindu ladies in the town, one of whom has lately come from Amritsar to live here, and who therefore considers herself rather "knowing," and more up in the news of the world than the country bumpkins of Tarn Taran. She spoke much and of many things to the admiration of the little *Bibis* sitting by, and presently brought forth the following astonishing news.

"By-the-bye," said she, "there is a wonderful *Mem Sahib* now touring about in India. She eats and drinks nothing but milk, and bread, and fruit, and preaches to *men* in big halls in the cities, and what do you think she says? Why, she tells us to obey the Brahmins, that their's is the true teaching, and we cannot do better than follow them. Moreover, the *Mem Sahib* herself has become a Hindu, and believes in these things. Well! who can take a glass and look into another's heart? But that *Mem must* have a very bad heart; she an English woman, who has had the chance of the Heavenly Birth from the Son of God Himself, to come down to this, and to have nothing better to tell them than to obey the

Brahmins! Surely she cannot know how foolish much of the Brahmin teaching is, nor how greedy and bad they are. Of course the Brahmins are pleased, and praise her, because they will get more gifts, and worship in consequence of her teaching. Well, truly this is *Kal Jag!*"

Kal Jag is in the Hindu religion the fourth, or last and worst, period of the earth's existence, ushering in finally "*Sat Jag*," i.e. the period of truth, when righteousness and blessedness will abound.

I may add this *Bibi* had been visited often by the ladies in Amritsar, and though pronouncing these astonishing remarks in my hearing, was by no means a woman who I should say had herself accepted Christ, yet like many others in this land she looked upon those as most blessed, who had had the opportunity of knowing and confessing such a Saviour as the Son of God without let or hindrance, as there is for seekers after God here.

Surely such women, like the Queen of Sheba, will rise up in condemnation of this generation of sceptics belonging to Christian lands, and will condemn it.

A First Glimpse of St. Mary's Hospital, Tarn Taran.

Miss Currie writes:—

Jan. 5th, 1894.

First I wish you a happy New Year, and next I will tell you something of what I have seen and done since landing at Karachi. I went first to Dera Ghazi Khan (some day I hope to be my station), and then came down to Amritsar and then to Tarn Taran, my present scene of labour.

Imagine a grove of plantains brushing the carriage as one drives up, a long line of stables and out-buildings, and a house with a long, low front, and you have the approach and first sight of St. Mary's. The house is built like a Zenana, with an open court in the

centre and rooms all round, and the reception-rooms are good-sized and comfortable.

Just now the weather is very cold—raining, thundering, lightening, and hailing. The hospital is as unlike an English one as you can imagine. Picture a long, low cowshed, with low beds in it, and you have a fair idea of it. There is of course a dispensary and operating-room, but the rest is most strange to our ideas. However, even dying patients have their beds out in the open, and lie there all day, so the *cowshed* is only used at night.

PESHAWUR.

The Duchess of Connaught Hospital.

Miss Wheeler and I are very anxious to get sheets and quilts for our new beds this autumn: we shall have upwards of fifty beds, and our stock of linen is low. Do you think you could put a *very* inviting appeal into INDIA'S WOMEN, to the working parties, for sixty quilts and sixty pairs of sheets for the new hospital?

I am afraid it is rather late to ask, but there is not much work in either sheets or quilts. We want especially that the quilts shall be *uniform*.

We think navy-blue calico with

a deep border—say eight inches—of Turkey red twill would be very nice.

Each quilt should be three yards in length, and one yard twenty inches in breadth.

Each quilt to be lined to the extreme edge with white. This is most important, as I shall turn it back to serve as a deceptive upper sheet. We only give the patients an underneath sheet. Will you do what you can for us?

MARY L. WHITE.

Gurkhatri, Peshawar City,
Afghanistan.

We make no attempt to add "an inviting appeal." The need of the Duchess of Connaught Hospital is its most powerful plea. But in order to secure suitable and uniform materials, patterns have been chosen, the colours tested by washing, and approved by Miss Mitcheson, who opened

our medical work at Peshawur, and hopes to return to the hospital this autumn, taking with her full qualifications as a lady doctor. These materials are to be obtained from M. H. Rackstraw's Stores, drapery department, Upper Street, Islington. Any orders for materials should be accompanied by a statement that the materials are required for the C.E.Z.M.S. Duchess of Connaught Hospital quilts, Peshawur.

White sheeting, 34 in., $3\frac{3}{4}d.$ per yard; navy-blue cambric, 31 in., $6\frac{3}{4}d.$; red cambric, 31 in., $6\frac{3}{4}d.$

The cost of material for making two quilts would be—

8 yards Blue Cambric at $6\frac{3}{4}d.$ per yard,	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
6 „ Red „ $6\frac{3}{4}d.$ „	4	6
12 „ Calico „ at $3\frac{3}{4}d.$ „	3	$4\frac{1}{2}$
	3	9
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	11	$7\frac{1}{2}$

SOUTH INDIA MISSION.

MASULIPATAM.

Miss Bassoe writes on January 17th, 1894, to a lady who annually dresses fifty dolls for Masulipatam:—

The converts look so bright and happy: we were asked to tea there on Christmas Day, and were regaled with an infinite variety of native cakes and sweets, more or less difficult to swallow. The women had provided everything themselves, and made such nice hostesses in their bright-coloured clothes and pretty silk jackets; the youngest ones had their shining black hair covered with small yellow chrysanthemums. Children are very fond of putting yellow flowers in their hair; on very special occasions they use white jessamine, but it hardly looks as pretty as the yellow.

On Christmas Day we lighted a little Christmas-tree for the benefit of all the inmates of Miss Brandon's

compound: they were told to come down to my house after supper, as I had got something to show them. Very few of them had ever seen a Christmas-tree, and they were thoroughly delighted. But there were presents piled up under the tree—dolls, and balls, and work-boxes, &c.—and as soon as they espied them, they became quite wild with excitement. The five oldest inmates got five of those very nice large dolls you sent us; they were much the best we had of that size, such lovely silk dresses, and all the clothes made to be taken off. Some of the others got smaller dolls or work-baskets, and the children got toys: a Jack-in-the-box proved so terrifying that one of the older women rushed into the next

room and scarcely ventured back again.

Our treat was very enjoyable, and the women and children were so pleased. At last they started one of their pretty lyrics and went homewards singing in the bright moonlight.

There is one thing we want a special supply of every year; I wonder if you would mention it in case anybody asked what to make to send out. The Mohammedans do not, as a rule, care for dolls, so we have to give them furnished bags or work-boxes, but these latter

we get very few of. Pretty *silk* bags are therefore very desirable things, and we always look out eagerly for them in the box. Plain bags, square or oblong, are usually the best, and the goodness of the material is the great thing; silk, satin, velvet, plush, &c. Crazy work is much appreciated. Of course the larger the bag the better, but even small ones are very useful. I thought perhaps some friend might like to make definite things, just as you do the fifty dolls; and if so, ten, fifteen, or twenty bags would be a great boon to us.

ALLEPPEY.—*Growth and Increase.*

Work is growing at this station, where we have hitherto supported one school and one Native teacher. Mrs. Neve sends a report of the C.E.Z.M.S. Hindu Girls' School at Mullakkal, for the year ending December, 1893, which shows that in consequence of the increase in number, it has been necessary to engage an extra assistant teacher. This involved an extra expense which was met by the gifts of friends in England, to whom hearty thanks are given. Mrs. Neve writes on January 27th, 1894:—

There has been a steady increase in the number of children attending school, and I hope we may get still more.

The children are mostly Brahminis and Sudras, daughters of

judges, magistrates, pleaders, and others, occupying influential positions in the Alleppey courts. The First Judge was present at the prize-giving, and made a short speech, thanking us for our work in the school.

CHINA MISSION.

SA-YONG.

Miss Burroughs writes on January 1st, 1894:—

Will it interest you to hear what I have been doing to-day? You know Miss Codrington and I are together at Sa-Yong, Miss M. Newcombe having gone on to Sang-Yong. After

breakfast, I went to a neighbouring house, where were two invalids who had sent to us begging for medicine. One poor woman seemed very ill indeed. Her confidence in me and my re-

medies was most touching, and a little alarming, for I felt very ignorant, and my remedies were of the simplest kind. But then I could pass on her trust to God: as she leant on me, I leant on God; He, at least, had both Almighty Power and Infinite Love.

The people love us, and we love them: as we pass through the streets they call to us, and beg us to turn into their houses and "drink tea," and the little children run after us, and thrust their little dirty hands into ours.

On my return home, I found a man and woman, both waiting for medicines; these were simple cases, and when they were gone, I called my teacher, to read in the room beside Miss Codrington's bedroom, to save her, if I could (as she was not well enough to leave her room), from an invasion of the Chinese. Soon a poor woman came with a bad wound to be bound up; and then others followed, in a steady stream, with various wants, most of which we could supply, and each with the great *heart want*,

whether realising it or not, "W would see Jesus." One o'clock dinner broke in on a busy morning. One woman stayed in the dining-room with me, and tasted some of the "foreign food," with many expressions of wonder.

In the afternoon, others came for medicine, or just to talk, but in spite of interruptions, I secured a couple of hours for reading with my teacher, and then went down to see my sick friends in the neighbouring house, and to bring them more medicine. I wish you could have seen that little group of awe-struck, reverent faces, as I prayed before leaving that God would lay His Healing Hand on the poor sick woman, and grant her a good night's rest.

On my return home, Miss Codrington was better, and we talked by our little wood fire, till tea came, and afterwards spent the time in writing letters. At evening prayers, we have quite a little congregation—our two Christian teachers, our servants, and a band of men from the neighbourhood, who join us.

Notice of a Book.

THE SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AUSTRALIAN BRANCH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND ZENANA MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The writer of this pamphlet has mastered the art of making even a *Report* interesting. He celebrates the Australian Auxiliary's second birthday by a brief summary of what the Church in Australia has accomplished in connexion with our Society. It has sent out ten ladies—Misses Digby, Seymour (now Mrs. Martin Browne), Jenkyn, McComas, Symonds, and Ward to India, and Misses Stevens, Gordon, and Nisbet to China; it also supports two assistant missionaries, Mrs. Chapman and Miss Alice Middleton, at Ellore, whilst Mrs. B. Dowling, an Australian lady, supported by a small circle of friends at Kew, Victoria, has done service at Dummagudem, which Mrs. Cain, also an Australian lady, warmly acknowledges. To the Rev. J. and Mrs. Cain we are under a great obligation. They have made a home for our missionaries at this isolated station since 1885, when Miss Graham went out to minister to the souls and bodies amongst the Gonds.

DAYBREAK WORKERS' UNION EXHIBITION AND SALE.

WE hope our readers will remember the D.W.U. Exhibition and Sale. It will be held at Kensington Town Hall, High Street, on May 31st and June 1st. Full particulars can be obtained from Miss Rose C. McNeile, 145, Portsdown Road, W., so we will only say the programme is very attractive.

The Foreign part will be a Chinese Court, under the direction of the Rev. A. Elwin and the Misses Elwin, of Hang-Chow. The Rev. E. A. Stuart promises to lecture on China, and there will be other lectures and concerts. The Sale includes two stalls for foreign goods, not often obtainable in England, some being unique Burmese articles, kindly given by Lady Aitchison. There will be also pottery and other attractive stalls. The charge for admission will be, May 31st, 3 to 6, 1s.; 6 to 10, 6d.; June 1st, 12 to 6, 6d.; 6 to 10, 3d. D.W.U. members can obtain tickets at 6d. from their Band Secretaries. Special tickets for Bible-classes and Sunday-schools will be supplied by Miss L. C. Janvrin, 41, York Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.

Correspondence.

(The Editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of Correspondents.)

ON THE SUBJECT OF DOLLS.

DEAR EDITOR,—May I make a suggestion with regard to drawing-room meetings? There should be dolls ready for any one to take away and dress while the zeal is excited and desire to help aroused. The cost of the doll might be asked for, and some small sum such as 6d. to be sent with it when dressed. There is often delay and difficulty in obtaining the right sort of doll, and meanwhile interest languishes. The same idea might apply to the large cards for the Painting Mission or other articles. These things should be provided locally, not to burden the Deputation with extra luggage.

Apologising for taking up your space,

Yours, &c.,

M. E. M.

OUR NEW MONTHLY CYCLE OF PRAYER.

AN INTRODUCTION BY THE COMPILER.

It is not easy to balance exactly the advantages respectively of a *monthly* and a *weekly* Cycle of Prayer. In the former the arrangement is mainly *geographical*, in the latter *topical*. In the one case, that is, the work and the workers at a particular station are remembered in prayer on a certain day in the month; in the other, intercession is offered on one day in each week for some special branch of the work: for instance, on one day for Zenana missionaries, on another for Training Institutions, on a third for our Girls' Schools, &c. Many who have been used to the Weekly Cycle prefer to adhere to it, and for their sakes it is still kept in print and can be supplied on application. The Monthly Cycle has been thankfully adopted by many, and certain days of the month have become associated with certain stations. We have been reluctant to disturb this association by a re-arrangement of the Cycle. But after three and a half years, some revision has become a matter of necessity. Owing to the withdrawal of the Society from Japan and from one or two Punjab stations, the days assigned to those places have become vacant, while the development of work in other parts and the opening of new stations required a readjustment. One new feature in the revised Cycle is the more systematic remembrance of our Home workers. We are indebted for the suggestion to some of our missionaries who, in the course of their Deputation tours, were much impressed with the value and importance of the Home work and of the need in which those who help at home, not less than those who labour abroad, stand of the continued "supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ" for holy and fruitful service. It is earnestly hoped that there may be a large demand for the new Monthly Cycle, and that its publication may, by the blessing of God, be the means of reminding us of the privilege and responsibility of being "helpers together by prayer." It is hardly necessary to plead for a diligent study of the records of the work in INDIA'S WOMEN from month to month, that the needs of the work and the names of the workers may be definitely known, and intelligently brought before the Lord in prayer, and that "for the blessing bestowed" on the labourers "by means of many," who pray, "thanks may be given by many on their behalf."

The new Monthly Cycle can be obtained on application to the Secretaries, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.

"You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armour by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails."—*Ruskin*.

NEEDS AND WANTS.

Our Needs.

For the Punjab Mission.

Medical workers are urgently needed for Batala, for Ajnala, for Kashnir, and for Jandiala.

For the South India Mission.

A fully qualified Medical Missionary is needed at once to carry on the work among Mohammedan women at Bangalore begun by Miss Nixon, who left the Mission on her marriage.

Another appeal comes from Bangalore. Miss A. M. Smith, the head of our Mohammedan Mission at this station, has strongly represented the need of a training home in South India for lady missionaries. Contributions will be received for this object by the C.E.Z.M.S. Financial Secretary, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.

We are thankful that sums amounting to 65*l.* have been given in response to this notice.

For the China Mission.

For the past three years two ladies have contributed 70*l.* annually toward the support of one of our missionaries in the Fuh-Kien Province. Though unable to continue to give that amount, they are willing still to be responsible for 20*l.* a year. In response to this appeal a reader has promised 10*l.* a year; we are anxious to guarantee the remaining 40*l.*

We trust that our needs in the Mission-field will always be regarded as subjects for prayer.

Wanted.

Foreign Postage Stamps (except the common Continental and United States) and collections, for which 20 per cent. more than dealers offer will be given. All proceeds to be devoted to the C.E.Z.M.S. Address, I. W., 19, Kensington Crescent, London, W. Please do not send any English, French, or German stamps.

Foreign Postage Stamps.—Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., will be glad of all sorts of foreign postage stamps and old English ninepence ones of past issues—to sell for the benefit of the C.E.Z.M.S.

Back Numbers of INDIA'S WOMEN.—We are much obliged for back numbers of INDIA'S WOMEN, sent in response to our request, to add to our sets of complete volumes. Our need is now supplied.—EDITOR.

Left-off Clothing.—Mrs. Fox, The Grove, Lymm, Cheshire, will be much obliged for cast-off articles of clothing, to alter and renovate for a sale amongst the working classes. Proceeds to be given to the C.E.Z.M.S. Mrs. Fox realised 50*l.* from a sale of this kind last November. (See our last Number, p. 186.) All kind donors are asked to prepay carriage of parcels by L. & N.W. Railway, and to put the sender's name inside the parcel.

Old Copies of the "Times" Newspaper.—The Lady Superintendent of our Society's Home, Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., will be greatly obliged for copies to be used in packing chests for our missionaries.

The Editor's Work Basket.

The time is approaching when the Working Party session closes. May we remind the donors of prizes for India that the cost of transmission abroad is very heavy? If one penny could be sent with each doll, and other presents were paid for at the same rate, all the gifts would be franked.

The following places of business are recommended for buying nankeen dolls by the dozen to be sent to India as prizes in Mission schools and Zenanas: William Farquharson, 17, Brushfield Street, Bishopsgate Street Without, E. (please notice change of address); William Reddan, Old Compton Street, Soho; James Wisbey and Co., 77, 78, 79, Houndsditch. Light-haired dolls are to be avoided, as the Indian women and children think they represent old women, and biscuit china is apt to turn black with the climate. To suit the Oriental taste, dolls should be dressed in the brightest colours; plain white is not acceptable, as it is the dress of the widows.

Materials for Fancy Work.—Mrs. James Peck, Linden House, Eye, Suffolk, has, year by year, kindly supplied needlework, prepared and begun for the pupils of our missionaries in India. Any help in carrying out this valuable undertaking will be gladly received. Canvas and wools are specially in requisition.

Mrs. Morris, The Vicarage, Kirk Michael, Isle of Man, begs to acknowledge, with very grateful thanks, a parcel of beautiful wools from a lady at Brighton, for working into articles to be sent out to Kashmir.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Meetings for praise and prayer will be held (D.V.) at the Society's office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C., on Tuesday, May 8th, at 3.30, and in the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., on Tuesday, May 22nd, at 3.30.

REQUESTS FOR PRAISE.

Miss E. Highton, of Baranagore, asks praise for a widow, H— (mentioned in *INDIA'S WOMEN*, January, 1884, p. 13), who in 1884 came to our missionaries' house asking for baptism, but was forcibly taken away up-country; she is now, after ten years' interval, again under our missionaries' instruction and influence.

Miss Dawe writes on March 15th of the baptism of the wife of the first convert from Shikarpur, which took place on Sunday, February 18th; also of the baptism on February 25th of Horimoni, an inquirer for whom prayer was requested. See our April Number, pp. 162, 188.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

For the widow at Baranagore, mentioned above, that grace and strength may be given her to confess her Saviour openly.

For a Hindu Pundit, who is opposing Christian work at Baranagore.

For a blessing on our Anniversary to be held the first week in May. (See p. 207.)



More Stories from Mother's Note-books.

By LUCY I. TONGE (U. S. O.).

CHAPTER V.—THE ALEXANDRA SCHOOL.

IN the Medical Mission Bungalow there was a nice *doolie** in the verandah, that is a small carriage without wheels, and *kahars*, or men who carry the *doolie*, were at hand. Some missionaries came in, and we had a long talk whether it would be a good plan for me to go and see Miss Clay at her village work in Narowal, thirty or forty miles away. The *doolie* seemed very snug and comfortable; but we all concluded it would be better to stay quietly with Miss Hewlett. A messenger on foot had already been sent to Miss Clay, we might therefore miss one another on the road; and if the *kahars*, who are a tiresome set of men, went too fast, or teased for money, I should be in a great fix, not knowing a word of their language.

It does seem very nice to be really in Amritsar, the place we have read of so often in missionary books; it is just as important a place in the Punjab, as Benares is in Central India.

At breakfast I met the medical students, two Indian girls from the Alexandra School, whose names were Bella and Khero. They live in the house with Miss Hewlett, and are growing very useful in helping in the hospital.

The beautiful Alexandra School was very near, and as Miss Hewlett

* A sketch of Miss Tucker's *doolie*, standing in front of her house, was printed in our Number, p. 147.

had a busy morning with her pupils and patients, it was a good time for me to go over it with Miss Henderson.

Do you remember the visit the Prince of Wales paid to India in 1876, and the pictures there were in the *Graphic* of elephant and tiger hunts, and grand feasts and processions; and then the funny picture of the landing in England, with all the animals that had been given to him in India, hooked up from the hold of the ship, and wrapped in blankets? All this was very interesting, but I will tell you of something better still, one of the very best sights the Prince saw whilst he was in India.

He came on Monday, January 24th, to Amritsar, and went on the wide roof of Mr. Clark's house. In the large space before the house, all the boys from the missionary schools and 200 Native Christians met, whilst the Christian girls and women were allowed to be near the Prince on the roof.

What a grand sight it must have been! every one in his best turban and flowing dress, and what a glad day for dear Mr. Clark, who for nearly twenty-five years has been working and praying in India, that the men and women there may love Jesus! I think it would bring a future day to his mind, when he, and those whom he has helped to win for Jesus, will stand before the King of kings and Lord of lords, and then instead of singing the National Anthem in Urdu (as they did when the Prince came) they will together join in the glad song of praise "to Him Who loved them and washed them from their sins in His own blood."

You will wonder what all this story can possibly have to do with the school: wait a little longer and you will see. The Prince had some presents given to him, Bibles in four of the Indian languages, and an address in a silver casket, and then after many speeches and bowings and hurrahs, he and his nobles went away. The Indians said they should always understand better now who they were praying for when they went to church on Sunday and heard the name of "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales." They had been so pleased to see the Prince, that they wished he would come every year.

The Prince cannot be spared to go to India every year, but the missionaries thought it was a great pity that this happy day should ever be forgotten, so the very day when the Prince got back safely to England, and the guns fired and every one rejoiced, a letter came to the Church Missionary House, a very, very important letter, asking that there might

be a good school built for the Indian girls—something that would make every one remember the happy January 24th, 1876.

The C.M.S. is not rich, but the people there love God, and love India, and love the Queen, so they sent a very nice letter back to Mr. Clark and Mr. Baring, and said—"Yes, you may have the school, and we will help you, and we are very glad that our dear Prince is safe at home; so we send you a thousand pounds to help you to build, and we should like you to call the school 'The Alexandra School,' because that is the name of the Princess of Wales."

You have heard that a thing "well begun is half done," and though many more thousand pounds were needed, God put it into the hearts of people in England and in India to pray and to collect, and golden sovereigns and silver rupees were given.

At last, just after Christmas Day, 1879, Amritsar had another glad day, for the Alexandra School was to be opened to the glory of God, and for the use of the people in the Punjab. There was a great gathering in the large schoolroom, which was decorated with flowers and wreaths, and hung with texts in English and Urdu. What a crowd there was, and how bright the dear children looked from the Orphanage close by, and the twenty-four little girls whom Miss Henderson had brought from Lahore! You can think how curiously all the bright black eyes peeped about, for this grand Alexandra School was to be the new home of these children. Would they not be pleased with the nice large rooms, and all the airiness and cheerfulness?

When the Bishop had ended his prayer, the children joined in singing, "Hush! what words are these? the words of the Lord Jesus, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,' and Jesus laid His hands on them and blessed them." After this there was another prayer that God would let the children in that school live in love and joy, and health and happiness, and that He would bless them in the schoolroom, playground, and house, and watch over every person in it now and for ever, for Christ's sake. Is not this a large and beautiful prayer?

There is room in the Alexandra School for one hundred girls, and when I was there the number was nearly fifty. Most of the girls who go to the school are just such children as would go to a boarding-school in England. There are girls of all ages. The youngest is a dear little body, and when a few weeks ago there was a grand visitor, the Viceroy of India, she was chosen to give him a large bunch of flowers. Although the school is

large, it seems very much like a home; Miss Henderson is very loving and wise, and she and the girls love one another very much. Not long ago some of the girls had small-pox, and she was as kind as a mother to the sick ones, and very much helped Miss Hewlett, who came in and out to doctor and watch them.

You would have liked the bedrooms with the red and white quilts; in some of the rooms there were quilts with texts on them. Many of the girls are members of the Scripture Union, and they often have little Bible-readings and prayer-meetings; they pray about everything. When you read your portion, will you sometimes think of these gentle little Indian sisters all belonging to God's great family, and will you ask Him to bless this school?

I had a slate and reed given to me by Miss Henderson; there is part of a dictation on it, but all in Persian or some language that we cannot understand. The girls, however, do many other lessons, and a book of their English composition was lent to me. The writing and spelling are as good as that of any educated English young lady, and the themes are very sensible and useful; some of the subjects are—warmth, cleanliness of clothing, nursing, common ills and simple remedies, &c., &c.

I saw many of the girls a second time in the evening of the same day, when Miss Hewlett went to give them her fortnightly Bible lesson. It was a particularly nice class, all the girls listened and answered well; and then after prayer Miss Hewlett had little talks, and kissed all round—the Thursday treat. One little mite met her, when she went in, with outstretched arms; she had been ill, and then learned to love kind Miss Hewlett.

We had now to run away from last words, for it was already late, and we were going to meet a missionary party at Mr. Clark's at dinner. He was glad to hear about some of his old friends in England, and it was delightful to be with one who had been long in India, and who was so calm and good and wise as Mr. Clark. He seemed to me a sort of Solomon amongst the fresh missionaries; it is not a Queen of Sheba but Zenana missionaries who come to prove him with hard questions. Again and again it amused me to hear them say, "I wonder what Mr. Clark would think," or "I must ask Mr. Clark and get his advice."

The next pleasure to talking to Mr. Clark was to look at his book of photographs. In his Indian book he has all the best schools, churches, views of cities where missionary work is going on, Native teachers, pastors,

and so on: one of the very best and most interesting missionary lesson could be given from that book.

You will wish to know how we spent the afternoon between the two visits to the Alexandra School. We did and saw a great deal, and you shall hear all about it another day.

(To be continued.)

Prize Competitions.

For prizes offered and conditions of competition, see any of our past Numbers for 1894.

ANSWERS TO MARCH SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

SALVATION.

- (1) Heb. ii. 3. (2) Jude 3. (3) Heb. v. 9. (4) Rom. i. 16. (5) 2 Cor. vii. 10.
(6) 2 Tim. iii. 15. (7) 1 Pet. i. 5. (8) Ps. iii. 8. (9) Jonah ii. 9. (10) Ps. cxix. 155.
(11) 1 Thess. v. 9. (12) 2 Thess. ii. 13.

Answers received from:—

E. B.	M. H.	H. M. L.	M. E. P.
C. M. R. B.	F. H.	L. M.	J. R.
E. M. C.	F. I. (these initials	E. M.	H. S.
M. G. C.	were misprinted in	F. M.	E. S. S.
J. T. D.	March Number,	C. M. M.	C. D. T.
G. M. F.	F. J.)	M. S. N.	A. F. W.
E. O. F.	M. W. J.	L. P.	E. W.
M. G.	E. M. L.	C. M. P.	H. L. W.
L. C. H.	E. L.	G. M. P.	M. C. W.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

'Tis the title of a monarch,
One whose power can ne'er decay;
And who, crowned with endless blessings,
Holds illimitable sway.

- (1) It was said to a woman, "Blessed be the Lord which hath not left thee without"
this,
(2) God tells His people, "Hide thyself until" *this* "be overpast."
(3) Who said, "Now I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel."
(4) To the entrance of what place did descendants of Simeon go "to seek pasture"?
(5) In "the Lord's controversy" with His people He says, "Thou shalt tread the olives,
but thou shalt not anoint thee with" *this*.
(6) The Lord told a prophet, "I will make My words in thy mouth" *this*.
(7) One of the things "God giveth to a man that is good in His sight."
(8) "Whoso loveth" *this* "loveth knowledge."
(9) To whom was it said, "Let my counsel be acceptable."
(10) God says He will make *these* "like a torch of fire in a sheaf."
(11) One who was told after reading a book to throw it into a famous river.

Give all references.

ERRATUM.

We regret that the name of Miss Caroline Kay, mentioned in our April Number, p. 166, as leaving the Society a legacy, was spelt with a C.



VERANDAH, ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, TARN TARAN. (See p. 275.)

M. J. S. B. S.

INDIA'S WOMEN.



"Go Forward." (Exodus xiv. 15.)

BY THE REV. H. E. FOX, M.A., VICAR OF ST. NICHOLAS, DURHAM.



IT was God's trumpet-call to a perplexed leader and a baffled people. It was the command to translate words into deeds, petitions into actions. In all work for the Great King there comes somewhere such an order to His servants. "Go forward" is not so much the contrast to, as the consequence of prayer. Never did the word ring out so clear over the Church as at this moment. *Go forward*, because you have been praying. *Go forward*, because the way lies open. *Go forward*, not indeed to save your own lives, but the souls for whom Christ died. *Go forward*, because all the promises of His Word, all the pledges of His love, all the power of His Spirit, all the strength of His presence, all the leadings of His Providence are calling you to go, and only in going, not in waiting, will they come to be yours. The Church of old overstayed its time in Jerusalem.

The Lord bade His people to tarry till they should be endued with power from on high. No sooner had the power come than the duty to "go" began. It has never ceased, and cannot cease till the whole world has been evangelized. Any experience or exercise, however sacred, which stops the way of this divine exodus must violate the Lord's will and command. Nothing but a new revelation can alter it. Certainly no result brought about by our own selfish or faint hearts. Certainly no interpretation placed by us on reduced income or increased expenditure. Certainly no counsels of human expediency. Million-peopled India calls to us, "Go forward." From countless zenanas and villages and schools the cry echoes, "Go forward." Not least do our own loved workers, breaking down under the high pressure of single-handed work, plead with us at home to "Go forward."

Let such a list of urgent claims as lies before our Secretaries at this moment be the best plea. In North India, Bengal alone demands thirteen fresh workers at the lowest estimate. In the Punjab, Amritsar, Jandiala, Batala, Tarn Taran, Peshawur, Bahrwal, Kashmir, and Dera Ismail Khan—all need reinforcement, for which at least three qualified medical ladies and five others are sorely wanted.

In South India, Masulipatam, Khummamett, and Trichur, and the Kandyan villages in Ceylon make demands of equal urgency. These *must* be supplied, and that at once.

Besides all these places where work is already being carried on, and where often a lonely worker, who ought to be at home taking her much-needed rest, still bravely holds her post, new doors, such as Quetta, are open to us, which before long may be closed. And to meet all these, at present only thirteen recruits can be counted on who will be ready to sail in the autumn.

Will the call come in vain? Will none of England's daughters, rich in home love and luxury, rich in gifts and graces, rich in spiritual privileges and joys, be willing to give themselves and their all to the noblest, happiest work to which Christ ever called His servants, and answer His "Go forward" with His own "Lo! I come to do Thy will, O my God"?

"When thou hast thanked thy God

For every blessing sent,

What time will then remain

For murmurs or lament?"—*Trench.*



Our Anniversary.

MONDAY, April 30th, ushered in a very full week. In our teeming city, days overflowed with engagements, and halls overflowed with people. Of the C.M.S. and other Societies in whose success or difficulties we warmly sympathise, time and space make it impossible for us to speak. Our own Anniversary began on Tuesday afternoon, May 1st, with a modest Committee on Exhibitions. The Conference of Association Secretaries opened on Wednesday morning with a service of Holy Communion, in Christ Church, Highbury, by the kind permission of the Rev. C. H. Banning, when our Clerical Secretary gave an address. The Conference was held in the Manor House, by the invitation of Mrs. Gristock, the Hon. Lady-Superintendent. On Thursday, Ascension Day, at 11 a.m., our Annual Sermon was preached by the Rev. Norman McNeile, in St. James', Paddington, by permission of the Rev. Walter Abbott, and in the afternoon a *Conversazione* took place at the Manor House. Several missionaries met on this occasion from different parts of India, who had not seen each other since they had parted at the Valedictory Meeting in 1887. One of the number remarked that of the ten then sent out for the first time, none was missing from the C.E.Z.M.S. roll. On Friday morning, some of the workers from the provinces met at the Office for conference with the Secretaries. In the afternoon and evening, our Annual Meetings took place. As they are reported in full, we need only express our thankfulness—first to the Giver of all good things, Whose Hand, we believe, was laid in blessing upon

them, then to all who took part. In the afternoon, St. James' large Hall was even better filled than last year. The Evening Meeting was a new experiment, and the attendance at the Polytechnic was so good that we may consider ourselves justified in repeating it. Special thanks are due to the Rev. E. B. Hartley, who played the organ at both meetings and took the direction of the choir, and to the ladies—upwards of one hundred in number—who led the singing.

In addition to our C.E.Z.M.S. Secretaries, the following gentlemen were present at the afternoon meeting: The Right Revs. the Bishop of Lahore and Bishop Stuart; the Revs. Canon Acheson, T. D. Barry, C. H. Bradburn, G. Ensor, W. Gray, H. P. Grubb, J. A. N. Hibbert, W. H. Hollins, J. Ireland Jones, P. Ireland Jones, E. Lombe, R. C. Macdonald, H. Sharpe, G. R. Thornton, F. E. Wigram, F. H. Wood; General Touch, Colonels Channer and Urmston; Messrs. E. M. Anderson, G. Arbuthnot, H. Morris, E. Stock, J. D. Tremlett, &c. A letter regretting his unavoidable absence was received from the Rev. B. Baring-Gould.

Some of these good friends of the Society also supported the Evening Meeting, besides those who took part in it—the Right Rev. Bishop Royston and the Rev. James Consterdine.

MEETING IN ST. JAMES' HALL, PICCADILLY, FRIDAY, MAY 4TH, 1894.

Sir Charles V. Aitchison took the Chair at 2.30 p.m.

After the hymn, "Soldiers of Christ, arise!" had been sung, the Rev. Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot opened the Meeting by prayer.

The Chairman said:—

From whatever point we look at the work of this Society—whether we consider the stupendous price with which the redemption of the world has been purchased, or the eight hundred millions whom the sound of the Gospel has never reached, or the awful solitude and desolation of the souls groping in darkness without a ray of light, or the glorious promises we have of what is to follow the setting up of the Kingdom of Christ; it is one which ought to stir the enthusiasm of Christians. But we

often fail to realise these things. We are an unimaginative people. The heathen are far away from us, their modes of life are unfamiliar, their language is unknown, and the tangible results of our work are small. When the Kingdom of Christ comes, all this will be set right; but we have been told by Himself that that time will not come till His command has been fulfilled, till His Gospel has been preached to all nations. The sooner the world is evangelized, the sooner Christ will come, and the

Kingdom of the Lord and His righteousness prevail. If we had this view more often before us, we should not hear such frequent wails about deficiency of funds and lost opportunities.

Of late years there has undoubtedly been an immense awakening of missionary zeal, and God has blessed the work and enabled us to see something of the results of the self-denying labours of the missionaries. It stirs one's heart to see the crowded and enthusiastic missionary meetings of to-day, and then to remember the little gatherings of four or five praying men with which they began a century ago. Still all we do is very little. Those who are fighting the battle are but the skirmishers of the great army that ought to follow, they are only a drop in the river which ought to flow into God's treasury for the conversion of the world. Sometimes it seems as if we only half believed our Bibles with regard to this matter. If we lived more under the influence of the stupendous sacrifice that Christ has made that the heathen might be reconquered, if we realised the meaning of His last command that they should be re-conquered, we should not rest

while two-thirds of the English people are idle; we should have missionary sermons taking their proper place in every pulpit, missionary prayers at every hearth, and missionary boxes in every home. But whether we believe it or not, the time is surely coming when the nations will throw their idols to the moles and to the bats, when Kali and Krishna will only take their place in mythology, as do Jupiter and other gods of the ancient world. The C.M.S. is now taking up female work, and calling upon societies like the Zenana Society for help. Hindu life, in spite of such dark shadows as infanticide and child widowhood, has its bright side. The love of the mother for her children beautifies the Hindu homes, and we cannot help looking forward in faith to a time when they will be brightened by the love of Christ, and the dark shadows give place to the glorious Gospel of His grace. And if so in India, Asia will soon follow. We know that Buddhism began in India, and spread through China and Thibet. I believe the time is not far distant when from the land of India, Christian truth will in the same way radiate to other heathen lands.

The Report was read by the Clerical Secretary.

The Right Rev. Bishop Stuart, D.D., moved the first Resolution:—

“That the Report now read, together with further details and the Statement of Accounts, be printed and circulated; that the cordial thanks of this Meeting be given to the Rev. Norman F. McNeile, for his sermon preached yesterday on behalf of the Society; that the following ladies form the Committee for the ensuing year:—

Mrs. BANNISTER.
Mrs. BARLOW.
Mrs. H. B. BOSWELL.
Mrs. E. BRODIE HOARE.
Miss DENNY.
Mrs. WILLIAM GRAY.

Mrs. HASELL.
Miss LANG.
Miss LAWRENCE.
Mrs. ROSS LOWIS.
Mrs. ROBERT MACLAGAN.
Mrs. D. J. MCNEILE.

Mrs. PIPER.
Mrs. SHIRREFF.
Mrs. P. V. SMITH.
Mrs. R. TROTTER.
Mrs. J. G. WATSON.
Mrs. R. WILLIAMS.

And that this Meeting devoutly praises God for the faithful labour and holy example of beloved and honoured missionaries who have this year been called to their rest, and sees in their removal a call to earnest prayer for a continually increasing supply of like-minded missionaries, to meet the encouraging and growing demand for Christian teaching."

After reading it, the Bishop said that in moving the Resolution he felt that no words of his were needed to secure its very cordial adoption. With regard to the Report to which they had had the pleasure of listening, it was to his mind full of encouragement. It was not without some dark shadows, but the light greatly outshone the shadows. Then again the cordial thanks of the Meeting were due to the preacher of yesterday for the sermon to which many of them had listened. He had seldom heard a more perspicuous argument, a more convincing and logical conclusion, than that to which the preacher had led us in his lucid discourse. There was a freshness and originality about many of the arguments which had struck him very forcibly. In his twenty-two years' work in India, during which time he had come in contact with all classes of people, he did not know that he had ever before connected the command of our Blessed Lord to go forth and preach to the uttermost parts of the earth, with the women of India, as the preacher did yesterday. The men in India, as the Chairman knew, had long been accessible; but it is the women we need to get at.

When he first went out to India forty-four years ago, with the well-remembered Bishop French, he was present in Calcutta at a huge meeting in the Town Hall, at which the

greater part of the audience consisted of Natives. There was an assemblage of hundreds of Bengalis—young men who had received an English education in a Mission College, who were being examined and received prizes. But what was the condition of the women of their families? Behind and beyond these men of India who were, even then, open to instruction, was that dark mass of 125,000,000 of women who were utterly inaccessible to the male missionary. The ear-gates of the women of India were absolutely closed to us at that period, and only within recent years had they been opened, and it was now the work of this Society to fulfil our Lord's command and to be His witness even to that uttermost part of the earth's population—the women of India.

The Bishop remembered once hearing a remark made by a missionary who had had great experience in India, which he would venture to repeat. Referring to the description of the building of the second temple, mentioned in the Report, he said he often thought of what Scripture said about the younger men rejoicing when they saw the Temple; but the older men wept as they compared it with the superior glory and the vaster dimensions of the Temple which had been destroyed. But with regard to work in India, it was just the reverse. The hearts of younger missionaries

were ready to break and their tears ready to fall because of the magnitude of heathenism; but the older ones, who remembered the state of things when they first went out, were full of joy when they saw the wonders that God had done. He stood before the Meeting that afternoon in this joyful attitude. He remembered when there was no Zenana work going on in India.

He also wished to refer to another point in the Report—he meant the touching reference to Mrs. J. J. Mackenzie. He remembered well when she first established the Normal School at Calcutta, which for a long time formed so considerable a part of the work of this Society, which had now grown to its present large dimensions. He remembered the school well; it was instituted with, he might almost say, a prophetic foresight, at any rate with an insight into the social conditions of the women of India, which led that lady to believe that the time would come when there would be a demand for well-trained female teachers. There was then no demand, or the very shadow of a demand, but the opening gradually extended and grew, and in the lifetime of this one lady, the work had grown so much that this one Society now employed no fewer than 161 English ladies in India, Ceylon, and China, besides those trained in the Foreign Field. There was growth!

But it was not only in the number of workers employed that we could see progress: it was in the wonderful new openings to the work—the yearly, daily

openings. Six years ago, when he had had the privilege of preaching the annual sermon for this Society, he remembered that the number of the missionaries was 100—they had increased within his recollection from 1 to 100. Since that time they had again increased nearly two-thirds. He had no doubt that the Chairman shared his opinion as to the demand for Native assistants in the work. India must be won for Christ by her own sons and daughters. But in the present comparatively initial state of things, we have need of English heads and English hearts, and therefore he said to many in the audience: "Is the call not to you, if Providence opens the door?"

As they had heard yesterday, there were two qualifications needed for the work, a personal knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, and a heart willing to yield with absolute submission to the power of the Holy Ghost. For any one with these qualifications there was a field in India. It would be the happy privilege of such an one to take these daughters of India to her very heart, to make them share with her the blessed, happy experiences of a Christian, and to tell them of a Saviour Who was theirs as well as hers. The work would be twice blessed—in her who gave, and in those who received. And wondrous were the openings. When one thought of those waiting millions of women in India, and compared the number of missionaries, the question arose: What are these among so many? What are

they indeed? But the same Lord who blessed the tiny supply of bread to the hungry multitudes, could and would make use of His own servants. The world might mock and say the supply was utterly inadequate, but the Lord would magnify His own strength in their weakness. Therefore we abated not one jot of heart or hope.

Sir Donald McLeod, late Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab, had said that, in his opinion, Missionary Societies had confined their work too much to the towns and cities, and had not gone enough among the peasantry. He believed he was correct in

saying that the C.M.S. does more village work now, and the leaders in that work had been the ladies sent out by the C.E.Z.M.S. Much remained to be done; he supposed that the meaning and the special object of the Society's Annual Meeting was to try to give us a further inspiration with regard to the work yet to be done, and he thought the Master's words might come home to us all: "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the Harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His vineyard."

The Rev. E. N. Thwaites, Rector of Fisherton, Salisbury, then seconded the Resolution.

He said he was glad the Committee had asked him to say a few words, although he was not on the Committee, and in his recent visit to India his object had not been to visit the Zenana work at all; but he had heard on every hand of the blessed and glorious work that was being done by this Zenana Society. The question might be asked, What is the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society? What is its object? It meant that by the agency of women the Gospel of the grace of God was to be preached to every woman and child in India, and a nobler work there could not be. For this purpose there were four special means used. First, the visiting by the Society's ladies of the women in the rich houses, and the reading to them of the Bible. The Gospel could only be preached to them by these ladies, for the male missionary could

not enter these houses. Secondly, the agency of Native Bible-women, who could go among their own country-women, speaking their own language, and read to the lower classes of women from the Bible. Thirdly, the schools. Fourthly, an agency which seems to be greatly blessed, the Medical Mission, which cures women of their diseases, and teaches, both in word and deed, of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. There were many rich houses in India where, in spite of the fact of there being no female servants, there were scores of women—wives of Rajahs, for instance, and wives of his brothers and sons—and these women could be got at only by their own sex. In one such house there were eighty women. One C.E.Z.M.S. lady used her three months' holiday in Kashmir by visiting a house belonging to a gentleman holding a

high position in the Indian Government. At the end of that time, he said to her, "Take my daughter away with you, and teach her in your school."

"But if I do that we shall try to make her a Christian," was the reply.

"I am quite aware of that," replied the father; "and if, of her own accord, she wishes to become a Christian, I shall be glad."

The schools were most interesting. Many of the children were anxious to become Christians, and were often only prevented from being baptized by their parents. One drunken father came to the school and said he was going to take his child away, for fear she should become a Christian. But the little girl stood up and looked at her father, and said, "Father, I *am* a Christian already. What do you say to that?"

Mr. Thwaites had asked some of the girls if they had a message to send to the people of England. One of them said, "Tell the people of England that we love the same Jesus that they do." Another said, "Ask the people in England to pray for us." Another said, "Thank them for the dolls and prizes they send us."

It seemed to him that we had only just begun to touch the fringe of this great work, and what we needed was recruits. If England were to go to war with a foreign State, and were to

call for more soldiers, the War Office would be besieged with a crowd of eager applicants for the honour of fighting for their country. He stood there as a recruiting-officer for the King of kings. Would not some among the audience go forth to fight the Lord's battles? There could be no spiritual health in a heart that was indifferent to missionary work. We were sometimes told that we had plenty of heathen at home. That, alas! was true; but there were a great many more heathen abroad, to whom it was our distinct duty to preach the Gospel. If the disciples had all stayed in Jerusalem till every one there was converted, they would simply have strangled Christianity. The word was "Go forth," and it is the same word to us now. There are open doors, but there are not enough recruits. It was not only young women who were wanted. Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.) was fifty-four when she went out. Was there not some other lady of fifty-four in St. James' Hall that day who would follow her example? Would not someone like to support a school? It could be done for only 5*l.* a year; or 10*l.* would supply a Bible-woman. Or would someone give 100*l.* for this great and glorious work of sending the Gospel of the grace of God to their sisters in India? He prayed God to lead them to a right decision.

Miss Hessie Newcombe then moved the second Resolution:—

"That this Meeting, having regard to the present extraordinary openings for the Gospel among the women of India and China, and to the command and boundless resources of Him, to Whom all authority in heaven and earth is given, fully recognises that the Committee is called and encouraged to avow and maintain a courageous forward

policy ; and welcomes the suggestion that such full and definite information be regularly furnished through the Society's periodicals, concerning the labourers who are needed for the strengthening and extension of the work as may supply subjects for expectant prayer, and may, by God's grace, call forth more offers of personal service and increased gifts of substance."

She said :—

There were two facts to be noticed in this Resolution ; the first, that God was blessing the work of the Society, and the second was our personal duty in view of that fact. One verse, she thought, embodied these two ideas : " Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain ; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field." We needed the latter rain of a special Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Ghost. She wished in a few words to show how God was fulfilling this promise in China. She would like to take her hearers to the province of Fuh-Kien, and show how in the last few years God had been giving a very special outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Only this very spring, in one of our churches, we had eighty-seven baptisms ; and that did not by any means represent all those in the district who had lately become Christians, for many were unable to come down to the city, and had to be baptized in their own stations. She mentioned the names of several different villages where, when she went out in 1888, there was not a single Christian, but where they might now be found in considerable numbers. In the north-west of the province, for which so many had been specially praying, when she first went there, four years ago, there was not a missionary who knew a word of the language. The

north-west of the province was larger than two or three English counties. They had heard of the troubles at Ching-ho, and of how the missionaries had been turned out, and it seemed at the time as if the Devil had gained the victory. But God knew how to change our defeats into victories. Our lady missionaries were obliged to go up to the mountains, where they stayed for about three months ; and before they left this place, to which the riots had driven them, twenty families had destroyed their idols and given in their names for baptism. One among them was making money as a seller of opium, which is a very remunerative trade ; but when he became a Christian he gave up his opium-shop for the sake of the Lord Jesus. How many in England would make such a sacrifice as that for the Lord's sake ? He is now earning a labourious and scanty livelihood as a load-bearer.

" You ask," she said, " Are all the places in our province like this ? I answer, No ; we know what it is to have places that once were blest, but that now are dead. We have found the truth of what Bishop Hill told us, in that memorable address at Keswick, which will live in the hearts of all who heard it. He said if we never knew before what it was to sorrow for the sins of others, we should learn it when we went out to the heathen. But

'ask ye of the Lord rain, and He shall send showers of rain.'"

Miss Newcombe then spoke of the work of the Bible-women, and gave an instance of one, who, on being asked to go up into the north-west, a distance of four days' journey, to help the missionaries there, consented to go, although this meant leaving her old mother aged eighty years. She asked her mother to decide for her, and the mother said, "If the Lord says to you, Go, go, and He will take care of me. I have no other daughter to look after me or to close my eyes in death; but God will take care of me, and the Christians will take care of me." How many English mothers would say that? How many of them were saying that now? This Bible-woman was laughed at for going to teach in a place where she did not know the language, but she said, "The Holy Ghost gave the language to the Apostles, and He will give it to me." In three months she was able to speak to the people, and she has been a veritable inspiration to her fellow-workers. Another Bible-woman, who

was said to be utterly incapable and useless, has been brought by the power of the Holy Ghost to be one of the best and most influential workers. The question might be asked, Are all the Bible-women like these? No; these were two of the brightest examples; but did not the verse come in again, "Ask ye of the Lord rain"? Miss Newcombe pleaded with the home-workers to seek to be themselves filled with the Holy Spirit, that they in their turn might be made channels of blessings to the missionaries at home on furlough. She said, "We all come home hungry for more of God—and upon the spiritual condition of the home-workers depends the blessing on the missionaries, the Native teachers, the Christians, and the heathen." She concluded by an appeal for more workers, and quoted a verse written for *INDIA'S WOMEN* and printed in Vol. VI., p. 219, by a lady now on the roll of missionaries:—

"Will you not offer yourself to-day
While it costs you something to give?
A priceless gift may never be yours
To offer again while you live."

The Rev. Rowland Bateman seconded the Resolution.

He said he had come to the meeting that afternoon under a misapprehension. He thought he had been asked to help those who could not help themselves; but he believed that long ere this, the audience would have seen that such a reason was no reason at all. The ladies were very well able to help themselves, if by helping themselves was understood the power to give such

an able and interesting account of the work being done as that to which they had just listened. They had all understood from the lady who had just sat down how real was the interest which called them out to work in the vineyard. He hoped many had registered their intention of taking a more courageous forward policy in the matter in future. If we felt that our Lord calls us to work for Him for eternity, if it is

true that He is with us to the end of the ages, surely Forward, and Forward in Courage must be our policy; for it was the only way we could declare His truth. We had already ample opportunity of learning that the Lord's work in foreign lands was only beginning, so we should go forward continually and pray for fresh and increasing ability for the work.

In his part of the world, which was well away from cities, he had felt very sorely in past years the need of lady workers. He felt it with his first Mohammedan inquirer. From the roof of the house where he slept he heard him one night in the yard below repeating over and over the verse of Scripture which he had given him for the day's lesson, and then he heard a woman's voice echoing what the man had said, a woman whose very existence it would have been a breach of good manners for him to recognise. Etiquette forbade him to inquire after the wife, and scarcely after a man's "baggage," though that would be more in accordance with custom. What could he do? He had no access to the women, and even when they called their little boys away from him in the street, saying, "Here comes the Devil," he could do nothing, he must not even appear to see them. He had longed for lady helpers, but had not had courage to ask them to come to such a place, knowing the dangers of the climate, knowing what it was himself to be ill and unable to get himself to a doctor, or a doctor to him. One of the ladies of the Society in the Punjab, Miss Clay, offered

to open Zenana work in Narowal twelve years ago. He replied, "No, I won't have you." He had not the courage to be responsible for a lady living under so much discomfort. He had to return to England on furlough, and immediately his back was turned that lady bought land, built a mission-house, established a station, and there she was when he got back! He did not turn her out; no, he was only too thankful to God for having sent her. He then quoted from a letter received from Miss Reuther, C.E.Z.M.S. missionary at Narowal, and daughter of a well-known C.M.S. missionary. She said, "I don't know what we are to do without help," and a little further on, "There is no news of help yet." Miss Reuther was no chicken-hearted person calling for help where it was not needed. Her demand was something that they would do well to listen to, for she was one who, when she cried for help, cried with good cause, and with a right to do so. He urged the meeting solemnly to consider the work of these self-denying labourers. To see them at work was to see the spirit which the Society desired for its workers.

He wished to express his gratitude to God for what He had done through these ladies. Many hearers, no doubt, had often wondered at Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.), and had wished to hear how she had laboured at Batala, in the heat and the cold. He knew because he had seen her, and the sight was an inspiration to other workers. They had heard just now what had happened when a lady who did not

know the language had gone to speak to the Chinese. When Miss Tucker could hardly speak to the Punjabis in their own tongue, people could learn from her if they could watch her face during service as she sang in Hindustani, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." She lived in close contact with her Saviour, and no one who saw her and witnessed

her life continually could help feeling that they were brought nearer heaven while she was on earth. "With instances such as this before us," he added, "we need only study the lives of such workers as you *have had* and *still have*, and to ask God to give us grace to follow the examples of those who had gone to their rest—grace to be like them."

The Bishop then closed the Meeting with the Benediction.

OUR EVENING MEETING AT THE POLYTECHNIC, MAY 4TH.

The Right Rev. Bishop Royston, D.D., took the Chair at 7.30. A hymn was sung, and the Rev. James Consterdine, Vicar of Little Heath, opened with prayer.

The Clerical Secretary, the Rev. G. Tonge, gave a short account of the leading facts of the Society's work during the past year, and of its present needs. During 1893-4, twenty-two new workers had been sent out, thirteen of whom had had the advantage of being trained at The Willows, and four had had their missionary qualifications tested at the New Missionary Home in Dublin. He mentioned that a ladies' auxiliary had just been formed in connexion with the Dublin University Fuh-Kien Mission, an arrangement which he hoped would still further increase the number of workers from Ireland in China. Six new ladies had gone to China, raising the total number of workers in the Fuh-Kien Province to twenty-seven; but the larger number of the new workers have been distributed among

the Indian Missions, Bengal receiving three, the Punjab and Sindh six, South India five, Travancore and Cochin two; but Mr. Tonge begged the Meeting to remember that from the number of workers must be deducted some who, from ill-health, had been obliged to retire, and that, therefore, the gain in workers was not a net one. Three, too, had been promoted to the higher service of God—Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.) from the Punjab, Miss Pinniger from North India, Miss Wallinger from South India.

In the way of advance, a Training Home for Assistant-Missionaries had been started at Baranagore, and had made a hopeful beginning with seven pupils; Miss Wauton hoped to develop a similar Home at Amritsar. A hospital is in process of erection at Bangalore, and the new Duchess of

Connaught Hospital at Peshawar is also proceeding. As regards money, the Capital Fund had been completed and duly invested during the year, and the interest of it will more than cover the interest that must be paid from time to time for advances from the bank. As to Receipts and Expenditure, the authorities were sorry to say that this year the increased expenditure had not been met with a corresponding increase in income. The whole receipts of the year had been 30,559*l.*, or about 94*8*%. less than last year, while 33,241*l.*, had been spent, or 2927*1*%. more than last year; the credit balance had therefore been absorbed, and the year closed with a deficit of 846*l.*, which a special effort was being made to clear off; but the Society wanted a permanent increase in its income of at least 3000*l.*, to enable it to carry on the present work. Mr. Tonge had one piece of very good news for the Meeting: the Society had, on that morning, received a legacy of 1000*l.*

As to the needs of the work: the Bengal Mission required at least thirteen new workers this year, to meet the immediate exigencies of the work. In the Punjab, at Batala, where A.L.O.E. laboured and prayed for eighteen years, there was only a young missionary of not three years' experience in charge, and a Native medical lady caring for the medical part of the work. At Jandiala, the lady in charge, whose furlough is overdue,

is remaining for another year, simply because there is no one to carry on the work; one missionary from Jandiala, now on furlough, offered to go back, but the Committee felt that it was not right to allow her time of rest to be curtailed. Srinagar needs reinforcements; the medical work was closed for want of a qualified missionary. At Peshawar, there were seven ladies on the list, but now only three on the spot—one solely responsible for the Zenana work, Dr. Charlotte Wheeler for the medical work, with the help of Miss White, who only went out last autumn. Mr. Tonge mentioned these instances to show the great need for an increased staff of workers, and ended his *résumé* of the Report by saying, "The harvest is great, the labourers are few. Oh, let us pray the Lord of the Harvest that He will send forth labourers—of His own choosing, of His own preparing—into His Harvest, to gather souls into the Kingdom of His dear Son."

The Chairman said that he felt that we were met together in an interesting and important cause, and remarked upon the increased attention that had been called to missionary work—and especially to the missionary work of women—during the last few years. He earnestly begged every one to give their best to the Mission work, but would not make a long speech, as Mrs. H. C. Knox and Miss Mitcheson were going to give accounts of their own practical work.

Mrs. H. C. Knox, who formerly, as Miss Davies, worked at Foochow under the C.E.Z.M.S., said:—

I want, to-night, to take you to one of the southern coast provinces of China, to remind you a little of China's needs, and then to tell you of what we are doing in that vast heathen Empire. When working there I used often to think, "If I could only go home and tell people of the awful needs of China—tell them what we missionaries are seeing day by day, of the wasted lives, the sad homes, and awful death-beds of these poor Chinese women, surely some more would come out!" If you could only see for yourselves the crowded streets of this thickly populated district of China, surely you would go to them, and you would find many waiting and willing to hear the message of salvation. May I remind you that in China we have a quarter of the population of the whole world, and that there are millions to whom the name of Jesus Christ is utterly unknown? Perhaps as you are going along the road, you meet a little band of Native women, and you begin to talk to them about God; they ask you, "Who is God?" You talk to them about Jesus Christ; they say, "Who is Jesus Christ?"—they have never even heard His name. Do you know that some 1400 souls in China alone are passing out of time into eternity every hour? Just think of it—think of the thousands of precious souls that will have passed beyond our reach to-night!

I want to tell you a little of what the ladies of the C.E.Z.M.S. are doing. The work was started in 1884; in 1887 there were two ladies working in Foo-chow; in 1888 there were four of us;

and in 1891 we had our first lady from Australia in connexion with this Society—Miss Nisbet—who is in charge of the Foundling work. We did indeed thank God when she joined us, and now, as you have heard this evening, we have twenty-seven ladies and seven stations. We thank God most heartily for what He has done, and we are now looking up to Him, and expecting Him to send more; there is need for many more; there are still villages, towns, and cities, where the women are waiting for the Gospel.

I want, very briefly, to draw your attention to the different kinds of work that we are doing. First, there is the most interesting work among the ladies, which this Society was able to begin through Mrs. Ahok, the Chinese lady who visited England a few years ago. In China they are very much secluded, and the only way that they can ever hear the Gospel is for women to go into their houses and tell them the wonderful story; we have an entrance now into some of the most important houses in Foochow. If you could only see the wasted lives of these higher-class women! I shall never forget a few days I once spent in a mandarin's house; the ladies gossip, smoke, drink tea, and embroider shoes, and do literally nothing else. I asked these ladies how long it was since they had been outside their door. Some said five or six months, some even longer. They are frittering away their time day by day in this hopeless way, knowing nothing of the Lord Jesus. But now, thank God, in many of these

houses our ladies are welcomed, and tell them of the Lord Jesus. Will you pray for these poor Chinese ladies to-night, as you think of them, their lives an awful blank, their future, as far as they can see, only dark despair.

I remember that one day, in talking to them I used the word "see," which is the word for death; Mrs. Ahok, who was with me, begged me not to use it again; when I asked, "Why not?" she said, "Oh, they don't like to think of death, it is so dark to them; they know nothing of Jesus Christ, and they don't like to be reminded of the future."

When we look into our future, we know that we shall see our Saviour face to face, that we shall exchange service here, for service in the presence of the King. We know at the present time the joy of daily communion with the Lord Jesus Christ and of serving Him. Contrast our lives with theirs! May I give you one verse? "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to *every* creature." These Chinese ladies are waiting for women to go out and tell them of Jesus Christ; and not only waiting, but day by day, and hour by hour, they are passing away into eternity, and they have never even heard the good news of salvation.

Then there is the deeply interesting work in the villages. You go from village to village, and in almost every one you get a hearty welcome from the women; they bring you out tea, and you sit on forms outside the houses, and then you have a grand opportunity for talking to them and telling them of Jesus. I remember

visiting one village in the mountains on a very hot day with the Christian Bible-woman. We wanted to rest a little, and went to the inn; and while they were getting us food, the people came to look at the foreign ladies, and by the time we had had some rice and tea, almost the whole population was in front of the door. I took out my concertina and sang "Jesus loves me." Then we asked them if they would like to hear about Jesus, and we tried to tell them simply and plainly about His life, and how He loved them; and the Bible-woman told them how she had once prayed to idols, and had been in darkness, but that now everything was changed, for she knew Jesus, and had learned to trust Him, and it had made her life very different. These people listened attentively, it was utterly new to them—a God Who loved them, a Saviour Who had died for them! Crowds of people came down the street with us and cried, "Come again, come again, and tell us more of Jesus."

There are hundreds and thousands of villages where the people have never heard the Gospel preached. The saddest thing I ever saw in my life was the first Chinese death-bed at which I was present. We were told at a village that someone was dying. We went into the room. I could not speak the language, but I could pray, that is one thing we can all do, and my Chinese friend began to talk to the woman; but she was too far gone to understand, and we saw her pass from time into eternity, never having heard of Christ. This is hap-

pening day by day, nay, hour by hour in China, while many in England are sitting with folded hands. If you know the joy of knowing Christ yourself, won't you ask Him to use you in winning these precious souls to Himself?

Then there are the Christian women to be taught. I shall never forget the first time I went on a tour in the Christian villages: in some there was a little chapel and a catechist, and we gathered the women around us; but we were saddened when we asked them questions, for we found that they scarcely knew enough of Jesus Christ to pass on the message to others: they could not read, they only knew a little. We do want more Christian ladies to go into the villages and teach the Christian women more.

Another work is the training of our Bible-women. We get the women from the villages and we train them for a year or two, then we take them with us from village to village and show them how to work, and tell them that they must not only tell people about Jesus Christ, but must live Christlike lives themselves, that they must be witnesses for Him in the midst of the awful darkness around. God is working in our schools. When I first had a class in a school, I used to go over the same lesson every day for a week—the difficulty of making the women understand was so great; but when they had been with us a few months, their very faces changed, and now if you could go to the Saturday night prayer-meeting in the Foochow school, and hear some of these women

pray, you would thank God for the work that is going on. The work among the children is the most hopeful of all. If you went into the girls' school and asked them questions, and heard their answers, and their hymns, and their prayers for themselves and for their heathen friends and relations—if you heard them asking God that they might be used in winning others to Himself, that they might be witnesses for Jesus Christ,—you would begin to realise that work was being done.

I want to leave with you to-night one special message, a verse from Acts xxii., "What shall I do, Lord?" Oh, as you hear to-night of the awful needs of China, India, and other heathen lands, as you think of your own life, as you think of eternity to be spent in the presence of the King, and of the little while till He comes, will you not ask, "What shall I do, Lord?" Take another verse, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." May the response grow in your hearts, "Thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint." Is God saying to any one to-night, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature"? Every other missionary will bear me out in saying that a missionary's is a happy life, that it is a glorious privilege to go to these heathen people and tell them of Jesus Christ, if it is only for the opportunity one has of praying for them, living among them, and winning them to Jesus. If any in the room feel drawn to go, may Christ's command ring in their hearts, "Go ye." One thing He is asking us all—to pray. I

would ask you to-night to pray for these sisters of ours who are living without Jesus Christ, and for those who are living for Christ in the midst of difficulties and temptations and dangers, of which those at home know little; plead with the Master to fill

them with His Holy Spirit. It has been such a help to me, when I have been cast down and disheartened, to remember that Christians at home were praying for me. And do pray that the "Lord of the Harvest will send forth labourers into His Harvest."

Miss Mitcheson, of the Duchess of Connaught Hospital, Peshawur, said:—

It seems to me that God has a special message for us to-night, for the very thoughts that were in my heart to say to you this evening have already been brought out twice. When I asked, "What shall I say, Lord?" the verse came straight to me at once, "And He sent them forth to preach the Kingdom of God, and to heal the sick." Whether medical missionaries or not, we all have the double work of healing and preaching. But there is no power equal to that of coming to the suffering and dying; whilst we try to do something for the body, the heart is opened to receive teaching.

Peshawur, the station where I have worked, is a large city of about 80,000 souls. Four years ago, it was surrounded by high walls with sixteen gates which were closed after night-fall; but now these walls are being taken down, and the city may spread out into the surrounding district, and one does not know where it will stop; for here, close to the entrance of Afghanistan, we get all kinds of people, Afghans, Hindus, Persians, Sikhs, and Mohammedans. People of these and other nationalities come into Peshawur a week through the Khyber Pass caravans for the purpose of trading;

sometimes they remain for a long, sometimes for a short period, and there is really more work amongst them than we can get through. The Peshawur Mission was founded in 1853 by the civil and military officers stationed there; and in 1882, our first worker from this Society went out, Miss Norman, daughter of Sir Henry Norman, one of these officers. The following year I joined her, after a short medical training. We soon found that the women of Peshawur and the district really cared for our treatment; their custom forbids their being attended by men. They came to us from long distances; one woman who lived in Khorassan, travelled for seven days to see me: she seemed to be dying. I saw that an operation was necessary, and begged her to let me send for the surgeon. She answered, "No, I would rather die," and begged me to help her. I did what was necessary, and she stayed with us for some time, and recovered. I talked with her every day of Christ. Since she returned to her own country, cured, she has sent many of her countrywomen to us; they all tell me that she remembers me. Pray that she may remember, and

tell others what I told her of Christ.

At first we had no hospital, only one small dispensary, for the women came to us very rarely, as they were so afraid of getting a bad name. They are supposed to be concealed behind the *purdah* (this word is the Persian for veil or curtain). A few of them are pleased to hear about Christ; but the men are afraid to allow them, for they think that, against their will, they will be drawn to Him and become Christians. We know that all power is given unto Christ, and we know that they are being drawn to Him.

In 1886, our hospital was opened. We had only six beds, for we were afraid the women would not venture into a Christian hospital. However, they soon gained courage, and came in until we did not know where to put the patients, and in two years we had to double the number of beds. When I left Peshawur there were fifteen; now they have between twenty and thirty, and on April 10th, the foundation-stone of the new hospital was laid, and we shall have forty to fifty beds.

There is nothing like a hospital for Mission work; it is the prepared ground for teaching, whilst giving the patients nursing and attention. They wonder why we go as missionaries, for they have a great idea that no one should leave their home; they think that we must be destitute of friends. They have asked me, "Have you a father and mother?" When I say, "Yes," they ask, "How can you be so heart-

less as to leave them?" My answer to their inquiries always is, "We are ambassadors for Christ . . . we beseech you in Christ's Name be reconciled to God;" then they seem to understand why we come—why we love them.

Lately two patients who have left the hospital have desired baptism. One of these was a young girl, a leper. She was neglected; her mother did not care for her, and at last she was taken to the hospital, where with the nourishing food, and care and attention, she soon improved. She was with us a year, and by degrees she began to love the Lord Jesus, and used to tell the other patients about Him; but when her mother saw that she wanted to become a Christian she took her away. The girl begged us not to let her go, and said her relations would kill her if they had possession of her. Of course, this is possible; but we were told that we had no right to keep her, as she was not of age, and had better let her go. I want you to pray for this girl; her name is Janima. She said, "I shall not forget what I have heard about Christ;" but she is only a babe in Christ, she has only just received Him into her heart. I want you to ask that she may be protected in body and soul, that she may be a missionary to her people. The other girl is now under preparation for baptism; will you pray for her too?

In Peshawur, there is now only Miss Phillips to do the Zenana work; Miss Robertson, who has been called home, and cannot return for the

present at least, is most anxious someone should go out in her place. "The harvest is plenteous, the labourers are few." There have been one or two converts amongst the men. One young man came to Miss Smith and said he wanted to hear of Christ, he had been reading and he wanted to know more; he became a Christian after much hesitation, and was bold and brave for his Master.

Miss Phillips went on a tour in the Valley of Torbella, where there are eleven villages; in one day she went to three of these—at the first the *Khan*, the chief man of the village, allowed

her to go to his house, and she spoke to a number of women there for three consecutive hours, and they wanted her to go on. At another village the *Khan* remained present the whole time she was speaking. There is plenty of work: is there no one here who realises that our Lord Jesus has bidden her "Go"? If to-day our gracious Queen were to say to a father or a mother, "Let your son or your daughter do so-and-so," would they not think it was a great honour, and hasten to serve her? How much greater is the honour when the King of kings and Lord of lords calls for our service!

The Rev. P. Ireland Jones, our Corresponding Secretary in Bengal, said:—

At this late hour, and after the interesting addresses to which we have listened, I am reluctant to detain you here longer. I shall try to speak, watch in hand, and not keep you beyond five or six minutes. Let us seek to remember what we have already heard. We thankfully know from the Word of God that woman's work has Divine sanction and approval. In the Life of our Blessed Lord, Bishop Westcott has bidden us study His work on behalf of women. (*Commentary* on St. John, ch. iv.) We remember what St. Matthew tells us of those "women who followed Jesus, ministering unto Him." And such there are still, many of them, in the ranks of your missionaries. So too, in the Acts of the Apostles and his Epistles, we read of St. Paul's work on behalf of women. (See Acts xvi.

14, xvii. 4, 12, 34; Romans xvi.: Phil. iv. 2, 3.) And yet our Lord, and St. Paul also, must have known the prayer, still used in the daily service of the synagogue, "Blessed be Thou, O God, Lord of the Universe, Who hast not made me a woman"! But St. Paul following our Lord knew what was the need and blessing of such work.

You have heard to-night and this afternoon some missionary lady workers. But we have seen them at their work, as many of you have not been able to do. You have often seen a regiment of English soldiers, marching down Regent Street, in all their scarlet uniforms, and white accoutrements; have seen the well-burnished brass of the band instruments, a gallant sight! But we see the same men in their khakee

uniforms, and brown leather accoutrements, in the heat and dust of an Indian cantonment, or passing up to the front for a campaign on the frontier, ready for action. So you see the missionaries on full-dress parade at our annual meetings; we have seen them at the front, in the dust and heat of Indian town and village life, with sun-helmets and big white umbrellas, busy at their blessed work on behalf of India's women and children. And this is a work which only women can do. It was old Dr. Chalmers who used to say (how he made his calculation, I don't know) that in all benevolent work, one woman was equal to seven and a half men! Certainly in India, women have access where men could never hope to enter.

What are Indian women like? I think it is fair to say that they are patient, industrious (specially the poorer women, the rich less industrious than the Chinese ladies of whom Mrs. Knox has spoken), devoted to their children, devoted to their religion, and often despotic. Keshub Chunder Sen used to say of them, "Man is a noun, regular or irregular, in the objective case governed by the verb woman"! And he was right, as many a Hindu would testify. To these Indian homes, our missionaries come. What for? Here in my hand is a book, *Mothers and Sons*, by the Hon. E. Lyttleton, Headmaster of Haileybury. Such a book would be practically unintelligible to Hindu mothers—I mean the counsel he gives as to what a mother may do for her children. They do not know what true mother-

hood is, what a wife, a woman may be in her home.

There is a quaint saying of an old writer, speaking of woman's companionship with man in the high estate of primæval purity. "Whence was woman taken?" he asks. "Not from man's head, lest she should top him; not from his feet, lest he should trample on her; but from his side, for she is equal unto him; from under his arm, that he may protect her; from near his heart, that there may be mutual affection and reverence." Is this so in India? Hear Manu, the Indian lawgiver, whose words are familiar to many Hindus: "We may trust deadly poison, a swollen river, a hurricane, the large, fierce elephant, the tiger come from his prey, the angels of death, a thief, a savage, a murderer, *but a woman, never.*" She is destined for no higher service than to minister to man's necessities; in the homes of the rich, to be a splendid toy, and in the homes of the poor, a menial drudge. It was at one of your Annual Meetings that Sir M. Monier-Williams quoted Archbishop Trench's familiar words, speaking of *Mother and Home*:—

"There are but given
Two words of sweeter note, Father and
Heaven."

I very respectfully venture to differ from the Archbishop. I believe Mother is, if possible, sweeter than either word, though Father is so sweet. For with a good many of us, should we ever have thought of heaven or of our Heavenly Father, but for what the Mother was, and what she taught us?

In the most cases the father is much away from home, and the training of the children is left to the mother, or to nobody. And if by God's grace the women of India can become true mothers and wives, with faith in Christ, their influence for good in many homes cannot be over-estimated.

But I am transgressing my time limit. I would venture to take my parable from the electric-light lamps which are making this hall so bright this evening. There are the lights before us doing their work, in shining, clear and bright. But what enables them thus to shine? Somewhere, we cannot see it, but somewhere hidden away and busily at work, is the machinery, the dynamos, which generate the currents which give us the light here. And that machinery, too, needs the energy of steam, so that it may do its work. You can understand my parable. "The lights in the world, holding forth the Word of Life," are in the foreign field. And they need your home organisation, your 9, Salisbury Square, your work going on in the Central Association Secretary's department, your Home Committee, Association Secretaries, the Editors of INDIA'S WOMEN and *Daybreak*, the Willows and Manor House, your Secretariat staff, for the work of all whom every foreign worker has so much cause to be thankful to God, for the work's sake. And then, what for home and abroad, for all our varied home organisation and Mission work, what is more needful than the

Divine energy of God the Holy Spirit, His power manifested here everywhere amongst us at home, out there in the Mission-field?

And yet another word of guidance remains for us all, if I may add it, after so much. Bishop Tugwell and I travelled down to Liverpool together a few days ago, he *en route* for Africa. As we sped through the beautiful Midland counties, the copses bright with fresh spring foliage, the ground in field and valley carpeted with primroses and violets, all which makes England what it is in our springtide, —looking at it all, I said, "I think nothing but duty could make us leave all this, for Africa or India?" There was a quiet half-minute, and he replied, "I don't think duty merely; that is hardly the word; duty seems to me too stoical; is it not love,—love to a Person, to Christ, which makes the going possible and right?" Yes, he was right, and I learned much. Love to a Person makes the fulfilment of duty possible, and when that Love is moving us, we shall be ready for whatever, at home or abroad, our God may appoint for us. The Bishop from the chair has reminded us to-night of the 600,000 Sunday-school teachers at home, and it would indeed be cause for thanksgiving if some of these, constrained by the Love of Christ, would offer themselves for work among India's and China's women. I earnestly commend this whole cause to your interest and your prayers.

The Bishop closed the Meeting with the Benediction.

The Collections at the two meetings together were 78*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*



Our Missionaries and Deputations at Home.



AT Folkestone a drawing-room meeting, held at No. 1, The Lees, by invitation of Mrs. Chancellor, on March 7th, was very successful—the attendance larger than ever before, and the address by Miss Oxley thoroughly appreciated. The chairman, Colonel Cramer Roberts, urged the pressing need of funds, and the Rev. C. Bosanquet, Vicar of Christ Church, in a few earnest words enforced the duty of *regular* and *systematic* prayer for Mission work. After the meeting, four new annual subscribers gave in their names.

Miss Oxley also gave addresses at Canterbury, and at Bridge, where over 20*l.* was realised by the sale of work. At the Grange, Westerham, Mrs. Tonge met with a warm reception from friends invited by the Rev. T. W. Knipe on April 11th. Her address resulted in a collection of 7*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.*

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Great interest and good collections marked the meetings at Chichester, Eastbourne, Brighton, and Ore, visited by Miss White. The Rev. G. Ensor took part at Brighton, preaching in St. Margaret's Church. Mrs. Ball gave her help at St. John's, Lewes, on April 9th, and at St. Leonard's Assembly Rooms on the 12th; both meetings were well attended and hearty, 8*l.* 13*s.* being collected at the one, and 10*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* at the other, besides a large outlay on books.

* * *

In Dorset and Devon, Miss Goodwin has been at work. At the little village of Willand, it was resolved to start a cottage working party, a farmer's wife offering the use of a room; and at Loddiswell, Canon Houghton showed kind sympathy by walking five miles in order to take the chair. At Poole, the room was filled with a responsive audience; and at Fleet, in Hants, the attendance was good both afternoon and

evening; the collections amounted to 5*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*, and 8*s.* 7*d.* was spent on books.

* * *

A lengthened tour in Cornwall, by Miss Warren, included, amongst many other places, a visit to St. Austell. Five clergy were present, two coming from a neighbouring parish; Canon Hammond, the Vicar, took the chair, and 6*l.* 2*s.* was collected. At Penryn, where we have not long gained a footing, the Mayor presided, and a secretary was selected, the Vicar speaking warmly on behalf of the Society.

* * *

At St. James', Paddington, on March 14th, Miss Bartlett and Miss Ewart of Bangalore (who had gone out from the parish) gave addresses to a large gathering held at 26, Hyde Park Gardens. The Rev. W. Abbott, the Vicar, presided; 10*l.* 5*s.* was contributed. Miss Bartlett also spoke on April 11th at the Beehive Coffee Palace, Streatham Common, to an audience of about 160, presided over by the Rev. G. Streatfeild; the collection was 13*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* and nearly 13*s.* was spent on books.

* * *

At Northampton, Mrs. Ball took a meeting on March 15th in the Town Hall. E. Barry, Esq., the Mayor, took the chair, and was supported by several of the local clergy; 14*s.* worth of the beautiful needlework done in our Indian Widows' Industrial Institutes was sold. At Overstone, Canon Birch invited her to speak in his drawing-room, where she had a hearty little meeting, the audience consisting chiefly of farmers' wives. It is hoped that a D.W.U. Band will be formed in the village.

* * *

At Norwich, the Rev. G. Ensor represented the Society, holding a drawing-room meeting at the house of the Rev. F. Landy Brown on April 4th; between sixty and seventy were present, among whom was Lady Eade, the Mayoress. The collection was 8*l.* 14*s.*, and after the meeting two ladies undertook the support of a Bible-woman, and subscriptions were promised towards the salary of another. In the evening of that day, the Rev. G. Ensor preached at St. Stephen's Church, and on the 5th, he addressed two more meetings. The total sum realised was 14*l.* 10*s.*

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The Annual Sale was held at Sevenoaks, in the Kippington Parish

1894.]

Committee Notes.

Room, on April 24th and 25th. One part of the room was cur- to form an Indian and Chinese Exhibition, where many interesti were shown, and Miss Moore prepared a small Zenana room from ... instructions given by Miss Alice Janvrin in *INDIA'S WOMEN* for March, 1894.

The Sale was opened by Mrs. Tate in the unavoidable absence of the Rev. Prebendary Tate. She alluded to Mrs. Moore's successful efforts in increasing the C.E.Z.M.S. Association, and spoke with much regret of her approaching departure from Sevenoaks. Some beautiful Chinese work was lent by Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. Maitland, and Mrs. Tate; other articles by the C.E.Z.M.S. The exhibition was explained by Miss Goodwin and Miss Woolmer. The results were very encouraging, upwards of 70% being taken.

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We are sorry that, by mistake, the large schoolroom gathering which took place at Holy Trinity, Bardsley, where our missionary Miss White gave an address, was reported in our last Number, p. 208, to have been held at Barnsley.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

At the meeting of the *General Committee* on Wednesday, April 25th, the Secretaries reported the arrival in England on furlough, on April 3rd, of Miss Rainsford (Narowal); on April 5th, of Miss Middleton (Peshawur); on April 17th, of Miss Boileau (Nyhattie) and Miss Cowley (Howrah), with Mrs. Chowdhry. Miss Bellerby (Kandy) also arrived on medical certificate on April 13th; and Miss Ainslie, who, owing to failure of health is not allowed to return to India, reached England from Australia on April 20th. The sudden death in Wales, on April 3rd, of Miss Kathleen Moore, an accepted candidate of the Society, who was studying at the London Women's School of Medicine, was reported, and a sympathetic reference was made to the death of Miss Jessie Hatch, who, after a brilliant career at the same school of medicine, was hoping to be free to offer herself for Medical Mission work abroad.

The acceptance by Dr. C. N. Macnamara (late of Calcutta) of the office of one of the Society's Honorary Medical Referees was thankfully reported; and it was also announced that Bishop Tucker, of Eastern Equatorial

Africa, and Bishop Evington, of South Japan, had cordially agreed that their names should be added to the list of Episcopal Patrons.

A letter was read from Miss B. Daniels, honorary missionary in Travancore, saying that she was obliged by medical advice to retire from work in India.

Letters were also read from Miss Haitz and Miss Collisson with regard to the need of reinforcements for their stations.

Miss Boileau had an interview with the Committee, and gave an interesting account of the work in which she had been engaged at Nyhattie.

Our Dublin Annual Meeting.



THE second Annual Meeting of the Irish Branch of the C.E.Z.M.S. was held in Dublin on Thursday afternoon, April 5th, in the Gregg Memorial Hall. The hall was crowded and many friends could not obtain seats.

Owing to the absence of the Bishop of Down, who had kindly promised to preside, the Rev. Maurice Day took the chair.

The speakers were Miss White from Sukkur, Miss Hessie Newcombe from China, and the Rev. A. J. Shields (late of Santalia, C.M.S.).

The collection amounted to 12*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*, besides 1*l.* especially handed in for the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Dublin University Fuh-Kien Mission, and a gold bracelet.

Every one left the meeting stirred by the facts told by Miss White of open doors and few to enter ; and the solemn and heart-searching words of Miss Newcombe on our responsibility regarding the sins and sorrows of the heathen.

The growing interest in C.E.Z. work was evinced by the crowded assembly, and a hope was expressed that next year some place for meeting might be found, larger than the Gregg Memorial Hall.

SIR CHARLES ELLIOTT ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

"My long experience in India, in the different presidencies and provinces, has taught me that the British Government in India cannot possibly do the work which, in the providence of God, is our only justification for being here—namely, the civilisation, enlightenment, and uplifting of the whole people of India—without the aid of the missionaries."

The Tunbridge Wells Annual Sale.

TO the many subjects of thought and interest at Easter time, a special one is added at Tunbridge Wells in the shape of a great Sale of Work for the C.E.Z.M.S., and this year the Editor has asked for an account of our proceedings. It was, as usual, a two days' Sale, held in the Great Hall on the Tuesday and Wednesday in Easter week. According to invariable custom, the Sale was opened with prayer, and to the joy of all, Canon Hoare was able to be with us, and to perform this office with cheering and solemnizing words. Bright sunshine flooded the Hall, and gladdened the hearts both of the stall-holders and the kind friends who came as purchasers.

Another cause for thankfulness was the presence of the dear and honoured President of our local Committee, Mrs. Fulwar Skipwith. She was one of the little band who originated this special effort in 1871, and has never failed to hold a stall at each successive Sale.

Twenty-four years cannot pass without bringing many changes, and with mingled thankfulness and sadness we recall the other members of that band, all scattered, and some called to higher and nearer service. But in reviewing the work itself, thankfulness is entirely predominant. Gaps have been filled up, interest extended, fourteen stall-holders replace the original four, and the receipts have risen from 40% in 1871 to 548% in 1894. During the last ten years more than 5000% has been sent up for the work of the Society as the result of this single effort.

Perhaps it would be interesting to mention the special features of its management, and the principles according to which all its details have been arranged.

1. *Persevering effort* has, of course, not been lacking. Small beginnings were not despised, but increase of interest was earnestly sought and looked for, and the main object has been, not so much to secure work and purchasers as to enlist interest in the work abroad. Various motives must operate in different minds to a different extent. There is interest in the cause of Missions as being the work of God, in which He allows us to take a part; interest in missionary work itself, roused by intelligent acquaintance with it; and there is interest in the Sale itself, in the preparations, and in the endeavour to make it "go."

One cannot spare any of these motives, but the most valuable helpers, the most constant and untiring supporters have ever been those whose

interest was founded in love for Missions, and sustained by definite knowledge, by acquaintance with individual missionaries, and by study of missionary literature.

2. Another marked feature has been the constant endeavour after *extension* of local interest, and the enlistment of fresh classes of helpers.

"Why so many working parties?" cries an occasional visitor, who hears of half a dozen for the same object. On the principle surely that a new centre of interest is worth much more than a new individual interested, and because six working parties of twelve members each will probably accomplish more, and are certainly more manageable than one of seventy-two members! So, *variety* in the articles sold appeals to a variety of purchasers, as well as to the special capabilities of the stall-holder.

At the Sale of which we are speaking, 26*l.* was taken for refreshments and 30*l.* for flowers, very little, if any of which would have been spent at any other stall. And the Y.W.C.A. table calls forth a large amount of help and interest from a source which would otherwise remain practically untouched.

3. But the one great principle which has been strongly felt, and resolutely maintained throughout, has been that of an entire *dependence on help and guidance from Above*. Each one of those who have managed the local work has felt that Prayer was the mainspring of Effort, and each has been led to acknowledge that success has not been *won*, but *given*. Hence, every new departure has been not only thought over, but prayed over, and each difficulty and discouragement has been deliberately brought to the Master's feet for solution and comfort.

It is out of this conviction that arises the anxious desire to avoid any doubtful methods of raising funds. If the results are to be for God's glory, the methods must be according to His Will, and we dare not plead for success without being willing for guidance. Workers change, methods change, circumstances change—we may not look for continuance in any of these, but our one prayer for the future is, that everything connected with our work may be "begun" as well as "continued" and "ended" in Him, and for His glory.

S. G. S.

DAYBREAK WORKERS' EXHIBITION AND SALE.

Please remember the D.W.U. Exhibition and Sale, on Thursday, May 31st, from 3 o'clock to 10 p.m., and on Friday, June 1st, from 2 to 10 p.m.



THE graceful acknowledgment by Bishop Stuart and by the Rev. Rowland Bateman of the lead ladies have taken in Indian Village Missions will be found in the report of their speeches at our Annual Meeting on pp. 250, 254. Our missionaries on their part repeatedly tell how much they owe to the late and the present Bishops of Lahore and the C.M.S. missionaries, for their invariable kindness and support. When Miss Clay, the pioneer and founder of the Punjab Village Mission, announced the "first steps" in work in the Punjab villages, in this Magazine in August, 1881, it provoked the editorial comment, "How hopeful!" Did hope rise to the reality of the present time? Seven village centres, where according to our last returns upwards of 41,571 patients were treated in the year. (These do not, of course, include Amritsar, Batala, and Fathgur, where villages are visited in addition to other work.) How many more have heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ it is impossible to estimate. Several missionaries are at home on medical certificate, whilst Miss Parslee, the senior missionary at Jandiala, declines to take her furlough which is overdue and much needed, because no one has been found to take her place, and missionary workers at Narowal, Tarn Taran, and Baharwal earnestly entreat for more help. Is there not in all these things a call for thankfulness and energy? The prayers for open doors and willing ears have been granted; now is the time to rise to the opportunity. No arguments could prove this more conclusively than such facts and incidents as are found in annual letters from Ajnala and Tarn Taran in our present Number, and in others from Jandiala, Narowal, and Baharwal, which, to our great regret, are amongst the "over-matter" crowded out by Our Anniversary.

The Punjab Village Missions.

AJNALA AND KHUTRÁIN.

BY MISS CLAY.



THE last year, begun at Ajnala, ended for Miss Toussaint and myself at Khutrín. In my last Annual Letter I mentioned having purchased land here the previous year, with the view of making it an out-station and building a rest-house. Hitherto this neighbourhood had only been visited in annual itinerations, which two or three times had been brought to a sudden conclusion by heavy rains. Besides the great assistance that additional houses are in getting about the district in a climate in which prolonged tent itineration seems increasingly difficult, they are a valuable means of making friends with the people. This I have found at Saurian, and more recently at Thoba and Ghoga, and above all here. When we move about with tents we are as passing visitors, but when we have a home amongst the people they regard us as neighbours. It matters not how small it is, they feel the more free to walk in and out, and thus we are brought nearer together.

The Khutrín house has grown beyond my first intention. As time

went on I was led to the conclusion that it would be better so to build that it might at any time become a separate station, and such it already is. The house, begun early in March, was still unroofed when the monsoon burst, and Miss Toussaint and I took up our abode in it in October, when only one room could boast of doors.

Khutrín is a large and important village, centrally situated in the eastern portion of the Ajnala *tehsil*. From it and the rest-house at Thoba, about eight miles or rather more across country to the north, over a hundred villages are within a day's expedition, and with the help of a canal bungalow, to the south, from twenty to thirty more can be visited, so that there is abundant work for two ladies. The people are, if possible, even more friendly than in previous places, probably from increasing knowledge of us.

Nearly every afternoon a number of women and girls pay us a visit, often quite a large party, and sometimes two or three sets. They walk in at any door that may happen to be open without any fear or hesitation, for they know they will have a welcome. They find it a great treat and excitement to see all over the little house, but they are generally very ready to sit down and be taught or sung to. There are nearly always some requiring medicine; in every village which we

visit the sick gather round us, confidently expecting help, which it is distressing to be unable to give. I do trust that in October it may be possible to arrange for medical work once or twice a week in the dispensary, which is already built for the purpose; but it would be better still if a lady with some knowledge of simple remedies would volunteer for the work, and so be here constantly, dividing her time between Gospel work and medical. Many could work here who could not bear the strain of a large station, nor the exposure of tent life.

To the account printed in *INDIA'S WOMEN*, August, 1893, of the faqir at this place who during our last year's itineration gave us shelter from the storm, I would add that he has continued to show us much friendliness as a neighbour. The other day he said to someone, "People are always asking me what this place is; I tell them, '*Hidayat Ghar*' (House of spiritual guidance). In order to make it quite plain there ought to be a board put up with the name, so that people might know for themselves!"

I leave Miss Hetherington to give an account of Ajnala work during the autumn, as since I had to leave suddenly at the end of May through illness, I have been very little there—only for a few days in August and at the beginning of October. Miss Singh joined us at the end of January, and she and Miss Toussaint and I divided the non-medical work between us during the earlier part of the year. Miss Singh stayed for some time at

the out-stations of Saurian and Ghoga, and Miss Toussaint and I were for about a fortnight at Thoba, and as far as possible, schools and visiting were carried on round Ajnala by us when there, and by a Bible-woman.

I wrote last year of our visit to a Rani of the district; it is very sad to have to add that notwithstanding every representation that could be made, nothing has yet been done, either from Amritsar or Ajnala, to enter this widely open door. Oh for the needed workers! Instead of taking up additional work existing work has had to be given up.

About September 20th, Miss Toussaint and Miss Singh finally left Ajnala, and stayed, the former one month, the latter nearly two, at Thoba, where the work is very hopeful; there are inquirers in some of the surrounding villages. Wherever we go we long to be able to do more, for the women seem all ready to listen. Here, of course, they are far more ignorant than round Ajnala and Thoba, as they have hitherto had such rare opportunities, so that it is almost like beginning again. One trial in leaving Ajnala has been to leave women in some of the villages in whom I have long been deeply interested, and it is a great pleasure, when at rare intervals I can ride far enough, to see any of them. One Brahmini assured me the other day that she had quite given up idolatry, and I believe there are others who, in their simple way, do believe in Jesus, and that He Who knows the terrible difficulties by which they are hedged in, will own them at His coming.

Two such, strictly *pardah* Moham-medan women of good family, whom I have known since my first visits to Ajnala, died rather suddenly in the autumn. They were the chief members of a Bible-class in their village, which was held almost weekly during the cold weather some years ago. As they professed to believe in the Lord Jesus, and seemed Christians at heart, I began to pray regularly with them, and they knelt with me. Of late years, owing partly to our disappointment at their not coming out for baptism, and also to the lack of workers, they have been much less frequently taught; still I have a hope that they died true believers, though unbaptized.

I have no record here of the number of our visits during the early part of the year round Ajnala and Saurian and Ghoga; but Miss Singh and Miss Toussaint and I have paid 706 visits in 106 villages in the Khutrâin and Thoba part of the district during the course of the year. Many interesting conversations have been held and remarks made by some of the women which show that their minds are waking up. It was sad to feel how large a part of the Ajnala *tehsil* remained altogether unvisited last winter, owing to our being then the only non-medical workers except Bible-women.

The large annual *mêla* has just taken place at Khutrâin, and during the three days, it brought us crowds of visitors from every part of the district, who all expected a welcome as they knew us so well. The longer I am in India, the more I feel that we

must not only live amongst the people we want to benefit as their friends and neighbours, but also, as far as possible, *live in sight* of them, always accessible, even if too busy to lay aside any occupation, letting them see what we are doing. This helps to remove the impression that we have nothing to do but to talk.

During the *mêla* there was no need for us to go to it, as the women came to us. The last afternoon the house and verandah were so filled that Miss Toussaint, Miss Singh, and I were each busy with different groups, but found it difficult to make ourselves heard in the noise. Amongst others a young girl was there who had been taught in one of our schools near Ajnala. She repeated several texts, and then said to Miss Toussaint, "Why have you left Ajnala? we want you back." To which a Khutrâin woman responded, "We cannot spare them any more; you have had plenty of opportunities of hearing about Christ. We are hungry, now let us have an opportunity." What an appeal to us to go forward in the Name of the Lord, and to occupy strongly this new station to which He has led us!

May this prove to be His call to one of his chosen ones to volunteer for this place at once; one who has had some experience of life and of His blessed service, and who, spending next winter here with me, may be ready to take full charge of this quiet station whenever my own withdrawal from Indian work takes place.

Khutrâin, Ajnala tehsil, Feb., 1894.

TARN TARAN.

Story of a Year's Mission Work in St. Mary's Hospital.

BY MISS GRIMWOOD.

A YEAR to-day has passed since, stepping off the shore of busy, warm-hearted old England, on to the great P. & O. s.s. *Himalaya*, we found ourselves, swiftly passing back to the dusty land of the Punjab; leaving behind us many a fair scene and cosy homestead, many a loved face and form; yet, carrying the memory of it all as a bouquet of fadeless flowers! which even the heat and weariness of India will only cause to bloom more brightly in our hearts.

Yes! the new campaign of our missionary life had really begun; and all through the year, as watchwords have rung in our ears those last messages of our friends, the Rev. G. S. Karney at the dismissal at Mildmay, "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ"; and the Rev. G. Tonge, on the poop of the ship as we weighed anchor, "Fear not—I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."

In giving a little account to our kind helpers and friends of the medical work at Tarn Taran, I must tell them that during the past year this has developed in several ways.

The dear little hospital itself looks as though it had put on a new dress since we came back to administer the kind gifts of our friends to its wants. Old inconvenient walls have been pulled down, and new rooms built up.

Two new pretty verandahs have been added, one of which is gaily adorned in the fashion of this Sikh district, with a many-coloured painted roof. Besides these, a good-sized kitchen and store-rooms, two nurses' houses, and a nice single ward for *purdah* ladies, or special cases, have been added; and last, but not least, the gift of Mrs. L. Hayward's Woodbridge Working Party and the Helping Hands Association, a very charming operating-room with its fittings, the admiration of all who visit us. To show the need of this room, within the last six weeks we have had twenty-one operations performed there, and to show that the nursing is not unblessed by God, all, save one, made good recoveries.

The number of In-patients has been, since January 1st, 1893 . . .	157
Of Out-Patients, new . . .	5,024
Of Out-Patients, old . . .	10,373
Of Midwifery Cases attended . . .	24
Of Medical visits paid . . .	267

Among some of God's gifts to us during the year has been a very nice Punjabi Bible-woman, who helps us in speaking to the patients. She is a convert of Miss Wauton's, and being musical and fond of singing, the patients like her very much. All the morning she sits in the little verandah talking with the out-patients, and many are the discussions and

questions and answers that are plied there, interspersed with readings from Scripture and hymns.

Only a short time since, I overheard one of these conversations, and the Sikh woman turned to her companions and said, "Don't you see, it is only blood that can wash sin away, and it is only the Blood of Jesus, the Son of God, which has power to do this."

The great monthly fairs continue to bring us into contact with large numbers of people from all parts of the district, and, indeed, of the Punjab. The greatest number of patients that we had in one of these days was 800, though there must have been three times the number thronging the verandah all day, who came with their friends. These were gathered by Miss Hanbury and two of our helpers into groups, and so all were able to hear. Many are the invitations we get at these gatherings, such as, "Now you must come and spend a whole day at our village, and teach us more of these things." And then when the itinerating season begins, and some of our party go forth to teach in the distant villages and towns, they find the way has been prepared for their coming by these visitors to the hospital and dispensary, who now look upon themselves as our friends.

Of the in-patients, one might have much to tell, for indeed it is most interesting in many cases to watch the light and development of a new and blessed hope for the future in many a heart. In this short account, I will

only give one or two little stories of things that transpired.

In the Sunbeam Bed lay a poor Christian widow from a distant village, dying of consumption. All that Christian care and pity could do was done, but the end soon came, and after she was gone her little girl of three years old, her legacy to the hospital, clung pitifully to her dead mother's body. One of the nurses said to her, "Santi, do you know where your mother is gone? She is not here!"

"Yes!" the wee thing solemnly replied, "I know my mother is dead, but my God is alive, and He, too, is mine." Thus this little child of three was learning to comfort herself in her God. She is the quaintest mixture of piety and childish naughtiness imaginable, and many are her odd sayings.

She will walk across the garden constantly to ask the grooms in charge of our horses, if they really understand where they will go if they do not repent of their sins, and what will they do in the Judgment Day, if they are not saved! And then with that truly Indian idea of making a little personal profit even by this, she will add, "Now, if you will give me two annas a month ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$) I will teach you the way to be saved."

In another bed a fine Sikh woman lay dying; she learnt the preciousness of the Saviour's Name in those last hours, and with His Name upon her lips, almost her last words being a prayer to Him, she meekly folded her hands and passed away, refusing to be

treated as a Hindu and have her body laid on the earth to die. Into the Sunflower Bed, there came about a year ago a poor Sikh woman with her little boy of two years. Both were emaciated and seemed dying. The husband had married another wife, and taking a dislike to this woman and her child, turned them out. Last year, there being almost a famine in these parts, the poor thing wandered some days and nearly starved, then dysentery set in, and she was found by the wayside apparently dying. She was carried to us, and expired soon after arriving. But the baby-boy has lived and grown till he is now a strong, intelligent little fellow of about three years old. He now occupies the Alton Cot, and goes by the name of Mangal Alton Singh. He is a person of no small character, and when put through his series of tricks, or lessons, as they are called, he is a very amusing little fellow.

In the Claydon Bed, not long since, was an old Sikh woman, who listened to all that was taught in the hospital with much interest. One day she called me seriously to her side, and said, "Now I believe in the Lord Jesus, for I have seen Him!" And then she told me of a wonderful dream she had had, in which a great storm of dust, wind, thunder, and lightning came on, and they were all very frightened in the hospital yard, where they were lying because it was the hot weather. But One stood in the midst Who was very beautiful to look upon, and Who spread out His hands and said, "Fear not; I am the Lord of this place, and

the Healer of all the sick who come here, and the Saviour of their souls." Then old Bhago fell at His feet and asked, "Who art Thou, Sir?" and He answered, "I am the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of the World."

Then He lifted up over all a large shade like an umbrella, and though there was a storm raging all round, there was perfect peace in the hospital and its precincts.

It is very strange what wonderful dreams these people have. Since then old Bhago has been speaking of Jesus as the Saviour wherever she goes.

In the Refuge Bed is a dear little baby-girl, the pet of the hospital; her father left her here after the mother died. She is a poor little mite with rickets, though over two years old, unable to walk, but her name is Premi, i.e. Love, and she seems to bring much love to herself from us all.

In the Prem Sakhi, or Bed of Loving Witness, there came, some three months since, a poor Moham-medan girl of fourteen. For a while she was unconscious, but as she grew better, she was increasingly attracted by the love, and the teaching she received, and her heart responded to it.

Being an orphan and unmarried, she was free, and able to stay with us, and now as time passes on she is growing in a bright and real faith in the Saviour, and is most diligent in learning all that is taught her, so that she may read for herself. For the

sake of converts, such as this girl and the children and babies, we found it necessary to develop in connexion with the hospital a little nursery and school where the little ones can be cared for, and the converts taught. Much amused would our English friends be to hear the voices of the former screaming out in shrillest tones their Aer, Eera, Cora, our Gurmucki ABC, every morning. We have about eleven children at the present time in the hospital nursery, of whom seven attend the school, whilst the adult class numbers about five, of whom three are already baptized, whilst two are under instruction we hope soon to be baptized.

Baptisms.

Of baptisms, we have had but two in the last year in connexion with the medical work. One is that of our servant in charge of the dispensary and house at our outstation at Chhabal, who seems a true convert. He regularly walks over the ten miles every Sunday to attend the services and spend the day with us here. The other baptism was that of our Mohammedan cook. This woman was for years a hard Mohammedan, but the work of grace was begun by Miss Parslee of Jandiala, and after she came to us, she continued to progress so well, that Mr. Guilford was able to baptize her last July. The bright, restful look on her face since this last step of faith was taken, has been very sweet to notice.

A New Outpost.

During the year a second medical

outpost has been started in a small town called Nowshera, through the help of some of the Hindus there, who have lent us a nice native house with two rooms, one for a dispensary, and one for ourselves to stay in a night or so at a time. We have had a good deal of encouragement, though obliged to close it during the hot weather. One woman visited us regularly to learn more of the way of Salvation, and at length made up her mind to come to Tarn Taran to be prepared for baptism. When her friends found the decided step she had taken, they beset her and persuaded her to turn back, and she gave in, for a time at least, and returned.

And now in concluding, whilst most gratefully thanking our many kind friends through whose united help we have been enabled to carry on the work, we would ask for the coming year not only their continued support and practical help, but believing prayer for the effectual working of that Holy Spirit, through Whom alone this people shall be brought to the feet of their Saviour, and the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ glorified. "Said I not that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?"

"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

Tarn Taran, Oct. 16th, 1893.

List of Things needed for the Medical Work.

10l. a year for an extra nurse for the children.

Patchwork coverlets of calico, or odd bits of wool.

Night-gowns, pillow-cases, towels, sheets, dusters, glass-cloths, bandages of calico and butter muslin, 6 yards in length, 6, 4, 2 inches in width, flannel bandages.

Eye-bandages made after Moorfields Eye Hospital pattern, to be had from Miss Rich, Sandringham House, Margate.

Flannellette skirts and jackets.

Flannellette, print, chintz, and art maslin kurtas, Punjabi pattern.

Babies' and children's warm plain dresses, crocheted jackets, bonnets, shoes, and coloured scarves.

Strong white and holland nurses' aprons and bibs.

Suits for Native nurses of Linsey skirts 4 yards in width, 40 inches in length, with loose jackets or kurtas to match, bound with turkey red, and crimson or any other coloured flannellette chadar, 3 yards in length, half in width, for winter.

In summer, of print, bound with blue or red twill or calico, and white calico or muslin chadar, bound with red or blue twill.

Simple print overall loose pinafore dresses for children of all sizes.

Coarse woollen, or Linsey, or crochet wrappers for babies. Toys for children.

Fancy articles, children's and ladies' clothes for sale.

Foreign Notes.**NORTH INDIA MISSION.**

CALCUTTA.—*English Royalty and Eastern Loyalty.*

Miss Hunt writes, on March 21st, 1894:—

I have had some very interesting interviews with our dear old lady since the one of which I wrote in INDIA'S WOMEN (March, p. 129). I do not remember whether I told you of her great loyalty and constant craving to hear something about our good Queen. She often asks me for stories about Her Majesty, and asks whether she fears God and loves our Lord Jesus Christ. One day I told her of the Queen's kindness to the poor, and said that I had seen a picture of her reading the Bible to a sick person in a cottage. This took great hold of my old lady's mind, and she wanted to see the picture. I thought I had it by me, and promised to

bring it, but, unfortunately, could not find it; and although I asked many friends, I could not get a copy.

At Christmas time Mr. Parsons had a box sent to him from Boscombe, and promised to give me some of the toys it contained for our school children. When the box was unpacked, almost the first thing that came out was this very picture. On the first opportunity I carried it off to my dear old friend. She took a long look at it, and then made me come with her to her sons' room and exhibit it to them.

This time there was quite a party of young men there, and I had to tell them about the Queen's good-

ness, and how she loved the Bible. One of them spoke for the rest, and we had a very interesting talk about true religion, and it ended in his taking Mr. Parson's address, and promising to call on him.

Another day I called on this old lady and had a long talk with her about the way of salvation. Before I left she said, "I am getting very old, and I must soon die. I often feel very much afraid." Then looking at me as if she would see deep into my heart, she asked, "If I leave all and

follow Christ alone, can you promise me that I shall find peace and salvation in Him?"

How glorious it was to be able to answer, without fear of deceiving her with any false hope, that I could promise this in God's name. I have not seen her since, but am longing for the next visit. Do pray for her; her time cannot but be short. She sent her servant the other day to find out exactly where our house was, saying, "I may one day need to know."

BARANAGORE.—*A Candidate for Baptism.*

Miss M. E. Highton writes on April 3rd, 1894 :—

On April 2nd, T— came out desiring baptism. Her sisters M— and S— were baptized seventeen years ago, and have ever since been praying for her and their mother. I believe T— to be a true convert and a very nice girl. She has gone to the Converts' Home, Barrackpore, for further teaching, preparatory to baptism. The mother also wishes to be a Christian, but can neither read nor write.

T—'s husband is scarcely ever sober. He has neither had his wife

with him, nor has he supported her; but now he opposes her becoming a Christian. The two Christian sisters are staying with their mother; all three are widows. This morning they sent for me. I found them with doors bolted and afraid to go out, as T—'s husband was throwing bricks, and brandishing sticks and threatening to beat and kill them. I went to the police-station and they promised the women protection. I am engaging a policeman to be with them.

THE PUNJAB MISSION.

BATALA.—*Tribute to the late Miss C. M. Tucker.*

The following is a cutting from the *Civil and Military Gazette*, April 21st, 1894 :—

On Thursday, April 5th, the usual prize-day at the C.M.S. Baring High School, Batala, was kept with great *éclat*. A large number of friends, a large proportion of whom were promi-

nent Indian Christians, arrived the night before. The next morning after seeing the boys drill, all assembled in the chapel for service, and to hear an able sermon from Dr. Imad-ud-din.

Breakfast in the open-air under the shade of mango-trees, was followed by an entertainment of songs, recitations, &c., some of which, especially one by a small boy, were particularly well done. The prizes were given away by Mr. Maconachie, Deputy Commissioner of Gurdaspur, a tried friend of the school. The results of examinations and of cricket matches and athletics were very gratifying. One drawback to the day was the absence of A.L.O.E., Miss Tucker, who passed away towards the close of last year. The prologue for the entertainment in past years had been again and again written by her. This year

the prologue contained a very appropriate reference to her :—

- “ Yet one a longer Sabbath day
Has earned, her earthly labour o’er.
Is the friend lost, whose form we may
This side of heaven behold no more ?
- “ Nay, she remains ; she will abide
A friend throughout the journey here,
A beacon light our steps to guide,
A force to energise and cheer.
- “ Lost to us ? Never ! She is ours,
Her presence moves among us still ;
It stirs our love, it bands our powers
To live, to labour, and to will.
- “ Ours be her ardour in the strife,
On us, on us her mantle fall :
Till, roused to larger, nobler life,
Our land obey its heavenly call.”

TRAVANCORE MISSION.

TREVANDRUM.

Fern Hill Hospital for Women and Children.

Miss Blandford writes, on March 23rd, 1894 :—

I think some of the readers of this magazine may like a peep into our hospital : a holiday from the schools has enabled me this week to spend two hours daily in it.

Every morning a stream of “ impotent folk,” women and children, cross the compound, bottles in hand, and await their turn for relief. Lydia, the Bible-woman, is in the verandah, ready to read, talk, and sing to them in Tamil about the Great Healer ; and within our young “ doctor madam ”—her slight, girlish figure, dressed in spotless white, neatly covered with a hospital apron, supplied by the thoughtful care of kind friends from a working-party at home, waits with her

Native assistant to receive and question each one.

First comes a little Mahratta boy with a very sore foot, which must be washed, dressed, and bound up ; he does not go home, but waits till the end that he may have the privilege of carrying the lady’s bag, books, &c., to her bungalow. Then a Roman Catholic mother brings two small children with whooping-cough. Next a Tamil barber-caste girl, with an abscess on the hand, has to be operated on, and departs with the two women who brought her, unmistakably relieved.

Another Tamil woman brings a boy of seven for a dose of castor oil, to be

administered on the premises : she cannot succeed in giving it to him without the vigorous use of a small twig ; however, it is done at last, after a good deal of crying, and she brings him and proudly exhibits the marks of the chastisement on his little bare leg.

Sad, sickly-looking babies in arms are next treated for eczema, and a very anæmic and attenuated infant brought by a poor degraded woman of the slave caste is supplied with a strengthening mixture poured into a stone ink-bottle held out to receive it.

A day or two ago a patient had no bottle for her dose, so went away, quickly returning with a cup neatly

formed of jack-leaves held together by thorns ; this answered every purpose, and she was commended for her ingenuity.

Dyspeptic patients, whose lives have been a misery to them for years ; rheumatic mothers of families, unhappy because powerless to draw water and prepare the daily meal ; one with inflamed eyes ; another with deaf ears ; a third, a beggar girl, with epilepsy—all depart with hope renewed, and comforted to think they will be relieved, if not in all cases totally cured.

Of the hospital in-patients, and of those visited in their homes, I must write at some future time.

Good Friday, March 23rd, 1894.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Meetings for praise and prayer will be held (D.V.) at the Society's office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C., on Tuesday, June 12th, at 3.30, and in the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., on Tuesday, June 26th, at 3.30.

REQUESTS FOR PRAISE.

For two converts who have forsaken heathenism for Christ's sake in Calcutta. One of them, who had been prayed for earnestly for seventeen years, has entered the Converts' Home, Barrackpore. The other has died of small-pox ; but had made a brave confession of her faith, and was baptized whilst under the care of Miss Hunt, with whom she had taken refuge.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

For two women connected with our Calcutta Mohammedan Mission : (1) A mother whose son is causing her great distress ; that he may, in answer to prayer, return to her in penitence, and that her faith may be set upon Christ.

(2) A woman, once a child-widow, who, through sad and sinful experience, has been led to desire baptism ; that she may know in reality a death unto sin and a new life unto righteousness.

For the mother of the first convert mentioned above. It is hoped that she too may become a Christian, and prayer is asked that the Holy Spirit may teach her all things necessary for salvation.

THE IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

What the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty, that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.¹—*Ruskin.*



More Stories from Mother's Note-books.

By LUCY I. TONGE (U. S. O.).

CHAPTER VI.—A PERSIAN LADY, AND OTHER TALES OF AMRITSAR.

MISS HEWLETT sent her *salaams* to some of her patients early in the morning, and said that she and an English lady were coming to call. An answer was returned that they would not be ready to receive us till four o'clock. Truly when we saw them we were not surprised, for it must have taken some extra hours to get out all the jewellery and put on all the paint and fine clothing.

A gentleman in a large blue and white turban received us, and we were shown into a very large room, so oddly furnished that I cannot say whether it was a dining or drawing room. It was covered all over with a carpet, but there was nothing else there but a few bamboo chairs, and a heap of silk and Cashmere shawls, excepting that against the wall, were about twenty pairs of boots and shoes—red, blue, and all colours, with pointed toes and no heels.

The *Babu*, or gentleman, seated us to wait for the ladies. They could only talk Persian, and as he knew Urdu, he remained as interpreter. When the first lady appeared, she almost took away my breath by her astonishing appearance. Her face was painted red and yellow, with a streak of black across the forehead and round her eyes; her finger and toe nails were also painted dark red. Poor woman! she looked very fat and very stupid. Her wide yellow satin trousers were fastened round the ankles with huge gold anklets, and from these hung so many jewels that

they nearly covered her feet. Her jacket was richly worked with gold. She wore heavy bracelets at the top of her arms as well as on her wrists; round her neck she wore one gold chain after another; the lowest one reached to her waist. In her hair was one blue and one pink ostrich feather, two wreaths of orange-blossom and a band of silk, and over that, on one side was a black, and on the other a white, gold-spangled veil; on her fingers were nine enormous rings. Her voice was almost as shrill as that of a peacock. She seemed very pleased to turn the musical-box with her jewelled fingers. A dressed-up little child came in, so I nursed her and kissed her poor little painted face.

The second lady now appeared; she was dressed like a rainbow in violet, blue, pink, green, red and silver, and being very shy and foolish, did nothing but giggle, and then went off to the other end of the room, and sat on the floor with other ladies and *ayaks*. The door opened again; I wondered what would be the next strange sight. This time it was afternoon tea. In trotted a lady in trousers, who carried a brass tray; the teapot was covered with one large Cashmere handkerchief, and the cups with smaller ones. The tray was put down in the middle of the floor, a lady knelt before it, and poured out the weak, sweet stuff called tea.

There was one question weighing on the mind of the yellow-satin-trouserer lady, and she bid her husband ask it: she asked in Persian, her husband translated into Urdu, and Miss Hewlett to me in English, this very silly question, "How do you like my clothes?" The only answer I could think of was that I had heard and read of such grand clothes, but had never seen anything like them before.

Miss Hewlett and the gentleman now went off; she wished to see a patient in another part of the house, and I was left to nod and smile to the Persian lady, and she to fold and unfold her hands, so that *every* ring might be seen to advantage. I thought, "This is dull: what can we do that will be more interesting?" so I turned out my handbag, and she was enchanted, especially with the work-case, with its little holes for cottons and thimble, &c. Then to crown it all, I showed her how to stick in a safety pin, and made her a present of one.

It was a sad visit: these poor women have no thought for anything but jewels and dress, and when Miss Hewlett got out her Bible and pictures, she was not allowed to read. Even when she spoke of the

ornament the Lord cares for most—"a meek and quiet spirit," the remark was accepted with a rude laugh. The *Babu* said, "My wife laughs because she is pleased," but he did not take us in.

We were watched from the window by the feathered, painted ladies, and the verse about Jezebel came to my mind, "She painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window."

In the next Zenana, the ladies were busily preparing for a wedding, but the gold-embroidered *sari* and the bright velvet and satin jackets were put away whilst six or seven ladies listened with great attention to the Bible lesson.

The last part of the afternoon we spent at 'St. Catherine's Hospital. One of the nurses, who is a Mohammedan, ran about in a funny hospital dress—trousers! The other woman was a Christian. Miss Hewlett calls the hospital her pet child, and says it has been given to her as an answer to prayer. After praying for the right house for a long time, she heard of one which seemed to be exactly what she needed; but the Hindu to whom it belonged made three great difficulties about letting her have it. He said he could not take less than Rs. 50 a month; must be allowed to turn out those who were in it any day he liked; and should certainly need the house emptied for one month whilst his son was married.

Miss Hewlett went home discouraged; she prayed all the evening, and went again the next day to see the Hindu. He was still troublesome, and Miss Hewlett determined she would not agree to one of his foolish conditions. Then all at once, for no other reason than that the hearts of all men are in the hands of God, and He can turn them, the Hindu suddenly came to a better mind, and turning round, said to Miss Hewlett, "Take the house for the Rs. 36 a month: if you ever have to leave, you shall have a month's notice, and I will not use the house for the marriage of my son."

What is begun with prayer always goes on well, and God is blessing St. Catherine's Hospital very much. There are Urdu texts on the walls, and all is neat, pretty, and comfortable for the poor sick people. When I say comfortable, it means that Miss Hewlett does all she can; but how the poor Punjabi women put their heads on the pillows at all one cannot understand, for they wear a heavy pewter or silver cap on their heads, from which dangle forehead ornaments and ear jewellery; besides all this,

the poor ears are often bent over double with seven heavy earrings in each of them.

Miss Hewlett read the Bible and had prayers at the hospital, and then, as I told you before, we went to the Alexandra School, and had dinner at Mr. Clark's house. Even when we came home to the Medical Mission bungalow, we did not hurry to bed, but sat up talking over all that had happened during the day.

I was rather stupid and drowsy on Friday morning, when about 6.30 I felt some kind arms thrown round my neck, and heard a dear voice saying, "I have been in the house since four o'clock on the drawing-room sofa, and I am so very, very glad to see you!" You can easily guess who that was—dear Miss Clay! You will well understand that in one minute I was quite wide-awake, and then, whilst we had our early breakfast, she told me about her journey.

Miss Hewlett's messenger had arrived early on Thursday morning; Miss Clay was out seeing the poor people in some of the villages near Narowal; she had been many miles, and her horse and she were tired out when at eleven o'clock she came home to breakfast. She and the horse kept quiet for a few hours, and then at three o'clock she started. She crossed a river and went the first five miles of rough road on her horse; then eight men engaged to carry her by turns to Amritsar in her *doolie*, when she was cramped or cold she walked for a mile or two. The men said they would save all the time they could, so on, on they went; now she was going over a watercourse, and then had a heavy bump as she was lifted over the low mud walls of some Indian village.

About three in the morning she came to Amritsar; the gates of the city were locked, but the shouts of the men carrying the *doolie* brought the gatekeepers, and a host of dogs flew out barking to see what had happened. Miss Clay went first of all to Mr. Clark's city house, but the watchmen said I was not there; then she was carried on further to Miss Hewlett's bungalow; no one was awake but the *chowkidar* (watchman), so she crept in quietly and taking the bedding out of her *doolie*, she rested till the house was astir for early breakfast.

Mr. Clark had asked us to stay at his house, so we moved there during the morning, and had a quiet, happy time in his beautiful, airy home. We had many a walk on the large square roof, the one the Prince of Wales was on, from which we looked down, as he did, upon the very

Eastern city of Amritsar, and saw everything that was going on. A capital sight we had of the people. We hear that the chief work they do is embroidering cloth in gold, but it was too expensive for me to buy any of it.

Mr. Clark and Mr. Wade had to go to Batala to see A.L.O.E.; but sorry as we were to miss them, we were very happy alone. In the compound were bright flowers; crows and parrots were flying in all directions, and the sparrows flew in and out of the house, and made their nests in the rafters, which are always in sight in Indian houses. People who live in India dislike the untidy little sparrows, but certainly it seemed to me very amusing to see them sitting in a row on the punkah-pole enjoying the swing, or hopping over chairs and furniture as if they were branches of trees, or running round the table to peck up the crumbs when we had finished a meal.

The verandahs keep the glare of the sun from the sides of the Indian houses, and thus they are kept cool. We often saw large packing-cases in them, with the names of missionaries on them, and amongst them, seated quietly on a little *durrie*, or carpet, would be a *dirzie*, or tailor, at work making ladies' dresses as well as men's clothing. In the verandah, too, there is often a small stove where a servant prepares breakfast, and there an egg can be boiled or toast made. The verandah is a general place for the caged birds if there are any; there, too, you may often see tropical plants in pots, bamboo chairs and sofas.

Notwithstanding every plan for keeping Indian houses cool, on hot summer days, workbox lids split with the heat, and covers of books curl up, just as they do in England when you sit reading too near the fire. It is a great fashion to make wadded covers for any box you value; you always see a piano or harmonium in India with a thick coat over it, to keep the sun from spoiling it.

Even in the Indian winter, you are always treading on very huge ants; giant spiders are everywhere, and no place seems free from cockroaches. But in spite of these small worries, India from December to February is a delightful place, very, very different from what it is in the baking, summer weather, and the missionaries stay and work on in tiring, as well as on cool and pleasant days.

(*To be continued.*)

Prize Competition.

THE following prizes are offered for the best answers to Scripture and Missionary Acrostics and Puzzles, which will be printed alternately in each number of this magazine throughout the year :—

For answers in both subjects: First Prize, 15s.; Second, 10s.

For Scripture only, 5s.

For Missionary Questions only, 5s.

This competition is open to all readers, but answers must be accompanied by a statement whether the competitor is over or under twenty-one years of age, and the name, address, and calling (if any) must be given, as should several answers be of equal merit, these conditions will be considered in awarding the prize. The only help in answering Scripture questions must be a Reference Bible, and answers must be sent in, marked Prize Competition, to the Editor of INDIA'S WOMEN, 9, Salisbury Square, before the first day of the month following that in which questions are given.

ANSWERS TO APRIL MISSIONARY ENIGMA.

(1) Kandy.

(3) Trichur.

(5) Chupra.

(2) Ellore.

(4) Batala.

(6) Madras.

Answers have been received from :—

C. M. R. B.

E. O. F.

C. M. P.

H. L. W.

M. G. C.

H. L.

G. M. P.

M. C. W.

E. M. C.

L. W. M.

M. E. P.

E. W.

J. K. F.

C. M. M.

J. R.

Mrs. W.

G. M. F.

M. S. N.

E. S. S.

E. H. B.

MISSIONARY EXERCISE.

The following are Eastern Proverbs. Illustrate them briefly from facts and incidents of our Missions :—

(1) "Little things should not be despised; many straws united may bind an elephant."—*Hindu Proverb.*

(2) "By time and patience, the mulberry leaf becomes the roll of satin."—*Chinese Proverb.*

(3) "The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials."—*Ibid.*

(4) "No one can cross a river in two boats."—*Sikh Proverb.*

(5) "Nothing injures a tree more than one of its own boughs" (this refers to handle of axe).—*Arab Proverb.*

(6) "When man and woman are agreed, what can the Kazi do?"—*Punjabi Proverb.*

Notice.

* * * All Communications, Contributions, Books for Review, &c., &c., are to be addressed to The Editor, C.E.Z.M.S., 9, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Articles for the forthcoming issue must be received by the 15th of the second previous month; short notices by the 5th of previous month.



THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT HOSPITAL, PESHAWAR, MISSIONARIES AND WORKERS.

[See A. 308.]

INDIA'S WOMEN.



WE do most heartily thank God for the legacy of 1000*l.* paid in on the morning of our Anniversary Meeting. It came most opportunely when help was much needed. But unfortunately an impression has got abroad that it cleared off the deficit in last year's accounts. This it can no more be considered as doing than can the other contributions received during April and May.

The expenditure last year exceeded the income by 2864*l.* The expenditure during this current year will be even greater than last year, and the most prayerful and earnest efforts will be necessary to avoid a heavy deficit at its close. We have proved the faithfulness of our God in the past, and we can and do go forward with confidence. But why should a burden of debt, great or small, from the past year add to our difficulties when a very slight effort would clear off this deficit?

A friend has guaranteed to pay one-hundredth part of the debt if the remaining ninety-nine parts are subscribed by June 30th, and the offer was purposely made in terms which would enable every friend of the Society to help.

Of the 850*l.* required only 136*l.* have yet been received, but as this copy of the Magazine will be in the hands of our friends before June 30th (when the offer closes), it is earnestly hoped that the required sum will be subscribed during the few days that remain.

As the terms of the offer may not be known to all our readers, we repeat them. Leaflets on which they are given in full may be obtained for distribution on application to the Secretary, C.E.Z.M.S. Office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.:—

An anonymous friend has made the following offers, which are open till June 30th, 1894:—

5*l.*, if 100 others will each contribute 5*l.*;

2*l.*, if 200 others will each contribute 1*l.*;

1*l.* 10*s.*, if 3000 others will each contribute 1*s.*

In each case multiples of the above sums will be reckoned as so many contributions, e.g. 50*l.* will be reckoned as ten 5*l.* contributions; 5*s.* as five 1*s.* contributions; five guineas as one 5*l.* and five 1*s.* contributions.

These gifts to be over and above annual subscriptions, and should be sent as early as possible to the

FINANCIAL SECRETARY,

C.E.Z.M.S. OFFICE,

9, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

Marked "To meet deficiency."

* * *

"Is there any reason why Home Notes should come before the Foreign Letters in *INDIA'S WOMEN*?" inquired one of our missionaries lately.

"None whatever, except that it seems more natural to say, 'At Home and Abroad,' than 'Abroad and at Home.'"

"I thought it might be for the sake of the subscribers—because you think Home workers like to read an acknowledgment of what they have done."

In the Editor's opinion, Home workers regard news from the forefront of the battle as the great attraction of a missionary magazine. There is a rule of keeping the best for the last, though this has not been a motive in the arrangement of the contents of *INDIA'S WOMEN*. Home work has, however, a very large claim on our space this month. The great Missionary Conference, the Daybreak Workers' Exhibition, the Liverpool Anniversary

are all to be found under separate headings. Very thankful we need to be for the energy and enterprise that, with God's blessing, keep the fire of missionary zeal burning brightly at home.

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The Southport Association also furnishes an encouraging report. A Sale of Work with small Exhibition of curios in the Cambridge Hall was held on May 28th, in the hope of raising the amount paid in this year to 100*l*. This attempt answered so well that at the annual meeting on April 24th, the treasurer was able to state that, by the combined efforts of four parishes, and collections from Wycliffe Hall and ladies' schools, 107*l*. 3*s*. 4*d*. had been sent up to the C.E.Z.M.S., a considerable increase on the receipts of any previous year, and he hoped that with redoubled efforts, each anniversary would show a similar advance. Miss Bartlett gave an account of the work accomplished during the fourteen years since St. Catherine's Hospital had been established at Amritsar. In connexion with the dispensary, God had given them rich blessing and encouragement. At the present time, Christian women, converts both from among the Hindus and Mohammedans, who a few years ago would not have taken or accepted a drop of water except from those of their own caste or religion, were now on the nursing staff, waiting tenderly upon *any* of their suffering sisters who needed them.

Miss Bartlett also took meetings at Gateshead, Durham, and Humshaugh, at all of which she was cheered with the heartiness of her reception.

* *

The Rev. G. Ensor is using his valuable influence in various directions. He preached for the Society at Christ Church, Moss Side, Manchester, on April 15th; a meeting followed on the next day at which arrangements were made for the C.E.Z.M.S. to assume a permanent position in the parochial organisation. We are thankful to hear of his sermons in Canterbury Cathedral on the 8th, at Urmston, and St. Saviour's, Manchester, on the 22nd, in Norwich Cathedral, and also twice at Higham, on the 29th.

* *

There was a good attendance at the Guildford Annual Meeting on April 26th; chairman, the Rev. F. Paynter. The Rev. W. E. Peters reported an increase in the receipts, 74*l*. 1*s*. 6*d*. having been paid into the Association for sending out an extra missionary as well as ordinary sub-

scriptions, &c., to the amount of 97*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, making a total of 171*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.* Mrs. Knox, formerly Miss Davies, C.E.Z.M.S., Foochow, gave a graphic picture of the state of the women in China and of the work being carried on both among the upper and lower classes.

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Ireland.—Miss White has devoted her energies to the province of Leinster. The keen interest and sympathy met with in the neighbourhood of Dublin were thankfully noted, and her experience in Wexford led her to hope for great results from work in that county. Maryboro' promises to be a successful opening; the friends there propose to start a working party at once. In two instances, the sum collected was larger than in previous years, "a good sign in such bad times." Miss White gratefully acknowledges the kindness and hospitality of the Longford clergy, and their great consideration in providing her with the means of conveyance from one place to another, which saved a large item in travelling expenses.

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There are many other friends whose ready help we have been unable to notice, amongst them Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Bardsley, Mrs. Greaves, Mrs. Lloyd, the Misses Denyer, Alice Hobbs, Newcombe, Oxley, and Warren, also the Rev. G. Tonge—they know how dependent we are upon such help and how thankfully it is received.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

At the General Committee on Wednesday, June 6th, the Sub-Committees for the ensuing year, viz. Finance, Publications, and House, were appointed. The only addition to those who have previously served is the name of Dr. Weaver, who has been invited and has consented to join the Finance Committee.

A letter having been read from Mrs. Gristock expressing her willingness to undertake permanently the position of Hon. Lady Superintendent of the Society's Home, the Committee thankfully agreed to her appointment.

The engagement of Miss Gehrich to the Rev. A. H. Lash, C.M.S., Ootacamund, was reported.

A letter was read from Miss Robertson asking the Committee to accept her resignation as an honorary missionary of the Society, as there is at present no prospect of her being able to return to Peshawar. She

bore testimony of the happiness of her six years' service in connexion with the Society, and assured the Committee that the work of the Society would always have a place in her love and prayers, and that she was daily praying that the "Lord of the Harvest" would send one of His own choosing and fitting to take her place there. At the present time, owing to Dr. Charlotte Wheeler's illness, which has obliged her to leave Peshawar for a time, the medical work is suspended, and Miss Phillips is the sole representative of the Society in the city.

Miss Hull also had written on her arrival at Srinagar telling of the very serious illness of Miss Coverdale, and pleading earnestly for two ladies to be sent this autumn to take up work in Kashmir.

The Secretaries gave particulars of a recent interview with W. B. Harington, Esq., and Mrs. Harington, members of the Punjab Corresponding Committee, who have lately arrived in England. The Rev. H. E. and Mrs. Perkins being present at the Committee, gave valuable information and advice concerning several matters affecting the Society's work, and warmly thanked the Committee for the valuable workers supplied by them for Baharwal.

It was reported that Misses E. and A. Sampson (Krishnagar) had arrived in England on April 25th, Miss Brown (Nuddea) on May 8th, Miss E. F. Mulvany (Burdwan) and Miss Swainson (Sarah Tucker Institution, Palamcottah) on May 16th.

Miss E. F. Mulvany and Miss Swainson, and also Miss Cowley and Mrs. Chowdhry (Howrah), and Miss Hall (Bhagalpur), were welcomed by the Committee. They gave interesting and encouraging details of the work—Miss Cowley specially pressing the need of more efforts on behalf of the *Christian* women at Howrah and Andul.

The Missionary Conference of the Anglican Communion.



THE Conference promoted by the Boards of Missions of the Provinces of Canterbury and York is likely to prove a memorable page in the history of Foreign Missions. All histories and all historians must be subject to comment, criticism, and debate, for who can write, read, or even think of them with absolute impartiality? But all who read the Official Report of this Conference—and we hope

it will be widely studied—though they may differ about methods, will agree that it has been profitable to bring experienced workers together to learn from each other. Those who attended it could not fail to have their zeal quickened as knowledge was enlarged.

The Women's Section, of which we give the programme, more nearly concerns ourselves :—

WOMEN'S SECTION.

(Meetings held in Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, 2.30 to 5 p.m.)

PROGRAMME OF SUBJECTS AND NAMES OF READERS.

	<i>Subjects.</i>	<i>Readers.</i>
TUESDAY, May 29th. (President : Mrs. Benson.)	Vocation and Training of Women for Foreign Missions. (a) The call to missionary service of women. (b) Methods of training workers.	{ Mrs. Boyd Carpenter. Mrs. Bannister. Head-Deaconess Gilmore. Miss Schröder (Training Home, "The Willows"). A Paper contributed by the All Saints' Sisterhood.
WEDNESDAY, May 30th. (President : Lady Vincent.)	The Need and the Scope of Women's Work. Work in India. Work in Madagascar.	Mrs. Ball (Karachi, Sindh). Miss Frances Patteson. Miss Bartlett (Punjab). Miss Pilkington. Miss Lawrence (Madagascar).
THURSDAY, May 31st. (President : Lady Laura Ridding.)	Dangers and Difficulties of Missionaries. Work in Africa. Work in China. Work in Japan.	Mrs. Piper. Miss Eliza Wigram. Miss Goodall (W. Africa). Miss Newcombe (China). Miss MacRae. Mrs. Twing (first Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary, New York).
FRIDAY, June 1st. (President : Lady Kenaway.)	Home Interest in Mission Work. (a) How to awaken and sustain interest. (b) Funds and how to provide them. (c) Unions and Meetings. (d) Literature. (e) Work among children.	Mrs. Temple. Lady Philipps. Miss Tristram. Mrs. Percy Grubb. Miss Alcock. Miss Bunyon.

Day by day, Princes' Hall saw an assembly of ladies of increasing number and increasing liveliness. Many vexed questions of the past have been settled by experience, and are no longer challenged, at least amongst earnest and thoughtful Church people. The Vocation of women

for Foreign Missions, and their need of Training, for example, were regarded as accepted facts. The ideal woman missionary, inspired by God Himself, and going forward strong in the assurance of His call to service, and His presence with her, must be equipped for every emergency. Her training must prepare her, not only to be gentle to all, apt to teach, patient towards those who oppose themselves, but ready for every good word and work ; knowing how to maintain the health of her own body, mind, and soul, and to tend the sick ; educated even in such minor accomplishments as cooking, cutting out clothes by measurement, and needlework. Some speakers from the foreign field showed that these accessory matters were by no means unimportant. Instances were given of English or American ladies living where they had to be their own cooks, dress-makers, and laundry-maids, for the Native cooks limited their *ménu* to rice.

An American lady who had travelled round the world, described some of the trials of isolation and lack of ordinary comforts that she had discovered, and she remarked that missionaries either concealed them, or bore them so cheerfully, that superficial observers on a pleasure trip, occasionally repaid the hospitality they had received, by denying the existence of any hardships. The dangers to body, soul, and mind, as several writers agreed, must be reckoned in an ascending scale. Physical dangers, the first that occur to the anxious hearts of friends and relations at home, are regarded lightly by women brave for Christ's sake, and filled with the spirit of enterprise and adventure. But the danger of losing ground intellectually, when far from means of mental culture, and the risk to the health of the soul, when spiritual teaching may consist of sermons in a foreign tongue directed to babes in Christ, or to the heathen, are very serious. They can only be overcome by cultivating the habit of studying, first and above all things, God's Word, then works that will throw light upon it, and also books that are calculated to improve the mind.

Amongst the many excellent papers, it is invidious to mention a certain few that appeared specially striking. It was a pleasure to listen to two written by our missionaries, Miss Bartlett and Miss H. Newcombe, and to hear the familiar voices of Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Greaves, and others identified with the C.E.Z.M.S. Time failed for all that the readers and speakers had to say. The Presidents and Secretary kept admirable time ; the inexorable bell had to be obeyed, in spite of such remonstrances as, "Only one more paragraph," or, "But the most important part remains !"

Numbers of cards were sent to the platform by ladies who had something to say—many more, indeed, than time allowed to speak. A Native lady from Mount Lebanon made a pathetic appeal for the women and girls of her sacred but neglected country, and was followed by an English lady from North America, who thought that the women of the great Western continent had been forgotten. Opportunities of Mission work for winter visitors to India, or for invalids who could be persuaded to try Egypt or North Africa as health resorts, were amongst the subjects outside the programme.

Perhaps nothing will cling more closely to the memory than the earnest words of Miss Patteson, sister of the martyr Bishop, at the close of the Conference; she reminded all present that the additional knowledge they had gained, was inseparable from additional responsibility, and probably no impression will be stronger than the fact that the scope for women's work is world-wide.

The Daybreak Workers' Union Exhibition.



THE Annual Exhibition and Sale organised by the Daybreak Workers' Union, was held at Kensington Town Hall on May 31st and June 1st. The Exhibition was opened by Lady Aitchison, after prayer had been offered by the Rev. Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot.

Prizes for the competitions announced in our magazines were gained by the following ladies :—

Class I., FANCY NEEDLEWORK.—(a) Cot cover, Mrs. Cooke. (b) Toilet cover, Miss L. W. Hooper. Extra prize, Mrs. West. (c) Tea cosy, Miss Goode. (d) Blotter, Miss M. L. Maw. (e) Work-bag, Miss Brown. (f) Embroidered handkerchief, Mrs. P. V. Smith. Extra prize, Miss M. Biddell.

Class II., PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.—(a) Frock: 1st prize, Miss C. H. Morris; 2nd prize, Miss M. Pugh. Pinafore, Miss Hilda Cox. (b) Nightgown, Miss C. M. Morris. (c) Dolls (set), Mrs. Engelbach. (d) Doll, Miss A. M. Biddell.

Class II., MISCELLANEOUS.—(a) Stuffed toy animals. No competition. (b) Rug, Mrs. Mann, (c) Painting diagram on linen: 1st prize, not awarded; 2nd prize, Edward Bigg, Esq. (d) Photograph, Miss E. M. Tonge.

Class III., COOKERY.—(a) Cakes, Miss L. Frost. (b) Biscuits, Miss

M. Morris. (c) Bread, Miss H. Maw. (d) Sweets, Miss E. Morris. (e) Pastry, Miss Sarah Ilott.

The prizes in the Y.W.C.A. (C.E.Z.M.S. Branch) competition were gained by Miss Sarah Thorp, Norwich, and in the G.F.S. (C.E.Z.M.S. Branch) competition, by Flora Brine, Weymouth Branch; Rose Cooke, St. Saviour's, Camberwell; Florence Andrews, St. Peter's, Norwich; Laura Hampton, St. Jude's, South Kensington; Louisa Henry, the Christ Church Greenwich, Branch, and Annie Hellman, a blind girl of Trowbridge, who knitted a pair of socks entirely herself. The sum of 8*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* was realised at the G.F.S. stall.

The Foreign section was a Chinese Court containing various interesting exhibits, under the superintendence of the Rev. Ll. and Mrs. Lloyd, assisted by the Rev. W. E. Light of the Fuh-Kien Mission, and the Misses Elwin of Hangchow. During the two days, lectures were given by the Rev. E. A. Stuart, Rev. Ll. and Mrs. Lloyd, and Miss Vaughan of Hangchow.

There were also four excellent concerts given by professional students of the Royal Academy of Music, the Highbury Ladies' String Band, and the stall-holders and their friends. The Sale stalls had many attractions, including Burmese and other foreign articles, pottery, &c., and there was one stall for the Missionary Leaves Association. The arrangements were under the superintendence of Mr. Malaher, Secretary to the M.L.A., whose kind and valuable help has been given on many other occasions. The accounts are not complete as we go to press, so we cannot give the financial results, but all who took part regard the Exhibition as a success. When we consider this is the work only of our Junior Branch, and that nearly all who helped in it also take part in local C.E.Z.M.S. sales, the results are most encouraging, and we congratulate and thank all who organised the Exhibition.

A MISSIONARY HIVE AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

THIS is a new enterprise—its object to help to support a bed in the new nursing home connected with Jandiala Dispensary. With a "queen bee" at their head, about a dozen workers, all connected with the Railway Mission and chiefly domestic servants, have lately raised 15*l.* by a small Sale of Work.

The Liverpool C.E.Z.M.S. Anniversary.



THE success of our late Liverpool Anniversary on April 23rd is another token, to the many praying friends of that diocese, of God's love and faithfulness. Two prayer-meetings were held on the previous Saturday evening, when the Rev. P. Ireland Jones and Miss Bartlett were present as speakers.

On Sunday, April 22nd, Mr. P. Ireland Jones preached three Anniversary Sermons in St. Paul's, Prince's Park, St. Benedict's, Everton, and St. Bede's, and the Hon. Winifriede Sugden spoke in the afternoon to about 1000 children and young women at St. Augustine's, Everton, while Miss Bartlett addressed the Young Women's Bible-class at St. Saviour's, Falkner Square.

On Monday afternoon the doors of Hope Hall were opened at 2.30, and the building soon became thronged. Two ante-rooms were filled with Indian draperies and curios, and a well-arranged photograph stall, two book-stalls, and a large and tastefully arranged flower-stall adorned the hall.

The Right Rev. Bishop Tugwell, though almost on the eve of his departure from England for Africa, most kindly consented to be present. The benches had been removed from the centre of the hall, and crimson matting and chairs standing about gave it the appearance of a reception-room, and as our Deputations arrived they became more or less the centres of ever-changing, listening groups. A large band of lady-stewards presided at the different stalls and tea-tables, under the direction of one head-stewardess. Through the indefatigable efforts of the friends at the flower-stall, 6*l.* 6*s.* 7*d.* was raised towards the rent of the hall. The willing help of other friends, including clergy, who assisted materially in the organisation, must not be forgotten.

At four o'clock Bishop Royston took the chair, and an earnest address from Miss Bartlett, followed by equally stirring remarks from Bishop Tugwell and the Rev. George Ensor, brought the afternoon to a close. Our special thanks are due to the Rev. C. and Miss Musgrave Brown, who undertook the entire management of the choir at both meetings.

In the Evening Meeting, during the preliminary singing of hymns, the centre of the hall rapidly filled, and the galleries were opened. At 7.30 the Bishop of Liverpool took the chair. The four speeches by the Hon. Winifriede Sugden, Miss Bartlett, Bishop Tugwell, and Mr. Ensor were

unique in their kind, all different and yet all alike stirring. Seldom has a Liverpool audience appeared more responsive. We felt the unwearying efforts of our dear friends, the Bishop and Mrs. Royston and family, were well repaid, and we trust the results of the two meetings may be a deeper acknowledgment of what we owe to the Lord, and a greater desire to live wholly to His service. The financial result of the day stands thus:—

	£	s.	d.
Afternoon Collection	19	16	10
Evening "	24	1	6
Flower Stall	6	6	7
Donations from Committee	8	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£58	4	11

If They only Knew!

BY MARY L. NINDE.

(Reprinted from the *American magazine*, "Life and Light for Women.")

TWAS the month of June, and the afternoon of the Young Ladies' F.M.S. in the fashionable church at C—. The soft breeze that stole in through the open windows of the class-room touched lightly the cheeks of the groups of girls, who were engaging a little listlessly in the "opening exercises." When these were over the president rose and said: "We have not arranged any literary programme for to-day, as Commencement is so near, and every one is so busy. But I have an important item of business to present to the society. You know we are supporting a Bible-woman in India, and you all probably know, too, that we are almost two quarters behind with our payments. There is only \$2.47 in the treasury. The question is, What shall we do?"

There was a moment's silence, then a voice broke out decidedly:—

"I move we make a desperate effort to pay this debt, then keep out of trouble another year by not taking any special work. Ever since we have had this Bible-woman it has been the same old story of arrears and an empty treasury, and I am getting tired of it."

"But you know we thought some special work would be just the stimulus our society needed," protested sweet-faced Mabel.

"Yes; and so it was for a time, but our interest seems to be dying out."

"How do you propose raising this money?" asked a pretty blonde in a stylish summer habit. "It is dreadfully hard to get up entertainments in warm weather."

"So hard, that a whole day at tennis, in the blazing sun, is nothing compared to it," mischievously retorted a companion; and half a dozen joined in a good-natured laugh at the expense of the tennis devotee.

"Oh, the best way will be to make up the amount out of our pin-money," said one; "but I agree with Clare, that in the future we had better not assume obligations we are not sure we can meet easily."

"Miss President!"

The speaker was a quiet, plainly-dressed girl, who sat in a corner. She was clerk in a small shop, but usually managed to get off for an hour or two every month to attend this meeting.

"Miss President," she said, "I should be very sorry to have this Bible-woman given up. It seems to me it is our duty to go on with her support, now we have begun. I, for one, am willing to do all I can to help."

"And so are we all," the president hastened to add, with a twinge of conscience at her own secret willingness to throw off responsibility.

"Why, of course," cried Clare; "it isn't that we aren't willing. Only the weight of a burden resting on us that we feel must be lifted, no matter what happens, is rather depressing. We will pay our dues just the same, and raise all the money we can besides."

"And maybe such a tide of prosperity will pour in upon us next year that we shall be able to support two Bible-women; who knows?" laughed the tennis-player.

So it was voted almost unanimously to make up from private contributions the deficit in the Bible-woman's salary, and at the close of the year to drop her.

"She is such a load off my mind," said one member to another.

"Yes," was the reply; "and it isn't as if by-and-by we cannot take up some work if we want to."

A few minutes later the light-hearted girls were sauntering away from the church in little companies of twos and threes, while the far-away heathen and their needs were forgotten in an animated discussion of prize essays and graduating suits.

On a hot, dusty plain in Central India stands a poor little Hindu village. One morning in spring, when the searching winds that precede the mon-

soon were beginning to blow, and the air was dry and oppressive, an unusual stir might have been seen among the people, and busy preparations for a season of feasting and merry-making. In one of the mud huts, surrounded by a group of chattering women, is a young girl with large, glowing eyes, and face eager and expectant. Lachmi is to be married to-day, and she is happier than ever she has been before in all her short life. Not because she is soon to wed the one she loves, for she has never seen her future husband; but on account of the new yellow *sari* that is draped about her slender form, and the abundant jewels she wears. Poor enough ornaments they are; but the cheap glass bracelets and heavy pewter rings that encircle the delicate ankles, seem beautiful in Lachmi's eyes.

The ceremony proceeds, and at last the supreme moment arrives when the bride is presented to her husband. The *sari* is thrown back from her face, and for one brief instant Lachmi raises her eyes timidly to meet those bent upon her. Only one glance; then with a swift recoil of horror, she sinks back, faint and gasping. Great beads of perspiration start to her forehead as the awful truth forces itself upon the poor girl, that she is married to a leper! and her father knew this all the time—even arranged the betrothal himself—and yet did not tell his child. Lachmi turns to him with such a look of appealing agony in her face, that it seems as if a heart of stone would be melted by it. Her eyes fill with scalding tears, and her lips quiver. But she does not cry out; she is very quiet. Hindu girls are taught to suffer in silence; they have no redress. Besides, in this case, what good would it do to speak? It is too late.

Lachmi now lives at the home of her husband's parents. Her mother-in-law is cold and stern. One day when Lachmi forgets Hindu etiquette so far as to raise her eyes in the presence of this new mother, she receives such a beating that she will carry the marks of it as long as she lives. She has to do nearly all the work of the house. She scours the brass dishes, helps to cook the food, and draws water from the deep well that stands in the courtyard, though the heavy bucket makes her back ache terribly. At night, after the men have finished their ten o'clock dinner, and the women are allowed to have something, she is often too tired to eat, and only longs to rest her tired limbs on the rude little bed in the corner. But she could bear it all bravely if she just had the one thing for which her heart is most hungry, and that is love. She is naturally such a clinging, affectionate little creature, that she would not find it hard

to love her husband, in spite of his affliction, if he would let her. But his misfortune has soured his temper, and though his disease is only in its earliest stages, its shadow is always over him, and makes him more harsh and neglectful than he would otherwise be.

Seven years pass, and Lachmi, still a very young woman, looks old and faded. Her life is not a loveless one, for three little girls cling to her *sari* and call her mother. But her husband is cross and miserable because he has no son. "What are girls for?" he cries angrily; "I wish I had drowned them the day they were born!"

Even to Lachmi, the children are not the comfort they would have been once. Sorrow seems to be drying up the fountains of her heart. She scarcely knows what it is to feel deeply any more.

In the inner court of her home, fastened to one of the walls, is a little shrine. It contains the household gods, and every morning fresh water is placed there, and a small handful of rice and grain. One day, as Lachmi is making her usual offering, she gets to wondering whether these gods, whose wants she supplies so regularly, ever think of her. Do they know she is not happy? Are they sorry for her? The thought is so much in her mind, that after a while she ventures to speak to her mother-in-law about it. A scornful laugh is the reply. "Do you suppose the gods care for you or any other woman? Do not the priests tell us we are beneath their notice, that our ears are too polluted to listen even to the reading of the most holy Shasters?"

Lachmi says no more, but every day she grows weaker and weaker. What has she to live for, what to hope for now?

But one lovely winter morning an unexpected joy comes into her life.

The news flies through the village that a "Miss Sahib," a missionary from a neighbouring city, has come to visit the women. She goes to a house not far from Lachmi's home, and there the women flock to hear her talk and sing. How Lachmi longs to hear her, too! She never saw a white face but once in her life, and that was years ago at a *mela*, when she was a little child. Why should she not go with the others to the neighbour's house? She has not yet shown any signs of the leprosy, and could not harm the teacher. In her eagerness, Lachmi gathers courage to ask permission of her husband.

"Of what use is it for Miss Sahib to waste her time in teaching women, who are no better than cows!" he exclaimed insolently. "But if the

teaching can do them no good, neither will it do them harm. Yes, Lachmi may go if she likes."

• Calling her little girls to her, she stepped quickly across the flat roofs of the intervening houses and sat down with the others at the feet of the missionary. The children scream with fright at the sight of a foreigner, but the mother soon quiets them, and then listens with eager intentness to what the teacher is saying. She is talking about a God, one that Lachmi never heard of before, who was killed by some wicked people. He must have been a kind God, for He was not angry at His enemies, only sorry for them. But Lachmi cannot understand about it, and she is too timid to ask questions, so she just sits still and looks hungrily into the sweet face of the foreign lady. The teacher is young—not much older than Lachmi herself. She has just told one of the women she is not married, which is very strange. Were her parents not able to get her a husband? But then, thinks the Hindu girl, why should she want one? And her thoughts fly back to her childhood days in her own home, the only really happy days she can remember; and as she compares that time with the present, her heart throbs, and her great, dark eyes dilate with suppressed feeling. At last she can bear it no longer, and breaks out impetuously, "Miss Sahib, Miss Sahib! don't ever get married; it is hell to be married!"

The missionary is startled,—there is such a ring of hopeless anguish in that young voice; but recovering herself she says consolingly, "Never mind, Lachmi; you have your children to comfort you."

"I have no children," is the reply.

"No children? Why, is not that your little girl you are holding in your lap?"

Lachmi looks down at the sleeping child and is silent a moment; then she says slowly, "I have three of these things, but they are only girls."

Too pained to talk any more, the missionary sings a few *bhajans*, and then prepares to leave. The women crowd around her. "When will you come again?" they ask. "To-morrow?" "Come very soon."

The lady smiles, "I cannot come for a long time, but my Bible-woman will visit you, and will tell you many things about the loving Jesus."

A few days later the Bible-woman comes, and after that she visits the village regularly once every week, and sometimes twice. The women like her, and as she is a Hindu, they can understand what she says better than

when the Miss Sahib speaks. Lachmi goes to see her whenever she can get permission. She looks forward to these visits with almost painful eagerness. They are bringing a glimmer of sunshine into the poor girl's life. The good words from the Bible are like balm to her troubled spirit. Not that her darkened, untaught mind grasps much of their meaning, but they soothe and comfort her, without her really knowing how or why.

"I wish I could understand the lessons better," Lachmi says to herself; "I will listen carefully, and perhaps by-and-by I will."

One morning, after about two months, the Bible-teacher meets the women with a sober face. When the lesson is over she says very sadly, "I cannot come to you any more."

"Cannot come any more?" echo a chorus of voices in dismay.

"No; the Miss Sahib has not any money to support me. The people far away over the sea, who used to send it to her, wrote a letter, and said they could not take care of me any longer. So I must stop teaching. Oh, Lachmi! poor Lachmi! do not look at me that way!" and the tender-hearted Hindu bursts into tears.

But Lachmi does not cry. She only keeps repeating in a dreary monotone, "Not come any more!" The one little star that for a few short days has shone in her dark sky is about to disappear. "Good-bye," it whispers, "good-bye, Lachmi!"

The girl goes home that afternoon and lies down on her bed. She cannot get up when they call her; she is burning with fever. Her mother-in-law stops a minute to look at her and says indifferently, "She will die, and it is well; she was too sickly to be of any account."

Lachmi is not sick long. Once in her delirium she clasps her hands, such poor, thin little hands, and cries out in piercing tones for the teacher. But the only answer is a coarse laugh, and the shadow of a hideous idol thrown across her face. There is no loving friend during those last hours to wet her parched lips, none to kneel by her little cot and whisper sweet words of hope and Jesus in her dying ear. Uncomfortable and alone she lies, till one dark, stormy night Lachmi's soul takes its flight from earth to the world beyond.

Were the girls in the home land cruel, do you think? Oh, not cruel! They only did not know.

Has not the Wall of our Jericho fallen ?

IN olden days God bade His people go up and utterly *devote* the heathen people of Jericho to destruction. They were to compass the city day by day, blowing their trumpets before it. On the seventh day, at the sound of a long blast of the trumpet, and a shout from the host of the Lord, the wall should fall flat. The Israelites carried out the directions of God, and we know that the wall of the city *did* fall flat to the ground, so that they might utterly devote the people to the wrath of God, for their rebellion against Him.

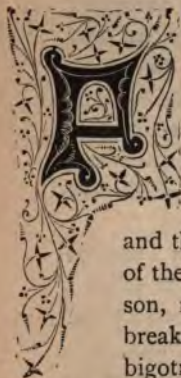
What should we have thought of the Israelites, if, at the time when the wall fell, they found that they had such strong home calls in their camp, they could not possibly go up to the city? What should we have thought if the story had continued—this one had strong family ties, that one had dear friends whom it was impossible to leave, the other had business matters to attend to—and consequently, instead of the hosts of Israel going forward to carry out the bidding of God, only some few here and there were found to enter into the city, and they were simply lost in the mass of the heathen, whilst their feeble efforts to overcome the idolaters were regarded with contempt? The very thought of such action strikes us as absurd.

And yet have we not in the providence of God arrived as His Spiritual Israel at this very point when we find the wall of our Jericho has fallen? Is it not true that all we have to do is to go up with the sword of the Spirit and utterly devote the heathen nations of India and China, not, happily, to the wrath of an offended God, but as willing captives to the love of Him Who has redeemed them by His blood?

The walls of Indian Zenanas have fallen flat down, we may enter them at our will; the little children are given over by their parents willingly to our teaching; the sick ones long to come in crowds to our hospitals and dispensaries, where they may hear the welcome message of God's love. Must we not say the wall of our Jericho has fallen flat down? Shall the host of God's people stay in this country and say, "I have such strong home calls, I cannot go up and possess the country for my God"? Why should such excuses be less wicked now than in the days of Joshua?

May the Lord stir up the hearts of His faithful people that they may obediently go out to bring in captive to our Master the many millions whom He has given into our hands in so wonderful a way.

C. G. ROBINSON.



AR away on the north-eastern frontier of India stands the city of Peshawar. Of its great walls and sixteen gates, of its British heroes and Eastern fanaticism, many articles have already been written. A wave of progress, which is sweeping over India, has now reached even to this very Oriental city. Until the present, fifteen of the great gates have closed at night, and the only Europeans living within them have been the ladies of the C.E.Z.M.S. Mission. But as one of these ladies, Miss Mitcheson, remarked at our last Annual Meeting, news has come of the breaking down of the walls. Who can tell whether the walls of bigotry may not be also tottering before the presence of the Lord of hosts? The great City of Palm-trees has been compared with Peshawar (*INDIA'S WOMEN*, Vol. xii. p. 291), and its conquest as a type of the victory of Christ has been aptly brought before us in this Number, p. 307.

Our frontispiece is taken from a photograph of the verandah of the Duchess of Connaught Hospital, Peshawur, with missionaries, workers, and patients. Miss Charlotte Wheeler, M.D., stands on the left, Miss Phillips on the right; Miss Werthmüller, who is next to her, and Miss Middleton, holding a cat in her arms, are now at home on furlough. Miss White joined the Mission last autumn. In addition to letters from Peshawur, this Number contains those from the Punjab Village Mission—Jandiala, Narowal, and Baharwal—which were crowded out of our last Number.

PESHAWAR.

The Duchess of Connaught Hospital.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE WHEELER, M.D.

THE medical work done in this city divides itself into three branches: that done in the hospital, in the dispensary, and in the zenanas. Of these branches I consider the hospital work far the most important, both from a religious and a medical point of view.

In looking over the statistics of the hospital from the days when it was first started by Miss Mitcheson in 1886, it is interesting to note how each year there has been an increase in the number of patients: in the first complete year, there were twenty-one; last year the number reached 233. Since I came out in November, 1892, I see a marked improvement in the patients. Formerly it was quite usual upon going my rounds in the morning to find that a patient had taken French leave and departed; such a thing rarely happens now. It used to be considered a bad thing for a patient to die in the hospital on account of the panic it caused; now the patients seem to see how tenderly the dying one is cared for, and little alarm is roused. The mothers trust us more. When I first came out, the admission of a mother to nurse a sick child was a matter of course; but in two or three instances the children have been left to our care with perfect confidence. The patients themselves have learnt to be more reasonable, and no longer expect two or three

days' residence with us to effect a cure in illness of many months' duration.

There is a very good, loyal tone in the hospital at present, and that makes the work there a great pleasure. This tone I attribute greatly to the example of two Afghan girls who were both with us for more than a year. The elder one is still here; she has asked for baptism. I sent her down to the Mission compound for a short time that she might receive from a convert belonging to her own race and sex more instruction than I could give her; also that she might see something of Native Christian life.

The other girl, I grieve to say, was taken away from us by force about three weeks ago, because her people feared she would become a Christian; a band of about two hundred men came for her. In the daily Bible-reading in the hospital she was a great help in putting clearly to the patients what I read and said. She was constantly witnessing to her belief in the Divinity of our Saviour. In the prayers with which I conclude the Bible-reading, it was very sweet to hear these two joining in the Lord's Prayer, and saying with me in Pashtu at the end of the other prayer, "for Jesus Christ's sake." This was entirely voluntary on their part.

Our new Hospital.

On Tuesday last, April 10th, Mrs. Udney, the wife of the Commissioner of Peshawar, laid the foundation-stone of our new hospital; a tent was erected for the occasion and there was a goodly gathering, both of English and Natives. Speeches were made by Mr. Udney, who kindly took the chair, and by the Rev. W. Thwaites, C.M.S. The proceedings were concluded by a prayer by the Rev. C. Field, C.M.S., followed by the Blessing, pronounced by the Rev. G. Nicolls, chaplain of Peshawar.

The new buildings will consist of an airy dispensary block, a large medical block, a surgical block, and a block for special operations requiring complete isolation of the patient. We hope to have accommodation for about forty patients. In order to meet the increased expenditure which this number of patients will entail, I shall be very glad if friends at home will help us by supporting some of the beds; the cost is 10*l.* annually. We will gladly send the supporters from time to time news of the patients whom they are thus helping. We have already a few beds supported, and I want much to add to the number.

Dispensary Work.

The dispensary work shows an advance in numbers over those of last year; the number of out-patients, new and old, was 7493. A visitor to the dispensary may hear four languages spoken in the course of the morning; of these she would hear

most Pashtu, for the majority of our patients are Afghan women from the villages around. Next in order comes Peshawri; this is the language of the city people of the lower class; it is a mixture of Urdu and Punjabi. Urdu is spoken by many of the patients coming from down-country. Last in order of frequency is Persian. A good many people from Kabul have for political reasons taken up their abode here, and Persian is their language. The variety of tongues forms one of the difficulties of the work here; but to meet the greatness of the need, God gives special help, and that just makes all the difference. A Native Christian girl dispenses for me, and is very helpful and good.

One feature of our work is a *Hujrah*, or guest-house. Many patients live in villages so far off that they cannot come and return in one day—indeed, their journey sometimes occupies several days; to these we give a morning and evening meal and a night's rest, sending them on their way refreshed and strengthened. At present these women spend the night in the hospital with the other patients, which is not altogether a desirable arrangement. When we get into our new buildings, I hope to arrange the matter otherwise.

Patients in Zenanas.

The number of patients, new and old, visited in their own houses during last year is 443; this is a smaller number than the previous year, owing partly to there having been less illness in the city, but also to the lack of workers.

We were obliged to cut down this branch of work. This was done very easily by asking an initial fee of five rupees from the friends of the patient, telling them that if they brought her in a *doolie* to the dispensary no fee would be charged. Of course, in some cases this rule was relaxed; it has resulted in a profit to the Mission of about Rs. 200, and the people have, I hope, valued medical attendance more through having to pay for it.

A Training Class.

Twice a week I hold a class for the training of Native women in midwifery. The mothers are so terribly mismanaged, and there is such needless sacrifice of infant life, that this is a very important part of our work. There are eight women at present in the class. At the end of the lesson they receive Bible instruction. Their training is no drain on the Mission funds, as I receive a Municipal grant for the purpose, with permission to apply any surplus money to the Building Fund of our new hospital.

Itineration has been out of the question while the Medical Mission has

been so undermanned, but when Miss Mitcheson and Miss Werthmüller return, I hope we shall be able to make bold strides into the regions of darkness around us on all sides. There are numbers of villages within the Peshawar district where the name of Christ has scarcely been heard, and yet it is the villagers who seem so much more ready to grasp the great truths of Christianity than those who live in the city.

There have been various changes in the medical staff: Miss Werthmüller went home last spring, and Miss Middleton returned to England this spring, her place being supplied by Miss White, who came out in November, and so had a little time for study before taking up the hospital nursing.

In concluding this short account of our work I would ask those who read it to help us by daily prayer for Peshawar, its workers, and its people. This is for several reasons a difficult corner of the Lord's vineyard, but we have the promise to rest upon, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

April, 1894.

THE PESHAWAR ZENANA MISSION.

BY MISS PHILLIPS.

THE year 1893 closed with the feeling that there was more encouragement in the Zenana work here.

New houses had opened, and in many of them there were tokens of

hopefulness, shown perhaps in ways only to be appreciated by those who came across them, but standing out in bold relief against the dark wall of bigotry and superstition behind them.

Small scrap-books containing a few

of Mrs. Grimké's text-cards interspersed with pictures have proved very valuable.

One *Bibi* from the first visit paid to her listened to the Word of God, until a few months ago, when she took to ostentatiously conversing with the other women in a loud voice, or giving orders to the servants while reading or talking was going on. A girl in the same house seemed to take special pleasure in reading the Persian texts in the scrap-books and asking their meaning. One day when she had finished, I put the scrap-book on the floor, and turned to speak to some women on my other side. Great was my astonishment when I saw the *Bibi* take it up and quietly read over the texts, evidently imagining herself unobserved.

By the time my little talk was ended, the book was back in its place, and the *Bibi* seemed as scornful as usual. But at every successive visit she made an opportunity for getting the book, and gradually I noticed that she got into the habit of being so much engrossed with a piece of needlework as to be unable to talk while the lesson was going on. Poor woman, she had terrible trials which latterly almost overwhelmed her, but I trust they may be the means of sending her to the "God of all consolation." One day I took the book of Job and begged her to listen to the first chapter. She made some difficulty at first, but finally listened quietly, and said at the end, "I know why you read that, *Mem.*"

These Kabuli women often pray

that we may become Mohammedans. On one occasion, being in a particularly bigoted house, I was telling a woman that we were going to Haripur the next day because the people there wanted to hear about Christ, instead of shutting their hearts as the Peshawaries do. "May God keep them from listening!" she said with great fervour, and on our return she informed me that they had been prayed to that effect. It is not an uncommon thing for the family *Mullah* to pray or read the Koran in an outside room during the whole of one's visit, hoping thereby to avert all evil consequences!

Before leaving the subject of scrap-books, I should like to mention that one made on linen and filled with Scripture pictures (not too large) has been simply invaluable. I wish another were coming out next autumn to take its place! The poor old thing is much the worse for wear now. The compiler must have prayed much over her task. It has been so much used.

The Value of the Medical Mission.

At a certain village, the *Malik* met me and escorted me with great politeness into the women's part of his house. Numbers flocked inside the large courtyard, and were listening in an encouraging way, two of them every now and then repeating the gist of what had been said to the others, when I walked the *Malik* with a most forbidding look. "Go!" said he in a lordly manner. "This is a bad work, these are bad words."

Seeing I did not move, the women took courage and asked boldly, "Why should she go? You brought her in here yourself as a guest."

"I thought she was bringing medicine," was his reply. And with many threats he walked them all off, leaving me sitting on the *charpoy* with half a dozen buffaloes for audience.

A Little Opposition.

Sometimes a little opposition shown by one will apparently awaken interest in others. For instance, this morning, an old lady calmly took my book away when I produced it, and replaced it in the basket. "You are going to live (or remain) in your religion; we are going to live in ours! *Bus*. . . . Tell me about your country!" and so on. Every time a beginning was made, she was seized with a thirst for information. "Have you three brothers or four? Can you bring me a new *kurta* of English cloth?" &c., &c., until at last, being fortunately struck with the idea that I must be starving, she went to the distant cooking-place, on hospitality intent, and then, curiosity perhaps excited by the determined interruptions, the other women gathered round and listened intelligently.

A Pleasant Surprise.

Not long ago, I noticed a visitor in a Zenana listening with great eagerness, and asked whether she had ever heard anything from the *Ingil* before. In her reply she mentioned a house which always seemed the hardest of the hard, and which has now been closed for years, saying that the principal wife was her sister, and had

interested her. I had never seen anything to make me think that either of the ladies in that house cared in the least to listen. But one does often find out that those who listen least apparently with their ears, receive most into their hearts.

The schools are also more encouraging on the whole. I shall miss Miss Robertson, both in them and in her Bible-classes for the Hostel boys in cantonments; our Christian women will feel her absence intensely. It was a joy to all of us to have her here for a few months, and her place will always be kept in our hearts as well as in the work. We know that, although not present with us, her prayers will be never failing. The constant drip, drip of water will wear away a stone, and prayers, with the Holy Spirit's guidance, only can wear away the hard rock of Mohammedanism. Christians at home may not realise what the hardness is, but all who have experience of the value of prayer in their own lives can comprehend its special necessity for God's work. The work can be done without human agency, but we must do our part by praying "without ceasing," not getting tired of waiting for the answer, nor even concluding it is not done in the best way and therefore hardly merits our thought.

No human being is infallible, but our weakness is God's strength. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," and just at the moment when criticism is strongest, i.e. when the one criticised is nearest failing altogether, He who, "watching over Israel,

slumbers not nor sleeps," helps by the right hand of His power.

In conclusion, I would thank friends for their prayers, sympathy, and gifts, and mention that we are glad of any

number of vernacular Gospels, or Mrs. Grimké's text-cards in Persian, Urdu, Punjabi, or Arabic.

Gor Khatiri, Peshawar City,
April 16th, 1894.

IN THE HAZARA.

A Letter written on the ss. "Locksley Hall," Mediterranean Sea, April 9th, 1894.

BY MISS ROBERTSON.

JUST five months ago to-day, we landed in Karachi, from the *Rufford Hall*, and now I am on my way home again. The four months in Peshawar have been very happy; they have passed all too quickly. Miss White and I arrived on November 14th and received a very warm welcome.

After eleven months' absence, I could notice some progress in the work. A good many more Zenanas were open than at the time I left, and Miss Phillips had started two more schools: one especially had quite a number of dear little girls.

But it is rather of work in the Hazara that I would write just now. Miss Phillips and I were able to pay three visits to Haripur, each lasting about a week. Every time we met with some encouragement. Especially nice it was to see the way the little boys, belonging to the Government school, would come on Sundays to learn texts, and have a Bible-lesson, and almost every one was anxious to carry away a Gospel or Testament with him.

One day, during our last visit (in

the beginning of March), we went out early in order to reach a village through which we had once passed three years ago. It lay on the further side of a river, so we took the pony that we might ride across. It was a lovely fresh morning, after two or three days of heavy rain. Soon after starting we got into the wrong path, and so had to turn back again, but in time we reached the river. The bed is enormously wide, with five or six streams running through it. On that occasion most of these were both wide and rapid, and sometimes rather deep. I mounted first, and rode over. The pony did not like the water at all, nor did the *Syce*, and it was some time before I could send them back for Miss Phillips, who was meanwhile patiently waiting on the bank. However, at last we both got safely over and reached the path leading to the village. It was a very pretty one, with a stream running on one side, the banks of which were covered with maidenhair fern.

When we got near the village, we could see a group of men watching us.

We asked if we might visit the women, but they answered very rudely that the women could not read, and were poor and ignorant. We said it did not matter, we liked to visit all kinds of women. However, they made other excuses, and we could see that they did not mean to let us into their village, so we left, after giving them two or three Gospels.

We then thought we would try to visit elsewhere, on the same side of the river, and were delighted when a man pointed out a road which, he said, led to a village that we had long tried to find. After walking through the fields for about half an hour, we reached this village, a large one, on an elevation overlooking the river. Here we were kindly received, and taken into two houses. In the first, which was soon filled with women and children, I showed and explained the "Wordless Book," while they listened attentively. I think some understood something of what I tried to tell them; but they seemed very ignorant. In the second house, Miss Phillips spoke to the women, and they listened with attention. We were interested to find that one of them was the widow of a man who had been our servant, when we were in Haripur three years before. At that time he seemed interested in reading the Testament. We said good-bye to them, promising to come again if we could. It was about four o'clock when we got home, hot and rather tired, for we had been out since 8.30 a.m.

Every day we walked about, visiting one village or another. In many of

them we are now well known, and the people are glad to see us. In some cases they listen gladly, in others they are willing to talk about anything else, but they do not want to be told of Jesus Christ the Son of God.

The part of the work which always seems to me most hopeful is the distribution of God's Word. We have given away numbers of Gospels, a good many Testaments, and in one or two cases, complete Bibles. Men who passed us on the roads were often glad to take books, and in almost every village we went to, we left some, so that we know the Hazara, at any rate in part, has got the Word of God, and we believe the promise, "My Word shall not return unto Me void."

We would ask very special prayer for this part of the great Harvest Field, that the seed sown may spring up, and those who have as yet not heard, may have the message sent to them. We are rejoicing that Miss Condon has been appointed to Abbottabad, as we hope that work will be begun regularly in this long-neglected but promising field.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have arrived in England, and I hear that so far no one has come forward to fill the place which I am obliged to leave vacant in Peshawar. Surely among all the hundreds of the "King's daughters" in England, there is *one* whom the Lord wants to come to His help against the Enemy in Peshawar—one who could go at her own charges, for I don't want the Society to have the burden of providing for

my successor, and unhappily I cannot provide for her myself.

It is a *happy* work, a glorious privilege, a work I would not leave if I did not believe that the Master wants my service at home. The need is great, and the time is short—perhaps *very*

short—and the opportunity and privilege of serving the King in this way may soon be past. Does not some one hear the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for Us?" and will she not respond, "Here am I send me"?

The Punjab Village Mission.

JANDIALA.

BY MISS PARSLIE.

THE work in this station has been carried on under great difficulties during the past year. Miss Hobbs and Miss McComas went home on furlough in March, and the few who were left were so often laid aside by sickness, that work was much hindered; at one time, we seemed to be just a handful of incapables, doing our best to hold the fort, if we could do nothing else. All three Bible-women were ill at the same time, and there was scarcely any one well enough to nurse them. Still, thank God, if we have not made much progress, we have not retrogressed, for it is nothing with Him to work, whether by many or by few.

The Medical Mission.

For a few months, Miss Abdullah was stationed here, to carry on Miss Hobbs' work in the dispensary, and in May, Miss Clay laid the foundation-stone of a small Zenana hospital, which we hoped would have been a great blessing to the town and neighbourhood. Miss Abdullah was, however, obliged to leave in June, on account of illness in her family, and although

she returned for a week or two in July, she was again compelled to go home, and ultimately sent in her resignation. All through June I kept the dispensary open, and since she left, I have done what I could to attend to the patients who continued to come daily for medicine in the afternoons. Now, I am thankful to say, Mrs. Pathinkar, a former student at St. Catharine's Hospital, has been appointed to take charge of the medical work here, and arrived yesterday (March 1st). The hospital, which is very compact and convenient, has been roofed, and we hope it will be finished in the course of the next six months, but funds come in slowly. We are greatly indebted to the Rev. H. F. Wright for his generous aid, without which the building would not be nearly as far advanced as it is. During the year 1893, we had 8700 patients at the dispensary, and 312 women were visited in their own homes.

Village Work.

This department of our work has greatly suffered from lack of workers. In February and March there was so much rain that very little itineration

could be attempted. In November we visited the villages round Gaggar Bhána and the Beás, but as I was not medically allowed to go into tents, we could not do more. Miss Tuting, of Amritsar, however, kindly came to the rescue, and visited thirty-two villages in the neighbourhood of Chowinda; but even with her help, we have only been able to reach 122 villages. Regular instruction has been given to the women in 229 houses in the town and neighbourhood of Jandiala itself, and in the village of Gaggar Bhána. Munshi Suleiman and his wife, Lizzie, are still living at this latter station, and there is a flourishing boys' school there in connexion with the C.M.S., but the people are too prejudiced at present to send their girls to school. I have been out as frequently as I could, but ill-health and the care of the dispensary, in addition to other duties, have prevented me from working as much as I should have liked in that district.

Girls' Schools.

We closed the year with three girls' schools, two in Jandiala and one in the village of Wadála, but we have now opened a fourth in a very large village called Bundálá. Of these, two are for Mohammedan, and two for Hindu girls. For a time, one of the former was closed, but it was opened again in another part of the town, and we have now the names of 106 girls on the rolls. The Government Inspectress examined the Hindu school in Jandiala in January, and gave a favourable report of it. Last November I was

joined by Miss Judd from Amritsar, and as she is well used to school-work, I trust they will now be more flourishing than ever. We are very grateful to all the kind friends who sent us dolls, *kurtas*, and *chaddars* for them. Everything was much appreciated.

Boys' School.

Although we have now handed our boys over to the C.M.S., I must say a few words about them, because many friends are interested in them. The number of boys receiving religious instruction in this neighbourhood, including the Sunday-school and night-school, was 326 at the end of the year. Our Christian *Munshi* has the oversight of all, and is very much encouraged in his work. The boys came twice in the year to our bungalow for their Scripture examination, and no Christian boys could have answered more perfectly. The readers of INDIA'S WOMEN will rejoice to hear that the two young men who were baptized from one of these schools are both earnest Christians, and call forth thanksgiving to God on their behalf.

Baptisms.

Since my last Annual Letter, several people from the Sweeper caste have been baptized. In 1893 a family, consisting of father, mother, two grown-up sons, a daughter, and a grandson, were admitted into the Church militant. These people were wandering barbers, and since their baptism they have been taught daily, and have given us no cause for anxiety. One of the sons is preparing to work among his own people in Mr. Guilford's training

class at Tarn Taran, and the other is in our service.

Two more families were baptized in the village of Kot Khairan this week, and others are preparing for baptism. The Mohammedan *Qázi*, of whose apostacy I wrote last year, returned to us with all his family last March. They were sent to Tarn Taran, and his wife and remaining children were baptized in the hot weather. For some months they lived happily together, and then the Lord had need of the *Qázi* Abdullah, and he was called Home last January. Another young Mohammedan, who had been one of our greatest enemies, came out on the Lord's side before Christmas. He has not yet been baptized, as he is hoping that his wife will join him, but he is working happily in a distant station, where we were obliged to send him that he might be in safety.

So far we have only cause for thankfulness, but we have been saddened, too, by the apostacy of one of our dear boys, a Hindu convert, who at his baptism was named Fath Masih. He has been enticed away by the Enemy, and has been made a Sikh; but we feel sure he can never remain amongst the heathen. Will all our readers pray that he may speedily be brought back?

I must conclude with a few words about our little Christian community and our staff of workers. Miss G. Paton, of Ajnala, kindly stayed two months with me after Miss Hobbs and Miss McComas left; but after Miss Abdullah left in July, I had no one with me till Miss Judd joined me in November. Our honorary Bible-woman, Mrs. Yuhanna, did good service during the year, but she is now in great trouble. Her husband broke a blood-vessel about two months ago, and she has been in constant attendance upon him ever since, and has been obliged to give up Mission work.

Our grateful thanks are due to all the kind friends in England and Australia who have sent prizes for the schools, requisites for the hospital, and donations to the building fund, and also to a friend who kindly sent out 2*l.* through Miss Hobbs for Bibles. I have handed this over to the C.M.S., and it will be used for providing Scripture portions for the boys in the different schools throughout the year. Any further donations for the hospital will be most gratefully received either by myself, or by Miss Hobbs, Grove Lodge, Mount Sion, Tunbridge Wells, and we should be still more thankful if any kind friends would undertake to support beds.

NAROWAL.

THE Rev. Rowland Bateman, in opening the joint account of the work of C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M.S. missionaries at Narowal last year, well expresses a difficulty. He says:—

How in a few hours to put upon a few pages an adequate account of what we have been doing this year. That is the problem which each of us

passes on to the other as the year closes. None of us can solve it, and yet all of us must try. Sitting down to do so, we spell out the word *adequate* with feelings of despair; for all that can be joyfully recorded we owe entirely to the goodness and grace of God, and "who can show forth *all His praise?*"

And on the other hand, where disappointments and failures claim

their place in our Report,—whether we think of ourselves and our failures, or of our Christians and their shortcomings, or of the indifference and opposition of the heathen,—in each case we find that the scene, if not the source of all disappointment is "the heart of man desperately wicked, *who can know it?*" Who then can write of it an adequate record?

The attempt to give an adequate record, we can well believe, is hopeless. But some idea may be gained from letters home, and then let sober reason and calculation read between the lines.

Miss Catchpool, our senior missionary at Narowal, who is now at home on medical orders, describes her Mission station as a country town with 5000 inhabitants, thirty-five miles north of Amritsar. It is twenty-nine miles from the nearest railway station, and is approached by roads always bad, and during the rains, when the River Ravi overflows its banks for miles on each side, it is doubtful whether to describe them as roads at all. The district covers about twenty miles by ten, and comprises from 180 to 200 villages. The Native Christians number 1400, and of these about fifty live in Narowal itself.

In and around Narowal.

BY MISS REUTHER.

The close of the year reminds us that it is again time to send our friends a little account of the work attempted and done in and around Narowal during the past twelve months. We still have to regret the absence of Miss Catchpool, the much-loved head of the women's work here; but we hope she will return to us next autumn all the stronger for her lengthened stay at home. On the other hand, we had the great pleasure in November of wel-

coming Miss Middleton, who is diligently studying the language, and doing her best to fit herself as well and as quickly as possible for the work that is waiting for her.

During the past year we have felt much the want of more workers, especially from amongst our Indian sisters. We have the help of Mrs. Atar Das, Mrs. Azine Khan, Mrs. Birna, and Mrs. Dina Nath, but still a great deal of what ought to have

been done has had to be left undone, and we have just had to do the best we could.

Not much visiting has been done in the town of Narowal itself; but we feel that here very many are acquainted with the outlines of the plan of salvation, and those who are not, could easily make themselves acquainted if they wished. The women are daily taught in the dispensary and hospital, and the girls in the school. The Gospel has been, and is being, preached publicly, not only by word of mouth, but by the lives of some of God's saints. For this reason most of my time has been spent in the villages, where my principal endeavour has been to teach and raise those who are called by the sacred name of Christ.

This is very uphill work, and to me full of discouragements; for so many of the Christian women seem to have no idea, as far as one can see, beyond that of worldly advance and comfort. How far to help them, and by what means, is a deep problem. But it is not *all* discouragement. There is ground for thanksgiving, when one remembers the depths from which these poor people have come, and sees some of them trying to live up to the light they have, and in some cases even bearing persecution for Christ's sake.

Last spring our itineration was a good deal hindered by the heavy rains, which lasted into March; still we were able to visit most of our villages. This autumn we have had a good itinerating season. In visiting the Hindus and Moham-

medans, we have noticed an increased desire to hear the Gospel among those who were interested before. The *lambardar's* wife, who was mentioned in last year's report, said she was willing now to learn the elements of Christianity, and the wife of one of our catechists has been directed to teach her regularly. Interest among others is awakening; while the careless and indifferent ones are more careless and indifferent than ever.

Results of Medical Work.

The medical work is a great help in gaining friends and listeners for us in the villages. As I was riding through the *galé* (street) of one of the villages I visited, I heard a woman's voice call out to me, "*Khalo jáo,*" (wait). I drew rein, and a woman came up and embraced my feet, and begged me to go to her house. I went, and found she was a patient of Miss Rainsford's, who had been in the hospital about a fortnight, and had had considerable relief from her sufferings. She was grateful, and sitting down at my feet, she begged me to tell her the "beautiful words" she had heard in the hospital. She seemed to drink in the message of salvation. A crowd of women collected round us, and some of these also listened very attentively. The old patient, Málán, came back to the hospital for further treatment later on, and was quite well when she left the second time. When leaving she begged us to send her word when we should be having our Christmas feast for the Christian women from the

villages, because she so longed to see the magic-lantern pictures about the life of Christ, which we had promised to show. We did send for her, and she came and enjoyed it all.

At another village where I visited, the people are very bigoted Mohammedans. Several women and girls from this village had been hospital patients of Miss Rainsford's. I tried to find a young girl about thirteen years old, who, together with her old grandmother, used to listen to the Scripture lessons while they were in hospital. When I arrived at the house I heard that both the girl and her grandmother had died about two months previously. I was, of course, much disappointed at not seeing them; but the girl's mother was so pleased at my calling to "mourn with her," as she thought, that she begged me to sit down, and to allow her to cook some food for me. I sat down, of course, though I declined the food, and soon several women collected round me, and I had a nice quiet talk with them about the only way to please God.

I went to another village where a year before I had been called in to see a young Hindu woman, who had been very ill with fever, and who was then lying in a state of great exhaustion. I prescribed for her, and then she asked me to tell her something to comfort her. So I sang to her, and then told her the story of blind Bartimæus, and taught her a prayer for light. When I went to her village again in December, I saw her looking quite well, and very pleased to see me. By God's blessing on the medicine we

had given her she had recovered, and her parents had taken her to Jawálájé, a celebrated Hindu goddess in the Kángará Valley, to return thanks for her recovery! But this made the mother and daughter not the less delighted to see me. I sat down with them, and before long the daughter repeated to me the prayer for light she had learned when she was ill, and begged me to teach her more. She said she had prayed the prayer every day.

I taught her a prayer for cleansing, which she and another woman said they would pray every day. Poor things! to them it is indeed a feeling after God, if haply they might find Him. Even these simple prayers for light and cleansing they use more as a charm than as an address to God, thinking in a vague way that they *may* bring them *some* good. But the tender Shepherd knows and pities their ignorance and blindness; and surely we may hope that He will hear and answer even these poor, vague prayers, and seek and save these sheep.

Our Cathedral.

The chief event of public interest in Narowal was the opening and dedication of our new church, or "cathedral," as we like to call it. The church, though very simple, is beautiful to look at both outside and in; it has already been the scene of several very interesting gatherings. The finest and chief was the dedication of the church; then we had the great pleasure of meeting and entertaining many friends, among them several of Narowal's

own sons, who hold honourable posts in various places, and are doing good to others as they have opportunity. At the same time, a confirmation was held by the Bishop of Lahore, when, amongst other candidates, were six of our poorer Christian women from the villages. In July the "cathedral" was the scene of the baptism of a young married girl, about fifteen years old, living in a village about a mile from Narowal. She always looks bright and happy, and is very eager to learn about Christ; it is a real pleasure to teach her. In December, three young lads, two of whom are converts from Mohammedanism, were also baptized in the Cathedral.

We had a Christmas treat for the Christian women and children this year, on January 9th. About 250 women and children were fed in relays in the dispensary compound, where they sat on mats. They slept the night on mats on the hospital floors. All seemed to enjoy the feast and the pictures greatly. The Rev. Ihsán Ulláh and one or two other leading Christians from Narowal very kindly helped to explain the pictures.

We heartily thank the kind friends who again this year supplied us with

kurtás, skirts, *chádars*, dolls, work-bags, picture-books, &c. We gave dolls this year to all the little Christian girls from the villages who came to church on Christmas Day, and they as well as their mothers were greatly delighted with them. Several of the little ones begged us to supply their dolls with names, which we did (with Punjabi names, of course), much to their amusement.

Our present is shadowed by the departure of Miss Rainsford on furlough. She has endeared herself much to the people during the three years she has been here, and we all miss her very much. We hope another worker may be sent to supply the place of Miss Rainsford, whose health greatly needs a rest and change at home. But the shadows are only for a little while, till *He* come Whose we are and Whom we serve. May we here at Narowal, both teachers and taught, and all His servants, have our "loins girded about, and our lights burning," and we ourselves be "like unto men that wait for their Lord," Whose glorious coming shall indeed chase away all shadows, and bring to light *all* the precious fruit that has grown from the seed sown here.

Narowal, Feb., 1894.

Our Dispensary.

BY MISS RAINSFORD.

This year I have been able to do my own teaching in Panjabi, and have had some encouragement among the in-patients, but our out-patients generally wish to hurry back, with such

expressions as, "Oh, the sun is getting hot; give us our medicine quickly!" or, "We have guests at home, and have to cook for them." We often tell them that if they are so anxious

for medicines for their bodies, they ought to be still more anxious for treatment for their sin-sick souls, which never die. To this they usually say, "That is quite true; we ought to wish to hear the '*nēki dā rah*' (the good way), but, oh, dear! what do we know? we are only animals."

Poor things! it is indeed impossible to create a desire in their hearts for the Gospel, that is quite beyond human power.

We have now a nice Bible-woman, one of the Fathegarh Christians, who was carefully taught by Miss Hoernle before her retirement from Mission work. She sings many "*bhajans*" (hymns) and explains them, and the people gladly listen to her and like her.

It was a trial to have to go to the hills early in July and leave Miss Reuther alone until she went herself, on July 21st; but illness made it necessary.

I was in Kashmir nearly three months, and it was a great pleasure to see old friends and the flourishing condition of the Zenana medical work under the capable hands of Miss Newman and supervision of Dr. Neve.

Some In-patients.

One day I was in the house of the *Zaildār*, the head-man of this town, and saw in his porch a Mohammedan widow and two children. She, poor thing, was very ill with pleurisy and pneumonia, and the *Zaildār* being anxious to get rid of her, we took her into the hospital, where she gradually

recovered, after hovering between life and death for some weeks. She stayed with us eight months. At first she was a very rough sort of woman, always using bad language to her children and cuffing them; but before she left, she had grown into a quiet, civil-spoken creature, and seemed to love her little ones. She begged us to take them, as she had not the physical strength to work for their support. We have taken her little girl, and she has been adopted by the wife of one of our catechists, who lost her own baby-girl a few months before, and begged hard for this one. The child is now happy, plump, and jolly, very different from the poor, thin, naked little baby we admitted into our hospital last February. We very much hope the mother will not return to claim her, and that she may grow up into a good, useful Christian woman.

Another case was a poor Mohammedan woman who had been ill for months, and cast out by her husband as useless. She was brought to us on a bed, the bearers insisting upon leaving her with us, as her relations were all tired of nursing her. This is generally the case in long illnesses. The Mohammedans frequently say to us, "We have no love in our religion, but you Christians have love and kindness." When I first saw her, I wished to send her home, as I did not think she had many days to live. She was *literally* a skeleton; but gradually she got better and gained flesh. She stayed with us four months, and always listened attentively, and learnt many texts and Bible stories. When

leaving, this patient promised that when we returned from the hills she would come to us and prepare for baptism. She has not carried this intention into effect, but I still believe she is a Christian at heart, though a timid one. Please pray for her that she may yet be numbered as one of His jewels.

Our helpers are the same as last year, except that we have lost Angni, but have got Bholie—the Bible-woman mentioned above—in her place. Mrs. Maidment and Miriam are as useful as ever.

Our statistics for the year will show an increase of over 2000 on those of 1892.

New patients	5,716
Old cases treated	4,446
Seen by Mrs. Maidment in our absence	2,091
Itinerations	1,370
	<hr/>
	13,623

In-patients, 153; individuals visited, 65, to whom 251 visits were paid; operations, 246, of these 10 were performed by Dr. Clark, to whom we owe much

for his kindness in helping us at all times, and in many and various ways.

The end of November we were in great straits for money to pay the duty and carriage of our medicines from England; but several friends very kindly came forward and helped us most generously, especially those of Sialkot, so that we are enabled to begin 1894 with a balance instead of a deficiency.

To support a bed costs Rs. 100, or 7*l.*, per annum. We should be very grateful if some friends would help us in this way.


We are much obliged for the bandages, skirts, curtains, *kurtas*, &c., sent us by kind friends in England, and this year we should like coarse "*chaddars*," coarse flannel *kurtas*, coarse warm skirts, and bandages of all widths, and length about eight yards.

Finally, dear friends, continue much in prayer for a rich and abundant blessing and harvest of souls; and for us missionaries, that we may have grace to lead holy, consistent lives before the heathen.

Nárowál, Jan. 26th, 1894.

BAHARWÁL.

By Miss C. G. COOPER.

“HE old order changeth, yielding place to new,” is a thought which dwells much in the minds of the Baharwal Mission workers just at this time, and were it not for the promise, “I am the Lord, I change not,” they might well be

discouraged as they see the founders and supporters of the Mission going home for an indefinite time, and feel how much they will need the guidance and loving help which Mr. and Mrs. Perkins have always so abundantly given. Well, God may train His chil-

dren to lean more on Himself by taking away other helpers.

There have been many other changes during the past year. Our little old church, like a summer-house, has disappeared, and a good-sized *pakka* building, with space to seat 200 people, was opened on October 26th in its stead. The people all sit on the floor, and the clergyman preaches, sitting cross-legged, in the chancel, raised just a step above the congregation. There are Gurmukhi texts over the window, and Urdu ones over the door and chancel arch.

Two smaller churches or, more properly speaking, mission-rooms, have been finished during the year in Dhariwal and Kasel: it will be a comfort to have services in these places without the risk of being invaded by goats, buffaloes, &c., and to have a shelter during the rainy season.

We trust the members of these churches are also growing and increasing somewhat in practical Christian life. Though oftentimes we are sad as we see how little many of the converts understand of what following Christ should mean, yet now and again one is gladdened by such an instance as the following:—

I was visiting a village in January last, and noticed a man who was listening attentively to what I said to the women. Presently he remarked, "Whether your religion is true or not, it has made an honest man of —," mentioning the name of a young man who had been baptized about two years ago, and who in bygone days had been in prison for theft. The

Zemindar told me how he had given a handful of corn from his pocket to this lad, and, without knowing it, a coin as well. Two days later the young fellow came and said, "*Baba*, have you lost anything?" "Yes." "Then here is your money."

Evidently this unusual honesty had made an impression in the village.

The work of preparing low-caste converts for baptism is, as ever, a difficult one. The catechists teach the Creed, Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer more or less perfectly to the women, and in our monthly or bi-monthly visitations to the outstations we try to explain the meaning. An elderly woman was saying the Creed one day, parrot-fashion, and I asked her if she really believed that her body should rise again. With an expression of horror, she answered, "*Tauba, tauba!*" (repent), as if that were one of the old superstitions she had entirely put away. A girl on being asked who Pontius Pilate was, answered, "They were both brothers."

We have started a small school for village Christian girls, and hope to keep them as far as possible in their primitive simplicity. They pick their own sticks, spin their own cotton, cook their own food, and bathe in the canal. I once, unwisely perhaps, thought it might be better for their health if they were provided with towels to dry themselves; but apparently they prefer drying by evaporation, for they indignantly cast down the cloth I gave them, and fled, saying, "What knowledge have we how to dry our bodies?"

Owing to Mrs. Perkins' very serious illness our spring itinerations have had to be given up, but during November and part of December Miss Worsfold and I visited a large number of villages in the district, and many patients came to the tent for medicine. The dispensary has been more popular than ever, and the

chief men of Baharwal have given land in order that another ward may be built for in-patients. This has now been done, and the place is much more convenient than formerly.

So we lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes, and look to God for ever-increasing blessing.

Feb. 24th, 1894.

Foreign Notes.

THE PUNJAB MISSION.

AMRITSAR.—*Eastertide in the Sacred Capital.*

Miss Saw writes :—

This year the followers of four religions have been simultaneously keeping a series of sacred days. The Christian Church was recalling the Crucifixion and Resurrection, while the Jews were keeping their mutilated Passover (minus the lamb). The Mussalmans were meanwhile dragging through the twenty-eight days' fast prescribed by their Prophet, and the Hindus were at the same time indulging in their *Holi*. This is held at the vernal equinox, and though the name is suggestive of purity, the affair is an exaltation of what we regard as unholy.

For three days, gambling is indulged in with zest, in honour of the god or goddess of wealth. Some Hindus carry it on all night. At all other times of the year, it is suppressed by Government as pernicious, I am told; but Government is pledged not to interfere in religious matters, and this vice is part of the religious

rites of the people during *Holi*. Drunkenness is at this season regarded as meritorious, as honouring to the deities of wine. I hear that young lads are seen reeling about the streets, and their conduct is not condemned, but extolled as a religious performance. Lastly the Goddess of Lust is honoured by the vilest of words and deeds. Torrents of language, too foul to imagine, pour from the lips of boys and men, and this again is part of the piety of the Hindus. One practice of the *Holi* is that of throwing coloured dyes over the clothes of others. For days, and even weeks, men go about with their cotton turbans and coats stained with patches and streaks of colour. The significance of this, I do not know.

Easter Day passed very brightly. A party of girls singing an Easter hymn woke me about 6.15. On Easter Monday, I went to the house of our Native pastor, the Rev. Imad-

ud-din, D.D., whose daughter was married that day. There was a band in gay uniforms in attendance, and a considerable spread of refreshments under an awning. English dress prevailed, excepting that the men wore turbans and the women *chuddars*. The house is quite Hindustani: all the rooms open on a courtyard, and have no view of the outer world, nor can any one be seen from the street. This is the correct style for a Zenana. The pastor is a learned man, formerly a Mussalman. His name means Pillar of the Faith; "*ud-din*"—of the faith—is a Mussalman suffix as common as "Mac" in Scotland.

The Mussalmans' fast lasts twenty-eight days, from new moon to new moon, and is eleven days earlier each year. Easter being at full moon, came in the middle of it this year. The Mussalmans fast from sunrise to sunset. At 10 p.m. and about 3 a.m. they have meals. They must drink nothing in the day, and when the fast comes in the hot weather this is very painful. Last Sunday, the fast

had just ended and a festival was being kept. We passed the mosque, and found its garden full of rows and rows of men. There were 10,000, I heard, drawn up in ranks. At a given signal, all bowed their heads, then inclined their bodies, then fell on their knees, and remained for a minute or two with their foreheads touching the ground in silent worship. It was a most striking sight. They were in the open-air, sheltered only by the trees overhead. From time to time, the cry of "Allah" swept over the crowd. I could not help thinking of 1 Kings xviii. 39. There were no women present.

Contrasted with the *Holi*, this festival is a great step in advance; but many of the Mussalmans are very, very ignorant. If only they would with an unbiassed mind study the writings of the prophets, which they honour, more must become Christians. When we gathered in church, we knelt side by side with several who have done this, such as Dr. Imad-ud-din, the Pillar of the Faith.

PESHAWUR.

Miss Phillips of Peshawur writes to thank very warmly the sender of a large number of Arabic Gospels received through the Pure Literature Society.

QUETTA AND ITS NEEDS.

The following extracts addressed by Dr. Marcus Eustace to General Noble, April 18th, 1894, and forwarded to us by the C.M.S., contain an urgent appeal for women workers at Quetta:—

A petition signed by the most influential Natives of all classes and beliefs was sent in to the C.M.S., asking that a lady doctor might be

sent to them, and making no objection to her doing missionary work.

Again—a women's dispensary, which was founded by Lady Sande-

man some years ago on non-religious lines, has been offered to our Mission in Quetta, if we can find a lady to take up the work. The committee of this charity do not put any obstacles in the way of religious work.

I hear also by this mail that the *Sandeman Girls' School* is about to be offered to our Society. If we are able to enter these openings, we shall soon see Quetta a good strong station.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Meetings for praise and prayer will be held (D.V.) in the Society's office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C., on Tuesday, July 10th, at 3.30, and in the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., on Tuesday, July 24th, at 3.30.

REQUEST FOR PRAISE.

Thanksgiving for the baptism of the convert and her mother who were mentioned in our last Number; for seventeen years they had been prayed for; the daughter had entered the Converts' Home, Barrackpore.

REQUEST FOR PRAYER.

For two women at Burdwan who are suffering persecution in consequence of expressing their desire to be Christians: that they may be helped and strengthened, and that their fathers and husbands may be influenced by them and become of one mind with them.

NEEDS AND WANTS.

Our Needs.

For the Punjab Mission.

Medical workers are urgently needed for Kashmir, and Zenana workers for Jandiala and Batala.

For the China Mission.

For the past three years two ladies have contributed 70*l.* annually toward the support of one of our missionaries in the Fuh-Kien Province. Though unable to continue to give that amount, they are willing still to be responsible for 20*l.* a year. In response to this appeal a reader has promised 10*l.* a year; we are anxious to guarantee the remaining 40*l.*

We trust that our needs in the Mission-field will always be regarded as subjects for prayer.

Wanted.

Miss Phillips (Peshawar) will be grateful for Mrs. Grimké's Text-cards in Urdu, Punjabi, Persian, or Arabic, and also for Gospels in the same languages for distribution.

Foreign Postage Stamps (except the common Continental and United States) and collections, for which 20 per cent. more than dealers offer will be given. All proceeds to be devoted to the C.E.Z.M.S. Address, I. W., 19, Kensington Crescent, London, W. Please do not send any English, French, or German stamps.

Left-off Clothing.—Mrs. Fox, The Grove, Lymm, Cheshire, will be much obliged for cast-off articles of clothing, to alter and renovate for a sale amongst the working classes. Proceeds to be given to the C.E.Z.M.S. Mrs. Fox realised 50*l.* from a sale of this kind last November. (See our April Number, p. 186.) All kind donors are asked to prepay carriage of parcels by L. & N.W. Railway, and to put the sender's name inside the parcel.

Correspondence.

(The Editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of Correspondents.)

A MISSION CHURCH FOR KASHMIR.

DEAR EDITOR,—Will you allow me to acknowledge, through your magazine, subscriptions received before leaving England towards building a Mission Church in Kashmir, and also to offer my very warm thanks to the kind friends who have so kindly helped us? Subscriptions are as follows:—

Collection for Kashmir Church Building Fund.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A. R. Gray, Esq.	2	0	0	The Misses Laurence	1	1	0
J. Stewart, Esq.	1	0	0	Mrs. Greer	1	0	0
Miss K. Thom	6	0	0	Collected by Miss Macgregor:—			
Miss Locke King	15	0	0	A Friend	6	0	0
Miss Locke King	10	0	0	Miss Brankstone	10	0	0
Miss Hoare	5	0	0	Miss M. Brankstone	2	6	0
Miss Clymer	1	1	0	Mrs. Brockett	2	6	0
Miss C. Lawrence	1	0	0	Miss C. Milne Miller	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Hull	1	0	0	Misses McStewart	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Hull:—				Mrs. Bowden	2	0	0
Mrs. Druett	2	0	0	Miss Schneidan, per	2	6	0
Mrs. Storme	10	0	0	I. M.	4	6	0
Mrs. Tapp	2	0	0	Mrs. Jubb's Mothers' Meeting	1	0	0
Miss Day	1	0	0	Mrs. Lawson	1	0	0
Meeting, Rottingdeane	1	3	6	Professor Hull	2	2	0
Miss Savinon	1	13	6	Mrs. A. Hull's Servants	7	6	0
Holton, Meeting	1	3	2	Mrs. Paine	5	5	0
Thos. Butler, Esq.	1	0	0	Miss Eleanor Hull	7	6	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Bourdillon	3	0	0	Seaton Sluice, Meeting	6	0	0
Ousden, Meeting	1	0	0	Miss Thompson	14	0	0
W. Brook, Friends	7	6	0	W. Blyth, Esq.	5	5	0
6d. shares, Blackheath	13	0	0	E. C. P. Hull, Esq.	5	5	0
Mrs. Wills, per Mrs. A. Hull	10	0	0	Miss Langston	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Edward Hull:—				Miss Julius	5	0	0
Mrs. Stevenson	1	10	0	Mrs. Tonge	1	1	0
Miss Ryan	10	0	0				
Mrs. Edwd. Hull	10	0	0				
Lady Powell	1	0	0				
Mrs. Thurburn	1	0	0				
Mrs. Allnutt	1	1	0				
Sydney Laurence, Esq.	1	1	0				

£58 7 8

Brigade-Surgeon Gray, Rs 100,
paid in India.

Subscriptions will still be gladly received towards this object by Mr. Edward Hull, 20, Arundel Gardens, W., and Mrs. E. C. P. Hull, The Mount, Redhill.

Feb. 22nd, 1894.

E. G. HULL.

Notices of Books.

THE STORY OF THE YEAR. *Published by the Church Missionary Society. Price 1s.*

MISS S. G. STOCK has written a short history of the C.M. stations, and a sketch of the work now going on in them. This will be specially acceptable to readers who are not sufficiently acquainted with stations and missionaries to intelligently read and enjoy the Annual Report. The type and the illustrations, of which there are forty-three, including thirteen portraits, are remarkably good.

OTHER LANDS, AND THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THEM. *By MINNA C. DE LA PLANTE. Published by the Church Missionary Society. Price 1s.*

A highly interesting book. The title is most descriptive. A wonderful insight is given into the lives, the customs, and the religions of people of other lands, whilst some of the difficulties with which our missionaries have to contend in the spreading of the Gospel are enumerated.

This book will be found a welcome present in many a cottage home, and is suitable for reading aloud at mothers' meetings. There are twenty-six illustrations, besides two maps. The printing is good, and the limp cloth binding conveniently light.

DAILY THOUGHTS FOR BUSY LIVES, *for one month. Written and selected by J. BRADSHAW-ISHERWOOD.*

Miss Bradshaw-Isherwood explains in her introduction that this book is intended for those who have little time for reading, and trusts that, being small, it will become a friend and companion to hard workers. Compactness in such books is always an advantage; at the same time, in the present case, it is by no means the chief merit. Copies may be obtained for 6½d. post free from Miss M. E. Bradshaw-Isherwood, Marple Hall, Cheshire. Profits will be given to the C.E.Z.M.S.

More about Indian Widows, by Miss Margaret Jackson, price 1d. *May she become a Widow!* by Miss Dewar, price ½d. These are the two last additions to our publications. The first is quite new. It describes the Industrial Institute for Widows founded at Amritsar by Miss Wauton. The second, which now appears in our Shushilla series, enters on its third edition. It tells of an Eastern Topsy who proved conclusively that all little Hindu girls, wild and careless though they may be, realise the awful curse of widowhood.

Notices.

INDIAN WIDOWS' UNION.—Please take notice that the Hon. Secretary of this Union, Miss MacGregor, has changed her address. All inquiries about the best means of helping Indian widows, or gifts of money, *kurtas*, spectacles, &c., should be addressed to her at 30, Clanricarde Gardens, Bayswater, W.

Mrs. Morris, The Vicarage, Kirk Michael, Isle of Man, begs to acknowledge with many thanks, a parcel of work from a lady at Higher Bebington. Also a very handsome box of wools, beaded work, and materials for fancy work from Mrs. G. Harris, Clifton, to be made into articles for sale, also the kind gift of a counterpane *crocheted* in wools, in 500 small squares, by Mrs. Scorer's daughters, Coombe Hurst, Lincoln, to be forwarded to Kashmir in September next. Mrs. Morris feels most grateful for this gift, as it is the second she has received from these ladies within the year, and is in addition to a very pretty knitted counterpane sent by Mrs. Scorer for one of the hospital beds in India. Such practical interest is indeed most encouraging.



More Stories from Mother's Note-books.

By LUCY I. TONGE (U. S. O.).

CHAPTER VII.—AMRITSAR: SUSAN'S STORY.

IT does seem funny but very nice to be shaking hands and talking every day with the missionaries whose names we know so well in the *Gleaner* and in *INDIA'S WOMEN*; they have a great deal to tell us, and we love to see them at work. In the Mission-schools the children sing to us as they do in schools at home, but Indian tunes sound melancholy to English ears.

At the Home, where the women live who have turned from idols to serve the True God, it was delightful to see dear old Susan's happy face. When God's Holy Spirit lives in a heart, whether the face is brown, white, or black, it should be sunshiny, for "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."

I must tell you the story of Susan. When she was a little girl she lived in the north of India, where there was no school for girls, but Susan borrowed her brother's books and taught herself as well as she could; she learned to write by using her finger for a pen and the mud-floor covered with sand for paper.

When Susan was still a child she was married. She was busy and had little time to think, but when she did, she knew something which made her miserable; she had a load of sin on her heart and did not know how to get rid of the heavy burden. She went and told her trouble to the heathen priest. He said, "Climb up that high hill, and go to the temple there, and then you will be good and holy."



Old Susan.

Susan did as she was told, but she was still wretched ; she came down the hill as she went up with the same sad heart. Susan now determined to go on pilgrimage. She had heard about the sacred river Ganges, and that people washed there to be made clean. Susan was of Brahmin caste, so dressed herself in yellow clothing, and went off one dark night on her long, dusty, tiring walk to the Ganges. She dipped in the sacred water, but to her surprise and disappointment, was not one bit better than before.

As the poor, sad woman wandered about, she saw a crowd standing round a preacher ; she came near and heard the words—" God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Susan felt sure these good words were for her, and determined not to go home till she could learn more about Him, Who so loved the world. On her way back to the Punjab, her husband met her and wished her to go home ; but she could not bear the misery of her sins, and said she must learn more before she did so. Her husband was angry, and had her shut up in prison for some months. Whilst she was there, the master of the jail found that her great desire was to learn to read, so he let her have a teacher ; and ever since that time, women who go to that prison are taught to read.

When Susan was let out of prison she went to Amritsar, and asked for the house of the lady who taught about Jesus Christ. Some of the heathen whom she asked did not know where the missionaries lived, and there were others who did know but would not tell, so poor Susan could not get on one bit. At last one day she heard some children reading in a school. She peeped in. "What is it you want?" said the *pundit*, or master of the school. When she told him, he said, "Oh, my wife wants a servant ; if you will come and cook for her she will teach you."

Now Susan found out, perhaps by the marks on the man's forehead, that he was a heathen ; she knew his wife could not teach her more about God, Who so loved the world ; she was going out again with her sad heart, when she saw a boy making a sign to her. She was sure the boy was going to help her, so Susan waited outside in the street until school was over, wondering what the boy had to tell. Soon out came the little boy,

he looked at her and walked on; she followed him, and then far away in another part of the city he left her at the house of some Christian people, who took care of her for the night.

The next day Susan was taken to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the wife of one of the first missionaries who went to Amritsar. Mrs. Fitzpatrick was very kind, she talked to her and gave her food, and Susan, having eaten with the Christians, was no longer counted of the holy Brahmin caste. When she had learned a little more she was baptized, and had the name Susan given to her.

After a time Susan opened a school for little girls, and then went to see the poor women in their *Zenanas*. She goes about in a little *doolie*, and every one is pleased to see this dear, happy old woman, and all listen to her words. She is not strong now, but is always cheerful, and able to cheer every one else out of the Bible, which she loves to read and talk about. I am sure when we go to Heaven we shall see dear old Susan, and there she will look brighter and happier than ever.

Miss Hewlett walked to church herself in the morning, and lent us her *gari*—was not that kind? It is so very hot in India that it is hard work to walk about. The girls from the Alexandra School looked very pretty: most of them were dressed in plain scarlet frocks, and all in fine, white muslin *chuddars*. Then there were all the children from the Orphanages, a very large missionary party, and many Native Christians. One of the English missionaries read prayers, and Pastor Imad-ud-Din preached. Try to remember his name.

This good man was once a Mohammedan saint, but in 1866, after he had learned to love Jesus, he was baptized by Mr. Clark, and ever since has done all he can for the good of the heathen and Mohammedans of Amritsar. He was offered a situation which would have brought him a great deal of money, and have made him a great man; but he would not take it, because he said God had given him the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and with it had given him the work of making Jesus known to his own people.

Pastor Imad-ud-Din is not only a great preacher, but he has written twenty-four books to teach the Indians about the Bible, and about the mistakes in their religions. Will you,



when you read this, ask God to bless him when he preaches, and also ask that these books may be very useful?

In the afternoon a man was baptized in the church; he was once a Brahmin, then because he was not happy, became a Mohammedan, but still had no comfort, and asked the missionaries to teach him. I had the joy of hearing him promise to be now the faithful soldier and servant of Jesus Christ until his life's end. The back of the church was crowded with heathen who came to see him baptized.

Now I have told you of three persons in Amritsar—Susan, Pastor Imad-ud-Din, and this other man—who have learned to know and love Jesus through the missionaries? Read Romans x. 12-15: did you ever notice the words, "How shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" I do hope, now you hear these true stories, you will try to help more than ever before to send out missionaries to teach the heathen and Mohammedans.

I do not think that even those who love the Punjab best can call it a pretty place: let me try to tell you a little what it is like, as far as I have seen it.

Wherever you look you see little else but sand—even the grass is only brown patches; there are certainly a good many castor-oil trees and some other kinds, but, as a rule, it is very bare of green and there is hardly any water. Now and then near the city there may be tanks by the bungalows (houses of gentlemen). Further in the country there are what are called Persian wells. You see a large wheel, and fastened to it is a buffalo or ox; round and round trudges the patient animal.

What is the use of this? you ask. As he walks he turns the wheel; fastened all round the wheel are little water-pots, and each one in turn dips in the well, then when they come to the top and the wheel turns over, all the water in the earthen pots tips over, and runs down little ditches cut for it, and the crops get watered.

There were no other sights excepting mud villages. You see at a little distance what look like brown heaps, and when you get close you see some badly-made, low mud walls; inside these are mud cottages or huts, with small courtyards. There are more of these villages than you could count, scattered all over the country, and living in them are thousands and thousands of women who have never heard the name of Jesus; many of them have never even seen an English lady.

I will tell you now what Miss Clay is doing to help these poor village people. Every morning she is up very early, and after taking a little tea and toast, gets on her horse and starts off. Emma, her Bible-woman, goes with her, but is carried in a little *doolie*. When they come near a village, Miss Clay sends one of the *kahars*, or *doolie*-carriers, with a message to the chief man of the village, and asks whether she may come and speak to his people. Permission is almost always given to her. By this time a crowd has gathered to know what is going on, and then Miss Clay, seated on a *charpoy* in one of the little courtyards, tells why she has come from England to see them. Every one wishes to hear what she says, so some women sit on the house-tops, or lean over the walls; often as many as fifty will gather together at one time, as she goes on to talk to them about sin and the Saviour.

At last she stops, and then the little crowd breaks up and the Bible-woman and Miss Clay talk to them. These poor women are very affectionate; they cling to them, hold their hands and beg them to come again. What can they do? There are so very, very many villagers that have not heard even once that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Miss Clay would like to have enough Bible-women to send into all the villages, and to have schools for the poor, ignorant little heathen boys and girls. We must ask God to make a great many people willing to help in this work either by going themselves or by helping to pay for Bible-women.

Some day Miss Clay hopes to have a tent, but just now her plan is to send on all the food and furniture she needs in two rough little carriages, and then settle down for a time in a small room, perhaps close to where the Native pastor lives. When she has been to all the villages within riding distance, she moves on again, and thus she goes on through the winter months. It is rough work and needs some one strong and brave to do it. If we did not know that He Who keeps His children never slumbers nor sleeps, and that He is able to preserve them from all evil, we should often be anxious about our dear missionaries, but "in Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they." Miss Clay says that a musical-box or a concertina, and one or two Bible picture-books would be very useful for work in the villages.

(*To be continued.*)

Prize Competition.

THE following prizes are offered for the best answers to Scripture and Missionary Acrostics and Puzzles, which will be printed alternately in each number of this magazine throughout the year :—

For answers in both subjects: First Prize, 15s. ; Second, 10s.

For Scripture only, 5s.

For Missionary Questions only, 5s.

This competition is open to all readers, but answers must be accompanied by a statement whether the competitor is over or under twenty-one years of age, and the name, address, and calling (if any) must be given, as should several answers be of equal merit, these conditions will be considered in awarding the prize. The only help in answering Scripture questions must be a Reference Bible, and answers must be sent in, marked Prize Competition, to the Editor of INDIA'S WOMEN, 9, Salisbury Square, before the first day of the month following that in which questions are given.

ANSWER TO MAY SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

KING OF KINGS. 1 Tim. vi. 15; Rev. xvii. 14; xix. 16.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| (1) K-insman, Ruth iv. 14. | (7) K-nnowledge. Ecc. ii. 26. |
| (2) I-ndignation. Isa. xxvi. 20. | (8) I-nstruction. Prov. xii. 1. |
| (3) N-aaman. 2 Kings v. 15. | (9) N-ebuchadnezzar. Dan. iv. 27. |
| (4) G-edor. 1 Chron. iv. 39. | (10) G-overnors of Judah. Zech. xii. 6. |
| (5) O-lives. Mic. vi. 15. | (11) S-eraiah. Jer. li. 63. |
| (6) F-ire. Jer. v. 14. | |

Answers to the May Scripture Acrostic have been received from :—

C. M. R. B.	M. H.	M. S. N.	H. S.
E. M. C.	F. I.	C. M. P.	C. D. T.
M. G. C.	E. L.	L. P.	A. F. W.
E. O. F.	E. M. L.	M. E. P.	E. W.
G. M. F.	H. L.	J. R.	H. L. W.
F. H.	E. M.	E. S. S.	M. C. W.
L. C. H.	L. W. M.		

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

A part of God's character.

- | | |
|---|--|
| (1) "O Lord," it "belongeth unto Thee." | |
| It is described as— | |
| (2) "Very high." | (3) "Everlasting." |
| It is compared to— | |
| (4) { A girdle. | (9) "Men shall sing of" it. |
| (5) { A breastplate. | (10) "I the Lord speak" it. |
| (6) { "The great mountains." | (11) It is one of the things in which "I |
| (7) The Gospel reveals it. | delight, saith the Lord." |
| (8) "The heavens declare" it. | (12) It "shall not be abolished." |

Give all references.



KARACHI MISSION, OUR MISSIONARIES AND WORKERS. See p. 351.

INDIA'S WOMEN.



HOLIDAYS are close upon us. Very soon most of our Home workers will only be at Home in the sense of not being in the Mission-field. We wish them all the rest and refreshment they have so well earned. It will not burden their memories, we trust, to carry with them some notices of what we look forward to in the autumn. To think and pray over projects that must be full of results and opportunities, and to make them known, will be of greater service than is easily realised.

The Valedictory Meeting will take place on Wednesday, October 10th, in Queen's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street, at 2.30 p.m. The Valedictory Address will be given by the Rev. Preb. H. W. Webb-Peploe, M.A. By the kind permission of the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Acheson, there will be a service of Holy Communion the same morning in All Souls', Langham Place, at 11.30. We hope to make arrangements for tea in Morley Hall, Regent Street, immediately after the meeting. We trust that our missionaries and their friends will find the convenience of the church

and these two halls being close together. The nearest District Railway station is Portland Road. The list of our new missionaries and their stations is given in Committee Notes, p. 343. So much for the future; now for Home Work in the recent past.

* * *

Wales.—Amidst so much grave cause for anxiety, our friends in the neighbouring Principality have proved that they are not engrossed in their "own things." They gave a kind and hearty welcome to Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Warren during their recent visits. At *Rhyl*, a large number assembled at the meeting in the Church House and seemed much stirred by what they heard from Mrs. Macdonald; the collection was double that of last year, and many promised to try to do more for the Society. Cards were taken by pupils in five schools, and boxes were also in demand. A lady in the audience at *Colwyn Bay* afterwards sent 6*l.* for the support of a Bible-woman. At *Tremeirchion*, the Sunday-school still keeps up. Seven large classes, consisting of men and women as well as boys and girls, greatly enjoyed listening to tales of the East, although they were told in English and not in their own native language.

* * *

Tours in Herefordshire and Monmouth taken by the Hon. W. Sugden furnished some cheering results. At Hereford, there were good attendances and a large outlay on books at the Ladies' College, at the Y.W.C.A., and at St. James' Schoolroom, as well as at the annual meeting held in the Woolhope Club Room on May 16th. At the latter, the Bishop had promised to preside, but he was prevented by illness, and Archdeacon Bather supplied his place. The collection realised 8*l.* 10*s.*, a great advance on that of last year. At *Chepstow*, the interest seems increasing; the annual meeting there on May 28th was well attended, and the amount collected was larger than on any previous occasion.

* * *

At Clifton, on Sunday, June 10th, sermons were preached in Christ Church, and at St. Alban's, Long Ashton, by the Rev. W. Balmaine, the Rev. T. A. Gurney, and the Rev. G. Tonge. The following day, the annual meeting took place, when the Hon. Winifriede Sugden and Mr. Gurney were amongst the speakers. The local report, read by General Grove, expressed great regret at the retirement of the late President, the Rev. H. Meyer, but the Committee were glad to announce that the

Right Rev. Bishop Cheetham had kindly agreed to take his place. There was a slight increase in the receipts under the item of sales of work, that at Kingswood having been particularly successful. The total remitted was 463*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* The Rev. Eustace Brennan, who was in the chair, remarked that he did not think they could congratulate themselves upon the amount raised when they considered the wealth of Clifton and Bristol. When they thought of the millions of their fellow-subjects shut up in the sad, dreary life of the Zenana, surely they ought to do something more to help forward this great movement.

* *

The *Salisbury* Anniversary was held on Sunday and Monday, May 27th and 28th. Sermons were preached at 10.30 on Sunday in the Cathedral by the Rev. G. Ensor, and in St. Paul's, Fisherton, by the Rev. E. N. Thwaites; at 6.30, the Rev. G. Ensor preached at Fisherton: at each service the congregations were large.

At the meeting on Monday afternoon the Very Rev. the Dean presided, and in a short introductory speech spoke very hopefully of the work, quoting statistics to show the great progress the Society has made. He said that strenuous efforts should be put forth to render the Society a true handmaid of the Church of England. He was glad that in the city they were beginning to take a real interest in this important branch of Missions. Very earnest addresses were then given by the Rev. G. Ensor and Miss Warren. The Rev. E. N. Thwaites acted as chairman at the evening meeting, and related his experience of missionaries and their work during his recent visit to India, concluding with a strong appeal on behalf of the cause they were met to support. The Society's representatives also spoke again, and several schoolboys were dressed in native costumes and seated in front of the platform. The annual sale of work followed at Mrs. Rawlence's house on June 5—7. The articles to be sold were arranged in the lecture-room adjoining, while refreshments were to be had in a tent on the lawn. The Rev. Martin Hall, who had just landed from India, gave an interesting account of what he had seen there.

* *

The *South Hampstead* Annual Meeting and Sale of Work took place on June 9th. The Vicar, the Rev. H. Sharpe, presided. The Rev. G. Tonge, having to leave early, spoke first and told of the many urgent

applications for more workers from all parts of the mission-field. Mrs. Gardiner then gave an address that was much appreciated, her chief theme being personal reminiscences of missionaries—the late Miss Tucker, Miss Wauton, Miss Hewlett, and others—and contrasted the present state of the Punjab with what it was when she went out there many years ago. She described her first introduction to the work when conducted by “Susan,” the Bible-woman, to the Tank at Amritsar. In consequence of this, the demand for our little penny book, *Susan, a Child of Long Ago*, was so great, that what remained of the edition was completely sold out.* Will our good Deputations take notice of the result of knowing and mentioning our publications?

* * *

The *Ramsgate* branch held its meetings during May 25—27, Miss Newman, of Kashmir, acting as Deputation. She dwelt at some length upon the manners and customs of the people and upon the medical part of the work. She said they had tried very hard to get the women to nurse in their hospital; but they could neither read nor write, and it was extremely difficult to teach them now to do either because there were no books. It was hoped soon to have the first book printed in Kashmiri, using the Persian characters, for no English letters would combine to make the strange sounds!

* * *

Boxmoor.—On Tuesday, June 5th, a small gathering of factory-girls was kindly entertained at the house of our Local Secretary, Mrs. Tapp, who is a sister of Miss Grimwood of Tarn Taran. After tea, and games in the garden, the girls assembled in the drawing-room to enjoy some music and singing by Mrs. Tapp and her sister, Miss Bessie Grimwood. A hymn was then sung, and Miss Hasell, of St. Albans, showed some curios illustrating the life of our Indian sisters, and also gave some account of the work going on amongst them. After this, two of those present brought in the result of 12. with which they had traded, amounting to 3s. 5d. Miss B. Grimwood then said a few farewell words and offered prayer. The needlework made by the girls during the winter months was exhibited, and the gathering dispersed after having spent a very enjoyable and, it is hoped, profitable evening.

* Since this was written, we have been able to obtain a few more copies of *Susan*.

Other friends who have given us help at this busy season are Mrs. Bardsley, Mrs. Greaves, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Shirt, and Mrs. Urmston ; also the Misses Boutflower, Brook, Catchpool, A. Hobbs, and I. Wallinger.

* * *

On May 21st, Mrs. Knox gave an address to the students of the Royal Holloway College, Egham, where she stayed for the night. The ladies received her very hospitably ; lectures and study were put aside for one evening, and they assembled in the drawing-room to listen to matters of present-day history of the far East ; and not only to listen, but to follow up her address with questions showing how keen an interest it had awakened.

* * *

We have received a letter from Mrs. Grindlay, Church of England Women's Auxiliary to Missions, Toronto Diocesan Board, correcting a statement in the February Number of *INDIA'S WOMEN*, p. 85, that \$600 had been promised annually for a C.E.Z.M.S. Medical Mission. It seems that there was a generous proposal that this amount should be guaranteed, but our good supporters in Toronto found it impossible to carry out the scheme.

* * *

COMMITTEE NOTES.

At the *General Committee on Wednesday, July 4th*, the following locations of new missionaries recommended by the Candidates' Committee were agreed to :—

Miss EDITH KENT	Normal School, Calcutta.
Miss SCOTT	Baranagore.
Miss C. DICKSON	Howrah.
Misses M. and F. LESLIE	Nuddea Village Mission.
Misses M. and G. DAVIES-COLLEY	Mirat.
Miss EDITH CHAMBERS	Bhagalpur.
Miss EDITH BRENTON-CAREY	Karachi.
Miss RICHARDSON	Jandiala.
Miss HOUGHTON	Peshawar (Zenana work).
Miss AMY LILLINGSTON	Gosha Hospital, Bangalore.
Miss ASHWIN	Masulipatam.
Miss WEDDERSPOON	Fuh-Kien Province, China.

The cases of Miss Riley, who has offered for the Training Home at Baranagore, and of Miss Potter, await the decision of the Society's Medical Referee.

It was reported that Miss Grace E. Mason, an accepted candidate of the

C.M.S., was willing, with the consent of the C.M.S., to transfer her services to the C.E.Z.M.S. with a view to take the place of the late Miss Tucker as an honorary missionary at Batala, and also that the C.M.S. Committee agreed to the proposed transfer of Miss Margaret Hall to the C.E.Z.M.S. for work at Jabalpur.

A letter from the Rev. F. E. Wigram was read in reference to the opening for work at Quetta, and it was resolved that every effort be made to obtain a qualified lady to take charge of the Lady Sandeman Dispensary, which has hitherto been worked on non-religious lines, but which the Committee are now ready to hand over to a Missionary Society without any obstacle being put in the way of religious teaching.

The appointment of Miss A. Tuting as Association Secretary for Berkshire was sanctioned.

The application of Miss Synge, of Ootacamund, to take furlough in the autumn of this year was agreed to, and the offer of Miss B. Daniels to assist the missionaries at that station by taking charge of the house-keeping was gratefully accepted.

It was reported with regret that the state of Miss Goodwin's health will not allow her to go out to India this year to take charge of Khyber House, as had been arranged.

The Committee, at the suggestion of the Corresponding Secretary in Calcutta, desires to put on record their grateful appreciation of the great kindness of Mr. Kali Charan Bannerjee, a Christian pleader, in placing his professional services gratuitously at the disposal of their missionaries in legal proceedings instituted against them at Burdwan and in Calcutta.

The Committee had an interview at one o'clock with Miss Ewart, honorary missionary from Bangalore, who hopes to return at the end of the year; and with Miss Bellerby, now at home on medical certificate from Kandy. Miss Hensley was also present to take farewell of the Committee previous to starting on her return to Calcutta, *via* Melbourne, in August.

At 2.15 p.m., Miss Edith Kent, Miss Scott, Miss C. Dickson, Misses M. and F. Leslie, Misses M. and G. Davies-Colley, Miss E. Brenton-Casey, Miss Richardson, and Miss Potter, from "The Willows," and Miss Ashwin, who have been accepted for foreign service, were introduced to the Committee, and having been addressed by the Chairman and Clerical Secretary, were commended in prayer to the grace of God for the work to which they are shortly to go forth.

The Apple of the Eye.

By A.L.O.E.

[The following Bible Study was sent by Miss Tucker to the Editor shortly before the white-haired missionary exchanged the emblems and parables of Scripture, in which she delighted, for the realisation of types and shadows—prayers and promises.]

“Keep me as the apple of the eye.”—*Psalm xvii. 8.*



It is well to pause over the precious emblems of Scripture, to raise up, as it were, the gem, and closely examine it, turning it in various directions to the light, so that we may catch the prismatic tints which enhance and vary its beauty. The brief text before us is such a gem; it is in the form of a prayer, but such a prayer as only a Disciple would dare to offer, and only a loving Saviour would grant. The Lord in His Word has compared the connexion between Himself and His people to that between shepherd and sheep, sovereign and subject, parent and child, and we learn that believers become “members of Christ”; that the Church is His body, that His union with it is close as that between bridegroom and bride; but the text before us seems intended for the individual believer; a gem which the weakest and most humble may take and wear.

Let us then examine the gem with its various brilliant facets, and see in what manner an eye is a fit emblem of a follower of the Redeemer.

It is a fit emblem in its—

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Helplessness. | 5. Its obedience. |
| 2. Its close connexion. | 6. Its usefulness. |
| 3. Its need of instruction. | 7. Its power to see beyond earth. |
| 4. Its preciousness. | 8. Its beauty. |

1. We see in the eye a type of utter *helplessness*. We can hardly imagine any living object more weak, or if removed from its right place, more unsightly and worthless. In itself it is worse than nothing. So would souls be without Christ.

2. The eye's *connexion* with the head is exceedingly close, the life and light of the orb depend upon it. The weak little eye is closer to the brain than is either hand or foot. In each waking hour there is momentary intercourse between them. Oh! that in close communion with the Source of Wisdom, we were more like the Apple of the eye!

3. *Need of Instruction*.—Have we ever considered this quality in the

organ of vision? It is not merely the artist, the sculptor, or the naturalist who requires to learn the perfect use of the eye. The infant has eyes, but knows nothing of colour or distance; to him the moon seems as near as the lamp, he cannot distinguish between various tints. His eyes requires to be taught; even after being for years the possessor of sight, he needs to learn the shape of letters and figures. And is not the believer's life one long, slowly learned lesson? It is very gradually that we see the difference between the false and the true, that our minds really behold the wondrous things in God's Law. Some souls are colour-blind until death.

4. *Preciousness*.—And yet, with all its helplessness and need of instruction, what other part of his frame is as precious to a man as his eye? He guards it with tenderest care; the smallest grain of sand in it is to him a distress; if the eye be in the slightest danger its owner intuitively raises his hand to guard it—yea, would sacrifice his right hand to save it. Oh! trembling believer, have you ever for a moment realised that to your Heavenly Master you are precious as the Apple of His eye? Can you believe this? do you rejoice in it? does the thought make you *fear no evil*?

5. But it is not mere comfort that we must glean from the text, it is also full of instruction. Reflect on the ready, quick

Obedience of the eye. In almost every case it obeys the will of its master, without a moment's hesitation,—looks where he bids it look, turns where he bids it turn. Sometimes, indeed, if he sees it needful that his precious eye should endure some pain, there is an involuntary closing of the lids, and maybe tears overflow them; but this is mere nervous weakness, no wilful disobedience or lack of submission.

6. *Usefulness*.—This is our sixth point, and we need not show how eminently this quality belongs to the eye. Can we even imagine an eye doing nothing for its owner?—unless, indeed, it were a mere *glass eye*, looking well to outsiders, but of no use to its master. May Grace keep us from resembling glass eyes!

7. *Power to see beyond Earth*.—The eye is able to look beyond all that belongs to the flesh. The foot rests upon the earth; the hand cannot reach the cloud; sounds die from the ear at a short distance; but the eye reaches to the sun itself, even to orbs far beyond the sun! But to do this it must be raised; it must not be fixed on earth, nor blinded with its dust. The eye, like the believer, must *seek the things that are above*!

8. *Beauty*.—We would touch lastly, and lightly, upon the beauty of

the eye, which is entirely owing to the life drawn from close connexion with its master. There is no gem to be compared with a lustrous eye, one filled with the light of Heaven, pure, soft, and beaming with love !

And now, after closely examining this Scripture emblem, shall we not more humbly and earnestly offer the Psalmist's prayer,—

"Keep me as the apple of the eye !"

A Retrospect, 1894.

*A Paper read by the Central Secretary, at the Conference of C.E.Z.M.S.
Association Secretaries.*



THIS, our tenth Conference, seems a suitable time for a retrospect. We first met in this way in 1882, and from that date, each alternate year until 1888 ; since then we have had an annual gathering, as it was felt to be so helpful and profitable thus to meet face to face, to unite in prayer, to exchange words of sympathy and encouragement, to compare methods, and share one another's hopes and fears.

The retrospect of twelve years is a solemnising, and for oneself, a very humbling exercise ; but when we look at what God has wrought through the instrumentality with which we are associated, we must exclaim with heartfelt thanksgiving, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

In looking back, the thought that first arises is the remembrance of many friends and fellow-workers who have been called from service on earth to the higher service above. I can only venture to allude to those who were connected with our first Conference. The earliest among that number to be called away was Miss Harriet Lloyd, then the Editorial Secretary, with whom the idea of a Conference originated. She had made all the arrangements for that held in 1882 with her wonted energy, but was prevented from being present, as she was attacked by the illness which proved to be the Master's Home-call to His faithful servant.

In 1886 we had to mourn the removal of Sir Wm. Hill, "whose devotion to the work of his Master, and sympathy with the workers," can never be forgotten by those who knew him. The following year we were called upon to deplore the loss of one who had for many years been a

wise counsellor and friend, Mrs. Weitbrecht—"her heart's affections and her life work for India, and even when very feeble from illness the triumphs of the Cross awakened in her the smile of thankfulness and the word of praise to God."

Two years afterwards we find the record of the Home-call of Mrs. Arbuthnot, under whose hospitable roof our first Conference was held. She was one of the oldest and most regular members of our Committee, and took a deep personal interest in the work of our missionaries.

The next great loss that we sustained was when it pleased God to take Home to Himself His faithful servant Mr. James Stuart, the valued Honorary Secretary of the Society. "He had been associated with the work from the very first, witnessing its rise, watching over and fostering its growth, spending and being spent in its service, guiding its counsels, praying for and rejoicing in its success." These and many others whose names we cannot enumerate, but whose record is on high, have set us a bright example of earnest faith and prayerfulness, singleness of purpose, steadfastness of aim, faithfulness to principles, fidelity to the simplicity of the Gospel. They have been the means of great blessing to our Society, and used by their Heavenly Master for the furtherance of His Kingdom. "Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

We do not forget the names of two dear and valued friends, unable to be with us to-day, who were leading members of former Conferences: Mrs. Stuart, who has been called apart by her great sorrow, but whom we hope to welcome amongst us again; and Miss Cockle, who is laid aside from active service, but who still shares in the work by her sympathy and prayers. Nor can we ever lose sight of what we owe to our late Clerical Secretary, the Rev. Gilbert Karney, who is still our active friend.

Before passing on, I feel that I must pause to raise a note of deep thanksgiving to God for His goodness in giving us such leaders as Sir Charles Aitchison, General Robinson, Colonel Lowis, and the Rev. G. Tonge to fill the vacant places, and aid in the councils and administration of our Society's work. Surely we may take it as a token of the gracious purpose of our God towards us, and go forward "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

Though statistics are very dull and dry, it may be of some interest to make a comparison between our position in 1882 and 1894.

Let us look at the *Home department*. The Association Secretaries now

number forty-five against twenty-nine in 1882. Of those twenty-nine, ten are still working with us. Two, Mrs. Moss and Mrs. Pratt, whose names we hold in affectionate remembrance, have been called to service above. The Associations in 1882 were reckoned at 408, this year they stand at 1062. By a comparison between 1882 and 1893, we find that the Associations in the Metropolitan districts rose from thirty-eight to 111, and in the Provinces from 370 to 884. The income in 1882 was as follows against 1894 :—

	1882.				1894.		
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
From Associations	13,101	2	6		23,704	10	2
Direct	2,066	10	1		5,944	14	9
Interest	48	11	8		253	1	0
				Legacies	515	0	0
				D.W.U.	142	12	5
Total (ordinary income)	£15,216	4	3	Total (ordinary income)	£30,559	18	4

Added to this, we have now the Capital Fund of close on 7000*l.* safely invested, so that by the good hand of our God upon us, we have every reason to be stimulated and encouraged.

At the same time we have to face the fact that our income has been diminishing during the past two years. Compare the total income—

1892.	1893.	1894.
31,973 <i>l.</i>	31,372 <i>l.</i>	30,559 <i>l.</i>

These figures show 1414*l.* less *ordinary* income this year than in 1892 ; and in addition to this in 1892 there was the Census thankoffering, which amounted to 3860*l.* Nevertheless, though we have to record a smaller income, we have cause to thank God and take courage. Like David, when “greatly distressed,” let us encourage ourselves in the Lord our God. Perhaps in weakness of faith, we are tempted to exclaim, “We cannot overtake all these wonderful opportunities that God is putting before us.” Let us adopt David’s prayer, “Shall I pursue after this troop, shall I overtake them?” and we shall hear the same answer, “Pursue, for thou shalt overtake them” (1 Sam. xxx. 2). Yes, “the Lord hath been mindful of us ; He will bless us. Let our present need be our incentive to believing prayer and continued effort.

To turn to the *Foreign field*, there we find increase all along the line, and yet we are deeply conscious how much more there might have been :—

	1882.	1893.
English missionaries	53	155
Assistants, Bible-women, and teachers	154	623
Stations	24	58
Zenanas visited	972	3,556
Schools	70	153
Pupils in Zenanas and schools	3,664	10,123

There was one Village Mission in 1882, and in 1893, 1431 villages were visited. In 1882, there was medical work at Amritsar and Trichur, and in 1893, in the various stations where medical work is carried on, the total number of in-patients is given as 1049, and of out-patients as 163,098.

We specially rejoice at every strengthening of the links that bind together the Home and Foreign workers "in fellowship to the furtherance of the Gospel," and are thankful to record that several have gone from the "Commissariat," as General Robinson once aptly described the staff of Home workers, to the front ranks of our little army. We find amongst our missionaries three who were formerly Association Secretaries—Miss A. M. Smith at Bangalore, Miss Rodd and Miss Burroughs in China; and from the D.W.U. Central Band, Miss Amy Smith at Barrackpore.

The D.W.U. is a development of the Girls' Union, which existed in 1882. There are no statistics to hand of the members enrolled in the Girls' Union, but we thankfully report that in 1894 there are 146 Bands of the D.W.U. and 5418 members.

Such a retrospect as we have now taken can only be cursory and superficial, but how solemn and soul-inspiring it is to look forward to that gathering when we, as the redeemed in Christ Jesus, shall meet before the Throne of God and the Lamb to hear the Great Retrospect. How much there will be then to humble, to gladden, and to rejoice our souls! Let us press forward. Let courage, calmness, consistency, confidence, and self-control, by the grace that is in Christ Jesus, be our distinguishing characteristics. The battle is not ours, but God's. Even we, who only belong to the Commissariat, are sometimes discouraged because of the way: how much more our beloved sisters out in the heat of the action. But faint, yet pursuing, let us gird on our heavenly armour, and go forth praising the Lord, Whose mercy endureth for ever. Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.



BY an "undesigned coincidence," an account of work in Batala, an article by A.L.O.E., the late head of the Batala Mission, and an announcement that a lady has been found to take the place which her death has left vacant, appear simultaneously in this Number. Miss Clarke's sigh: "If only *A-nother L*-ady of *O-ld E*-ngland will come out and help!" will be changed to gladness as she receives the news that a friend of Miss Tucker's family will go out this autumn to Batala. (See p. 343.) The rapidly extending Punjab Mission has occupied many pages of *Abroad* in our past Numbers, and now through late arrivals from Batala and from the Alexandra School, Amritsar, it has spread into the present one. A description of the Alexandra School and an account of its origin were given in our May Number, p. 236.

Letters from the Sindh Mission are illustrated by our frontispiece. This photographic group represents our missionaries and workers at Karachi, the oldest C.E.Z.M.S. station in Sindh.

First row, sitting on the ground, from left to right:—

1. MASSIH CHARRAN, teacher in Gujarati, Joria Bazaar School. He was baptized by the late Rev. G. Shirt.
2. PANI-BAI, pupil teacher in the Sudder Gujarati School; baptized about four years ago.
3. ELIZABETH, Massih Charran's wife, and helper in the school.
4. AMARITH-BAI, teacher in Ranchor Line Gujarati School; brought up in the Orphanage in Surat, where Mrs. O'Connor was formerly matron.

Second row, sitting on chairs, from left to right:—

1. Miss TROYAL, assistant missionary, working among Gujarati women and children in Sudder Bazaar.

2. MRS. GHOSE, wife of the Native pastor.
3. MISS CAREY, who went to Karachi in 1885; senior missionary, and superintendent of the Mission.
4. MISS PRANCE, missionary; went out in 1893.
5. MRS. O'CONNOR, assistant missionary for eight years; working amongst Gujarati women and children in Ranchor Lines.

Third row, standing, from left to right:—

1. MARY-AL, second teacher in Sindhi School.
2. MISS DAWSON, missionary; went out in 1890.
3. MISS GREEN, assistant missionary, working amongst Sindhis.
4. MISS GHOSE, head-teacher, Sindhi School; daughter of the Native pastor.
5. MISS WREDDON, assistant missionary, preparing to work among Sindhis.
6. ELISA-BAL, teacher in Gujarati Sudder School.
7. CHANDURNAL MUNSHI, who has taught Sindhi for 8½ years in the Zenana Mission-house to all new-comers.

The Punjab Mission.

The Alexandra Christian Girls' Boarding School, Amritsar.

"Sweet Firstfruits."

A NEW MISSIONARY'S FIRST REPORT.

"One soweth and another reapeth."

"OF course you belong to the Gleaners' Union?" said a new acquaintance to me, shortly before I first came to India. I replied in the negative. "What, you are not a 'Gleaner'! How's that?" he inquired. "I am not a Gleaner," I answered, "but I hope soon to be a Reaper." And this bright hope has not been disappointed. Indeed, no words could more accurately describe my first year's experience as a missionary than those of the Lord of the Harvest when He said: "I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour. Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours" (John 38). For not only are we Christians, one and all, daily entering into labours of the Pioneer Band to

whom these words were first addressed—not only is this School itself the outcome of much toil and generosity in bygone days—not only is the goodly company of young Christians who call upon the blessed Name in it the fruit of much faithful and prayerful sowing of the good seed in past years—but the whole routine of School work is the result of earnest prayer and effort on the part of former workers, the result of a lavish expenditure of labour, health, and life. Many a stubborn clod must have been broken by the ploughshare of discipline before the corn could spring up and grow in the regular furrows which we now see. And many a prayer must have stolen upward, like unseen vapour, ere such fertilising showers of

blessing fell as have manifestly been granted.

It is, however, of the year 1893 that Miss Cooper (the Lady Superintendent-in-charge) has delegated to me the privilege of writing—a year full of cause for thankfulness and praise.

Like the girls among whom we work, the work itself is of a triplex nature—Spiritual, Intellectual, Physical.

With regard to the first of these departments, being the *raison d'être* of the School, perhaps a fuller account will be expected than it would be possible or desirable to give. Let us remember that this is the department of the great Head Master Himself, and although He may and does use us as His messengers, He is the one and only worker in any real sense. Who are we that we should challenge Him to show and prove that He has not neglected His sphere of work, but has done all we had a right to expect? We walk by faith, not by sight! Yet because that faith is but weak, He sometimes dispels the mist which veils His doings and lets us see how, first the blade, and then the ear, has been developing while we slept and rose night and day. Such a glimpse was given when two pupils, *independently* of each other and *at different times*, made the *unsolicited* remark that “so many girls have been converted” during the year.

At the beginning of July, Miss Hewlett kindly consented to conduct a special mission for our girls in the School chapel. No one who attended the meetings could, I think, fail to be

conscious that a spiritual work was going on. An “Alexandra School Prayer Union” has been formed with a view to linking together past and present pupils for mutual intercession. Several who have left have been enrolled as members, and all the elder pupils now here unite in a weekly Intercessory Service for “old girls.” Many are learning valuable lessons in the efficacy of prayer, and we have rejoiced to notice a considerable amount of spontaneous Bible study. In all this let us recognise the work of the Divine Spirit, and let us “give unto the Lord the glory due unto His Name,” while at the same time beseeching Him to kindle our still all-too-lukewarm hearts into flame.

Instruction in Holy Scripture has, of course, been regularly given. Several girls competed at the Lake Memorial Examination; one of them gained the first prize (for junior Christians) and another the third. The class in which these pupils were prepared, as well as two other classes, are taught by Hindustani teachers. The Rev. T. Wade examined the School with much care at the end of the year, and expressed himself well pleased with the result. Eight girls were confirmed in December after careful and prayerful preparation by Miss Cooper.

But we must pass on to the *Intellectual Department*. Before leaving on furlough, Miss Edgley clearly and carefully mapped out a scheme of work for each teacher and each class, and this has been adhered to throughout the year. It speaks exceedingly

well for the thoroughness and stability of Miss Edgley's work of organisation that during her absence all has gone on with almost automatic regularity. With regard to results I cannot do better than forward the Report of the Government Inspectress of Schools, Miss Francis, omitting only one or two sentences of no general interest.

Lastly, a few words should be said about the *Physical Training* and general health of our charges. As regards the former, perhaps more could be attempted and accomplished; but some efforts have been made and are being kept up to mingle practical or manual work with mental study. Miss Cooper and others have been teaching *needlework* with results that have brought warm approval from the Inspectress. A *cooking class* has also been held (during the winter months), in which girls have been taught to prepare food after the Hindustani fashion. Mrs. H. M. Clark and Miss Wright, too, have each had a *singing class*.

Owing to the exceptionally temperate hot season there was less sickness than usual. In the spring one girl was so ill of pneumonia that the Surgeon-major, who very kindly attended her during Dr. Clark's enforced

absence for a few days, said it would be a miracle if she recovered. Happily the *miraculous* is not the *impossible*, and in answer to much urgent and earnest prayer she was restored to health.

In the anticipation that these lines may eventually be read by some who are working among non-Christians in the face of difficulty and discouragement, or by others whose interest and belief in Mission work have been weakened by reports of failure and want of progress, I feel constrained to add that what I have seen since I came to India early in 1893 has provided abundant cause to thank God and take courage. Dear friends, you who are continually sowing the good seed, and perhaps looking in vain for signs that "your labour is not in vain in the Lord," lift up your eyes and see that some parts of the field, which once seemed just as hopelessly barren as your own, are white already to the harvest. "One soweth and another reapeth. And he that reapeth . . . gathered fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." Wherefore "magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together."

FRANCES M. SAW.

We do not print the Report of the Government Inspectress, for English readers would need special instruction in the various "Standards" and "Stages" in order to properly appreciate it. If the terms, "excellent," "credit to their teachers," "unusually intelligent," which are scattered amongst confusing technicalities, convey an idea of good success, one closing sentence is perfectly clear:—

"I congratulate the head-mistress on the state of the School, which I consider in every respect *the best in the Punjab*."

Since this report was written the results have been published of the late Punjab Middle Girls' Government Examination. The Rev. Robert Clark writes: "You will be glad to hear that seven Alexandra girls were in the first nine in the Punjab. A pupil of Mrs. Grime's (C.M.S.) stood first in the Punjab; eight girls out of nine in the Alexandra School passed in the following order: 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 17th. They were *first* in the 'Punjab' in four subjects, and *second* in four others. There were twenty-nine girl candidates."

BATALA.

The Station of A.L.O.E.

By MISS CLARKE.



MISS TUCKER, BEFORE GOING
TO INDIA.

THE year
1893
opened

here with all
arrangements
seemingly
right for the
year. Miss
Tucker in her
wonted place
as head, Miss
Warren to
take Miss
Dixie's place,
the latter go-
ing on fur-
lough, and
Miss Capes

to help Miss Tucker and to do
village work. Alas, how all these
plans were changed! Much to the
regret of her fellow-workers, Miss
Warren was compelled through ill-
health to return to England, and
Miss Capes was moved to another
sphere of work. I had been sent here

before Miss Warren broke down, so
Miss Tucker and I were the only
workers left.

Doubtless all readers know of the
last great change; how Miss Tucker,
the honoured missionary who for
eighteen years laboured indefatigably
in the Master's service in the Punjab,
passed to her rest, leaving behind an
example of love and devotion to work
that can never be forgotten. On the
departure of Miss Warren in April,
Miss Tucker sought for another helper
till she got quite weary with the many
disappointments. Finally, when Miss
Tucker returned from Simla the dis-
pensary was closed, much to the
astonishment of the women, who could
not think why another Miss *Sahib*
could not come. At the beginning of
this year, when we very gladly wel-
comed Miss Abdullah, it was re-
opened. Miss Tucker had a large
number of Zenanas, and having passed
her reading pupils on to me, she visited
a good many houses in a day. These

people are not quick learners, and their thoughts wander to everything else but their lessons. One day in a room where I was sitting, three little Punjabi girls in a corner were holding a deep consultation. As I heard Miss *Sahib's* name often repeated, I guessed it was something about me. At last they drew close, and one stretching out a little hand, very gently touched my cheek, saying, "Miss *Sahib*, this is red, and this," touching my forehead, "is white. Miss *Sahib ji*, what colour is your neck?" I unfastened my collar that these inquiring little minds might be satisfied.

One gets very fond of these little Punjabi girls. I wish those friends at home, who are so good in dressing many dolls for us, could see the delight with which they are received. Even old women beg for them; mothers ask for them for their little babies of perhaps two weeks old, and little girls beam with delight when they get one. Some skip with joy.

Miss Tucker kept up visiting a certain number of villages—her last day's work was to go into a village; but when Miss Capes left, the greater part

of this department had necessarily to drop, for I did not know enough Punjabi to help. In fact for some time last year, I was not in full work as I was studying for my Punjabi examination, which I passed last Christmas. Now I am slowly taking up village work, and if Miss Abdullah has no very serious cases on hand, she comes with me on Saturday. But there are so many villages round Batala, and so many Zenanas in Batala, that one worker cannot keep them up. The medical work practically takes the medical worker all her time. If only *A-nother L-ady of O-ld E-ngland* will come out and help!

The two Bible-women have worked steadily through the year, and in one Zenana visited by Nural Nissa, is a Mohammedan woman who wishes to be baptized, and has done so for some little time. But the way is not yet clear; her case is a difficult one, and sometimes she feels a little frightened. "Pray one for another." Also the sister of Umri, the other Bible-woman, wishes to be baptized, and she is nearly ready; her little daughter will (D.V.) be baptized with her.—*May 21st, 1894.*

The Sindh Mission.

KARACHI.

After Furlough,

By MISS CAREY.

SITTING down to write I go back in memory to many pleasant visits paid to different parts of England and France in 1892 and 1893. As I recall the interested questions,

showing sometimes much knowledge of our work, or the delight shown by simple village people at getting a peep into the lives of their far-away Indian sisters, and the warm inquiries about

the work of any missionary who had before visited that spot—evidence she was still remembered—I feel that I am no longer writing that most dreaded “Report,” but rather a *letter* which will be circulated among many friends. It is a great pleasure to be able thus to send my warmest *salaams* to those who have so kindly acted the part of “Gaius mine host” in many an out-of-the-way village and hamlet, as well as in the larger towns of Old England.

How many among high and low have said to me, “I will remember your work in prayer.” Oh, dear friends, if the interest has grown cold, and you have forgotten this promise, let this letter remind you that we need your prayers as much as ever, and that prayer *does* “move the Hand that moves the world.” Pray on for power from on High to endue us and fit us for our work. Pray, too, that those to whom we carry the message may be convinced of sin. Not as a matter of course, but with all the earnestness I can put into the words, I would entreat you to pray for us.

Prospects on Landing at Karachi.

You may remember that Miss Prance and I left England last autumn, Miss Prance coming out for the first time. She is now giving all her attention to learning Gujarati, and hopes soon to take up work in a part of the city where the women have not yet been reached, though their children come readily to our school in the Joria Bazaar, as it is called. I found I very quickly slipped into my old

place, but only for a time, as, to the great grief of all the Karachi workers, Miss Condon's health obliged her to seek a better climate in Abbottabad, where she will, we trust, be as much used in building up a new work as she was here. This has necessitated my beginning to learn Gujarati that I may properly take up her work—a necessity, which is also a great pleasure.

Our Children.

The schools are all going on well. Miss Prance has described one, which we call the “Sudder School.” It is in the bazaar where Europeans do their shopping, and not far from our house. Miss Troyal and Elizabai, a Christian teacher, have charge of that school, and Miss Troyal is eagerly welcomed in her visits among the parents of the children. Mrs. O'Connor and Amarithbai still carry on the Ranchor Lines School, and a very successful one it is. The grant gained last year from Government was more than a third of the expenses, and therefore more than can be claimed. The Joria Bazaar School, already mentioned, is conducted by Masih Charan and his wife, the former a convert baptized by Mr. Shirt some years ago. This school is anxiously waiting for the day when Miss Prance will take it under her wing. I am sure she will soon be very fond of the nice, bright little girls, and very joyful they will be when she is able to visit their homes and to make friends with their mothers.

Mrs. O'Connor's Women Pupils.

Of her work among the women,

Mrs. O'Connor writes: "It is pleasant, and a matter of thankfulness to know that the women, who from time to time, return from their own country bring news of those who have learned here about Christ, and say how they think and speak of Him to their friends and relations. If they are asked if they have forgotten what they have been taught, they reply indignantly, 'How can I ever forget Jesus and all that He has done for me? I always take the Name of Jesus the first thing in the morning and at night before I go to sleep.' One of the women, who returned a short time ago from her country, said: 'My mother-in-law was so pleased with the books you sent her; if any one comes to see her who is able to read, she makes them read them to her. She has given up idols, and believes only in Christ, but when she tells others to do likewise they laugh at her and say she is mad.'

"The women, with few exceptions, are always most willing to learn the Scriptures. One day a woman brought a slate and pencil and asked me to write what I had been saying, as she might forget it before I came again; her husband's brother was able to read and he would teach her. I had the great pleasure of seeing an old woman again who, when she went to her country a long time ago, had told me that she would not return here; she said: 'I have been telling my friends about Christ, but they would not believe me. Only one poor woman liked to hear, and I taught her to take

the Name of Jesus. I don't know much myself, but what I know I taught her.' I asked what the prayer was, and she told me, 'Jesus, Saviour of the world, I come to Thee. Thy mercy is infinite. I come to Thee to pardon all my sins.'

Mrs. O'Connor's report is so interesting that I wish I could copy it all, but fear making mine too long.

Miss Dawson will have written chiefly about visiting in the Sipdhi city, and I will leave it to her, as I have not been able to do as much in that line as formerly. Our friends think our hearts have grown very hard, and would like us *all* to go and see them at once instead of dividing the houses between us! Miss Green visits a large number of houses, and finds ready listeners even among Brahmins. She also teaches some of the women to read, that they may be able to read the Bible for themselves. She was called into a new house the other day and told, "I sent for you because I want to follow Jesus." I fear, however, that the knowledge of what that means was very small. If only these people knew their need of a Saviour, half our difficulties would vanish.

More about Little Gomi.

I am sure some of our friends will be interested in hearing something of little Gomi.* Three kind little girls in Liverpool dressed and sent out by me a very pretty doll for her with three nice letters. I wish they could have

* *Little Gomi* is one of our penny looks, written by Miss Carey, now in its fifth edition.

seen the delight with which they were received, and heard all the pretty things she said about their kindness in thinking of her. I am sure many at home are praying for her, and we can only tell them that we feel sure God *is* answering. Those who read the manuscript letters may perhaps have seen the latest news sent home about her, but we cannot *print* all poor little Gomi's sayings and doings.

Vacant Places.

It was sad to find some gaps among the women. Three very special friends had died while I was in England, one a young woman—if a child of twelve can be so called—who had been in school but left to be married in a distant village some time ago. Her mother, who went to see her on her death-bed, is never tired of telling us how the dying girl said to her, "I am not afraid to die; I am quite happy," and then repeated the last verse of "There is a happy land." We trust that this shows that she had

found freedom from fear of death in Christ.

Raising Funds in Karachi.

Our sales of work were successful as usual last year, thanks to the kind help we get from the ladies of the station. I do not know if all at home realise how important these sales are to us. Our local funds, made in this way, entirely support our schools, and our monthly expenses are by no means lighter as the work grows! For help in sale work and prizes our best thanks are due to Scarborough, Bristol and Clifton, Mary Church, Torquay, Driffield, Kingswear, Brixham, Paignton, Redditch, Surbiton, and to many scattered friends. We hope they will try to realise how grateful we are without our writing separate letters of thanks. There may be some who have not been mentioned, as we have not opened our new boxes, and sometimes do not know who they are from until we do so.

Karachi, May 16th, 1894.

Something about my Houses.

By MISS DAWSON.

†T needs a little care to walk in our narrow lanes with any comfort. Cows block up the way, or a big dog barks furiously from a doorway; dozens of cats crawl lazily along; little children are having their morning tub in the open-air;—worse than all, the good ladies of Karachi have not yet learnt the use of drains, but empty all refuse into the streets, and it *may* happen—as it has done to me

—that a quantity of black water is thrown over you, making you a funny object for the rest of the morning.

On all sides doors are open, and women begging for a visit. I have heard it said that we go into houses under false pretences—to teach reading or needlework—and then, in an underhand way, teach Christianity. I would like to emphatically deny this. When we first go to any

house we say, "If we come to teach you we must bring our Book and read to you out of it," and so far in Karachi this has met with no opposition. To many of my pupils I give a reading lesson—always if they have been in our school—as it is a pity for them to forget what has cost them so much trouble to learn.

One young woman, G., who has never been to school, has just now achieved a great success—she can read a few verses in the Bible by herself. I wish you could have seen her beaming face the first time she did so. She has a very warm corner in my heart, as she was the first Sindhi to whom I attempted to speak of Jesus and His love; and I believe she is receiving the truth into her heart, may be slowly, but, God grant, surely. She acknowledges that idols are vain, useless things, and when taken to a temple she does not worship. Day by day she takes the Name of Jesus. She is very fond of hymns, and her little sister-in-law, like many other school-children, a pioneer in the home, has taught her a great many.

*More about two little Wives of
Karachi.*

I once told you of two little wives, living without the much-dreaded *Sas* (mother-in-law)—I see them every week; they do not get on quickly with their reading; the younger (about twelve years old) is, as her husband says, "still very playful." The elder tells me she is learning so as to be able to read the Bible for herself,

adding, "Will you give me one?" Needless to say the reward is promised.

I was talking to her about some of the customs prevailing in Karachi, when she suddenly exclaimed, "My mother says you tell lies, I am not to listen any more to your teaching."

One learns out here not to be surprised at any statements about oneself, so I simply said, "Do you think I speak the truth?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "and your God is the True One. I believe in Him; but my relations are afraid I shall some day be a Christian like you."

As the husband has not forbidden my visits, this little wife has her lesson every week and enjoys it. I wish some of my friends could see the attempts these two young ladies make at sewing—*such stitches!* When I showed them, as I thought, a better way, they only smiled and said, "Your stitches are *much* too small, they will all wash out." Though my advice was not wanted, they were not too proud to accept a thimble each, and a gaily dressed doll sent from Scarborough, which gave great pleasure. In return, two home-made Sindhi dolls were given to me.

Good-bye to old customs.

In some houses the way in which they ignore the old strict observance of caste is very remarkable. Only the other day a woman gave me a very good *tiffin* of curry and rice on one of *their own plates*—not on a leaf to be thrown away as soon as I

had finished my meal, nor yet on an earthenware one, which some little time ago I should have been told to break, as no one else could touch it. So far so good, but we have to try, when old customs such as these are being broken down, to give them instead that which satisfies. The work is not at all easy and straightforward. It is impossible to gain the attention of the women all at once: when this has been accomplished, in comes a woman who examines you carefully, asks the price of all your clothes; last, but not least to their minds, comes the question, "Are you married?" When the questioner has gone away, sad and surprised by the dread answer, the teacher must patiently begin again.

So my days pass in visiting, sometimes finding many ready to listen—sometimes all busy with the cares or joys of this life, not knowing that they

are sick, and blind, and wretched, and we find the words of one of God's saints now entered into rest are true, "that it is the worst sickness not to know we are sick." Over and over again we are told, after trying to show them what sin is, that they do not commit sin. Oh, pray for them and for us. Don't say, as in the past I have myself after reading a report, "How sad! but what can I do? I could do so little." Learn to realise now that nothing is little when it touches man's salvation. If you can only dress a doll, or make a work-bag, do it for love of the Master.

Pray on. God waits to give you and me the answer to our prayers, and in the day coming, workers together with Him shall be co-partners of His joy, when of Karachi it shall be written, This and that soul was born there.

May 13th, 1894.

A Visit to a Karachi School.

BY MISS MILLIE PRANCE.

THERE is not very much for a missionary to tell who, like myself, has only been in India five months. Most of my time has been spent in learning Gujarati; instead of finding it a drudgery, I have enjoyed it.

What I *do* find hard is not to be able to answer when spoken to, except by interpretation, or a kind of "dumb crambo," which is a very difficult way of carrying on conversation.

It is stimulating to know that each

day of study brings telling these women of the love of Christ nearer.

For the last two months I have visited a school once a week for a short time. Would you like to see it? Then go up a flight of stairs, and you will find yourself in a large square room, with plenty of light and air. The floor is covered with matting of plaited grass, and the walls are bright with pictures illustrating Bible stories.

On one side of the room stands the teacher, a pretty young Native woman

in a red skirt, and a red *sari* over her head, reaching almost to the bottom of the skirt. She gives you a very smiling welcome.

All around the room are benches, and seated on them about sixty little girls from about five to twelve.

They look very pretty in their red *saris*, large silver anklets and bracelets, and their toes covered with heavy silver rings. They all rise and *salaam*—very pleased to see you.

It is early to begin school, as the elder girls have not all come, but the little ones enjoy looking at the pictures you take with you.

Presently the word is given for order, and all take their seats in readiness for prayers, which begin the work of each day. First we all sing a hymn, perhaps "There is a happy land," or some other familiar to English children. After the hymn the teacher prays, the children holding their hands reverently over their faces, and all repeat the Lord's Prayer together.

They are then divided into three

classes for Bible teaching, the very tiny ones learning texts or hymns. The others take a great interest in the Bible-lesson, and are very attentive, answering the questions which are put to them very brightly. This lesson lasts an hour and then the ordinary school work begins.

In this way the children are taught God's Word every day in all the schools.

On the day of the prize-giving, about four hundred children were gathered together. It seemed wonderful to think that such a number were allowed to be taught the Christian religion. Each child also represents a home where the knowledge of Christ enters, for the women very much like to hear the children sing the hymns.

God has wonderfully opened the way here. I think nothing has struck me more than the readiness with which the people receive us, and the loving welcome they give to a new "*madame*" from England.

HYDRABAD.

BY MISS COMPTON.

IT is not difficult to often remember places from which stirring accounts of success, or of active opposition and persecution come; but what of the districts which send periodically the same story of seed-sowing without any apparent result? They are very apt to become uninteresting or to slip altogether from

memory. Yet surely these are the places most needing the help of praying ones at home.

Indeed, it often seems as though prayer could be the only real means of success for Hyderabad, for the Gospel has been preached here for years, and the Truth is known to many; and yet there is lacking any inclina-

tion or desire to receive the Truth—any sense of need of the glad tidings we have to proclaim. The Spirit's power only can produce a sense of sin and need. Pray then, dear friends, more earnestly than ever before for the missionaries, for the small band of Native Christians, and for the people themselves. We are constrained to cry out, "Oh, that Thou wouldest rend the Heavens and come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy presence." Having been led ourselves to very special definite prayer for tokens of God's favour amongst us, we ask you to join us, believing that the desire to ask is the earnest of the answer ready to be given.

In the Dispensary.

For ten months of last year the medical work was carried on by Miss Werfel, who continued the daily visiting of patients in their own homes, and attendance at the dispensary, together with the weekly visit to Kotri. She has now left for England, and Miss Gordon, who has been temporarily transferred from Sukkur, is helping us, the work having grown beyond the powers of one person; indeed, since my return from England, two of us have been scarcely able to meet all the demands made upon us, while we find it difficult to procure a medical assistant in the country.

We drop the good seed broadcast in all parts of the city and surroundings as we go to minister to the sick, and there are now few houses to which we are called where it is not known that our mission is two-fold, and we

are asked to read from "the Book" as soon as our professional duties are finished. Personal gratitude and love are so readily given that they cannot fail to brighten one's work and make it a pleasure to go in and out among the people; but one does long to see the hearts thus easily won given to Him who alone is worthy.

We have had only one in-patient at the dispensary, a woman from Kotri, who needed daily care. She was with us about eighteen days, and left much better, though apparently untouched by the Gospel.

The large numbers attending the dispensary daily (often 100 or more) make a heavy drain upon our drugs, which disappear alarmingly quickly.

In a recent itinerating tour in Upper Sindh, Mr. and Mrs. Redman have proved the unlimited opportunities for medical work, and more than once a call has come from a distant village where lives a woman who was for some time a patient in Hydrabad.

I am writing, not in Hydrabad itself, but at a small town about thirty miles away. I have come here in answer to a telegraphic summons to see the wife of an influential Government clerk. In out-of-the-way places, where the women know absolutely nothing of the Truth, one learns to appreciate the work done in our schools and the regular teaching in the Zenanas; it seems almost impossible to get the women to grasp any spiritual truth; and the very elementary facts that we are sinners and need a Saviour from sin, illustrated in the

simplest way, seem only like a pleasant story without any practical meaning to them.

As we have asked you to join us in prayer, so we would say also join us

in praise for answers already given, and for the daily mercies which have been showered upon us during the past year.

May 15th, 1894.

Bearing the Heat of the Day.

BY MISS REDMAN.

A VERY bright event of the past few months has been Miss Compton's return. She arrived early in February, greatly to the joy of her many Native friends as well as of all the Mission party.

As regards my own particular sphere—we now visit about thirty houses regularly and a good many others occasionally.

Every now and then we are cheered by finding a thoughtful, hungry soul who listens wistfully to the story of the love of Christ; but when it comes to making the choice between Him and all they possess in the world, they generally shrink back. If only they knew how much they would *receive* in exchange for what they must give up! We wait in longing expectation "until the Spirit be poured upon us from on High," then "the wilderness" will "be a fruitful field."

There is still my share in the Zenana dispensary work to be referred to. That is necessarily very desultory, and sometimes, after having sat there for two hours or so in the afternoon, singing or reading or talking to a restless throng, I wonder whether any good has been done. At such times the fault may often lie with myself, for

it is most difficult to keep fresh and find means of riveting attention in the midst of much coming and going. Yet sometimes women sit quietly on when their ailments have been attended to, and hear the Words of Life for the first time. Several of the new houses we visit are those of friends met first at the dispensary.

Does it sound, I wonder, as if we were discouraged in the work? I hope not. It is true we have longed in vain to see more of these dear women confess themselves boldly to be followers of Christ, but the "joy of harvest" must surely come in its time. And as one gets more at home with the work, the interest and love of it increases greatly, and one only longs that many more would come and share in the happiness that is ours. We would wish it for their own sakes, as well as that more women here and in the surrounding villages and towns might be reached.

From lack of time the hamlets near Hyderabad have not been visited regularly during the past year, with the exception of one village, where some Mohammedans of good position live. I go there once a week.

If we had another lady here she

would find a sphere ready to hand in village work alone, and we should also very much like to see a school opened in one of the Mohammedan

parts of the city. So please send us more workers. Will not someone offer to come?

Hydrabad, May 15th.

SUKKUR AND SHIKARPUR.

BY MISS GORDON.

✠ HERE have been great changes in our staff at Sukkur. Sadly rises the wail of "closed work" for lack of workers! Still, through all the changes, we can look up in hope and trust to our Father, "with Whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," and Whose the work is.

There was in October the sad disappointment of hearing that dear Miss Brook was not yet able to return to us;—then came at the end of November the serious illness of Miss Dawe, and consequent sick-leave for six months, which has now been prolonged. Later on, too, we lost both our Bible-women: one went to Clarkabad to Miss West, and the other has to refrain from work on account of her home duties. Mrs. Phillips, too (the catechist's wife at Shikarpur), was obliged for the same reason to give up the school there, so since the end of August that has been closed as well as the dispensary.

Truly our faith has been greatly tried; one loss after another has come upon us, and now as I write, there are only three workers in Sukkur, for I have been sent down to Hydrabad for the hot weather. A fall from ten

to three in two and a half years! We cannot understand God's purposes, but we know they must be purposes of love and grace. Perhaps God intends to teach us not to trust so much to actual *work* as to prayer. May we learn the lesson!

Will all who read this pray most earnestly for those three who are bravely holding the fort now through the trying heat? Two of them came to us last October and November respectively—both for the school,—and the progress the little girls are making under their instruction is very hopeful.

The third, our former school teacher, Mrs. Battye, who has been with us two and a half years, is now taking up Zenana-visiting. She finds a loving welcome in some of the houses; one old school pupil looks for her most anxiously. Her parents would not allow her to keep the Sindhi Testament Miss White gave her just before leaving last year; but lately, to my great joy, she begged to have it back, saying her parents had given her permission. One day when I went to give her a lesson she was speaking of the Testament, and the mother said, "Please give her something

instead of the book"; but before I had time to answer the dear girl herself said, "No, she wanted the Testament, and not anything else instead." The mother rather reluctantly said I might bring it; and now when Mrs. Battye goes, the happy girl reads a chapter from it herself.

*Histories in last Annual Letter
continued.*

The girl living in Rohri, of whom I wrote last year, we have not seen. One day when Miss Compton was up at Sukkur, she and I went over to try to find her, but she was at the husband's house, so we only saw some of her relatives; they, however, listened nicely as Miss Compton spoke of Jesus giving sight to blind Bartimæus. Will all continue to pray for Puni, that the Spirit may be her Teacher?

The Mohammedan priestess of Old Sukkur (see INDIA'S WOMEN, August, 1893, p. 366), who was so grateful for the attention paid to her bodily needs, grew quite indifferent when we *only* went with the Word of Life! She quite disappointed us; the Word is a "stumbling block and rock of offence" to her and the other women in that house. But twice before I came here, we had a good talk, for though the women argued against the truths we put before them, this was more satisfactory than their being altogether indifferent, or inclined only to mock as they had been before.

Mohammedan Tenets and Maxims.

In a Mohammedan house opened to us lately through ministering to the

bodily ailments of one close by, we had two *very* nice talks. One old body was really pleased, and said at the end it was good to have had a talk about God; and although she would not own herself convinced on many points which came up during the conversation, we saw she felt the truth of what we said. One *very* strange notion she propounded, viz., that "Christ was conceived of the *tears of Mohammed*"; but she was quickly shown the inconsistency of such a notion by being reminded that Mohammed was *after* Christ. This will just show what strange ideas confront one at times, and what absurd superstitions are believed. Oh! do pray that the glorious light of the Gospel of God may quickly shine in and dispel all these vain notions. It is so sad to feel they are looking for salvation from those who cannot save them.

Another very interesting Mohammedan house is in Shikarpur; the welcome is always most hearty there, and nearly always we are *asked* to read. The last time we were there, I read the passage from Luke vi. about "loving our enemies"; the women quite agreed that the precepts were good, and added, "But they are in *our* book, too!" Mrs. Battye then begged the "*Bibi*" to *show* us the passage containing that precept, "Love ye your enemies." The *Bibi* sent a child for her Koran (an Arabic copy, but with a Sindhi translation over it). While she was turning over the pages my eye caught the word "*zulm*" (oppression) in Sindhi, so I

read on, and then begged her to look and read the Arabic for herself. The passage was to this effect: "Those who oppress us we should in like manner oppress!" This gave us a grand handle; the *Bibi* tried to turn the subject, feeling evidently confused that we had found such an expression in her Koran, and saying that somewhere else came the other precept. We told her that two precepts so directly at variance one with the other could not possibly exist as the laws of one and the same man. It was a *very* nice talk we had; but one sees more and more that it is the Spirit alone Who can convince of sin and show the True Way of Forgiveness and Life.

There is one dear Hindu widow at Shikarpur who seems to have really grasped the truth of Christ as her Saviour; she remembers the texts Miss Brook and others have taught her, and answers sweetly when one asks what Christ has done for her. She says she prays to God through Christ, and knows no other gods can help her.

These are some instances of the

encouragements our Father gives us in His work; but do not forget, dear friends, that the cold-hearted and indifferent are more numerous than those interested, and need your earnest prayers; and that we, too, have much need of being upheld and strengthened by your persevering and continued prayer; that day by day, as we go amongst the careless and indifferent, God's Spirit may arouse *them* to a sense of their need, and give *us* the right message for them.

And now I must close with a note of thanks to all those who helped us with gifts for the children and in sending work for sale, as well as to the kind friends who have sent us donations. We have lost our friends, the Judge and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob, who were most liberal subscribers, and we greatly feel their loss—but we know God is able to raise up others in their place.

Mrs. Jacob's little son again commemorated his birthday by giving a Christmas-tree to the school-children, though he himself was not able to be present.

May 15th, 1894.

A HOME WORKER AT REST.—On Saturday, July 7th, we lost a valuable helper, Miss Anna L. Janvin. Her special work for the C.E.Z.M.S. had been to act as secretary for missionary letter-copying, but her influence and ready help were always freely given to the Society whenever there was a call for them. A life rich in good works on earth has closed, for like the best workers for the foreign field, she was ever ready to do also the duties nearest at hand. A large Bible-class, active and generous support of the Missions to Seamen, visiting in a workhouse, were amongst her labours of love. Every remembrance of her will be associated with the bright smile that told of delight in doing the Will of God.

Foreign Notes.

BENGAL MISSION.

BARANAGORE.—“*Across the River.*”

Miss Edith Highton writes to the supporters of a Bible-woman :—

I want so much to tell you of a dear old woman who has passed away, we believe, into the Saviour's presence.

I have never seen such a shrivelled-up, old-looking body. I am sure she must have been over 100. Two of her great-grand-children come to our school, and the Bible-woman, Prosomio, visited the house, and the old woman used to listen very nicely. In October she became very ill, and was indeed given up for dead ; at that time she sent for Prosomio, who (as it was holidays) had gone to stay for a few days with a married daughter. The old lady was very distressed, for she said, “She told me of One Who would safely take me over the river of death, a Saviour.”

To every one's surprise, the old woman revived. Surely it was in our Saviour's longing love for her, that He spared her to hear more. As soon as Prosomio came back she went to see her, and the old woman said, “Oh ! I want you to come every day to tell me of the Saviour. I shall soon be going over the river, and I want Him to be my guide.”

Just as she could bear it the Bible-woman used to go very often to teach her. I do so wish you could have gone with me last week ; I must try and describe my visits. We went in and

sat down, and after the usual civilities we asked for our old friend.

“Oh,” they said, “she gets feebler every day ; her time is passed, she should not linger.”

The heartless way they spoke made me feel indignant ; they seemed so injured that she did not quickly die. “Where is she ?” I asked.

“Oh ! she is in that out-house” (pointing to a miserable place in a corner of the yard, an old cow-house) ; “she can't even move or do anything for herself, so she said, ‘Put me in there so that nobody will be troubled.’ She was here yesterday, and we had to clear up.”

“Oh ! go and say we are here,” we said, “and ask if she would not like to come and sit in the sun,” for they told me she complained so much of being cold, and they were afraid to put a fire near her lest she should tumble into it and be burned to death.

The old lady said she would like to come into the sun ; but my heart ached to see the way the granddaughter-in-law just dragged her on to the verandah ; no pillow, no cushion, mattress, or even sheet was spread for that weary body to rest on ; she was bumped down on to the hard asphalt floor near us. The dear old lady was mere skin and bone, and her

poor body was too sore to let her lie down, she just crouched, her head touching her knees. She had on a very dirty, damp rag; we begged them to give her a clean, dry sari.

"Oh!" they said, "it will only get dirty again."

She seemed perfectly content, only just longing to be free from the aching body and at rest.

I read to her part of John xiv., and made it as simple as I could, then we sang to her. Her eyesight was failing, so she said to me, "Come very near, that I may see you." She could not raise her head, so I had to get quite low for her to look into my face; she folded her hands and prayed earnestly, "Lord Jesus, save me, wash

me in Thy blood, take my sins away, take me over the river."

Oh! how sure we may be that He heard that prayer. Now and then she wandered, but we heard her say, "Jesus, Jesus." We prayed with her before we left. A day or two afterwards, when the Bible-woman called, she seemed to be fast sinking, but she knew her; the only word she said was "Jesus." Last Friday she passed away, and was, of course, buried as a Hindu; but what does that matter, when the ransomed spirit had passed away to everlasting rest?

I know you will all rejoice and give thanks with us for this jewel gathered through your efforts, for the Saviour's Crown.

BARRACKPORE.

Recent Converts and overwhelming numbers of Heathen.

Our June Number, p. 280, published part of a letter from Miss Edith Highton, telling of a young girl and her mother who wished to be Christians. In our July Number we were able to tell that both had been baptized. Two daughters of the family were baptized seventeen years ago, and ever since, they have prayed unceasingly for the conversion of their mother and sisters. Miss Pantin writes:—

You have heard of the baptism of the mother and sister of M— and S—. It was beautiful to have the prayers of so many years answered.

Since we left off camp work, I have been trying to do special visiting in the villages, taking our Bible-woman, Joanna, with me. The appalling thing

is the number of the people. We have not finished one village yet, going once round. Do ask people to pray much for us that we may do all that we can for this enormous population. Ask them to pray that hearts may be touched here, as well as the doors open to us as they are.

THE PUNJAB MISSION.

PESHAWAR.

It is three years since our Committee gratefully accepted the gift, through Miss Rich, of 1000*l.* left at her disposal by a deceased relative

for the erection of a ward (to be called the Barwise Memorial Ward) in a Women's Medical Mission Hospital at Peshawar, or elsewhere in India. Great patience and care have been needed in selecting and obtaining a suitable site for the new Duchess of Connaught Hospital, Peshawar; but in our last Number (p. 310) we were able to announce that on April 10th, the wife of the Commissioner of Peshawar laid the foundation-stone. This new building included the Barwise Memorial Ward which we owe to the generosity of Miss Rich.

We trust the appeal for quilts for this hospital, with definite directions for size and style, printed in our May No., p. 228, will not be forgotten.

KASHMIR.

SRINAGAR.—*Reinforcements Wanted.*

Miss Hull writes on April 26th, 1894:—

We reached Srinagar on the 23rd. I say "we" as I travelled in from the Punjab with Mrs. Parsons and Dr. Adams. I feel very glad and thankful to be back again, but a great trouble has clouded my return. I found Miss Coverdale seriously ill. It is the same thing again—overstrain. We ought to have strong reinforcements if the work in Kashmir is to be carried on. Pray send us two ladies in the autumn. To occupy Islamabad, we must be sure of having always at least two ladies for Zenana work in Srinagar, and two for Islamabad. The

next matter is the house in Sheikh Bag. I earnestly hope there may be no delay in beginning to build there. I am at present occupying the house part of a small house-boat belonging to Dr. Neve, which had been lifted into his garden, and which he has kindly placed temporarily at my disposal.

I greatly hope, please God, that we may be able to keep the Kashmir school going with the Native teacher and some superintendence till further help comes. You will, I know, remember us in your prayers.

A letter from Miss Hull, dated May 31st, mentions that Miss Coverdale was still ill, but was starting the next day, under the care of Miss Newnham, who has nursed her very efficiently, for Gulmeyer, the Hill station. A good site had just been secured in Srinagar for building a new house; two schools were working satisfactorily, one Christian Native lady, whose husband is in Government employ, having volunteered to give from three to four hours a day, free of charge, in her own house to teaching the Native Christian children. This is cheering.

SOUTH INDIA MISSION.

DUMMAGUEDEM.

Miss Graham writes on June 2nd, 1894:—

You have heard, no doubt, of a young caste man who became a Christian while I was in England. He is a marvellous proof of the power of God to rescue from the very depths of wickedness.

TRAVANCORE AND COCHIN MISSION.

TREVANDRUM.—*A Garden in South India.*

Miss Blandford writes on March 23rd, 1894:—

This is our hot season, and very scorching the sun is in the daytime; but this year it has been so tempered by heavy showers that the turf on our lawn is green, and our lilies—scarlet, white, pink, and tiger—are in blossom.

Miss Bell came back from Benares on the 17th. She left here on January 1st, so has had a nice long holiday, and is now enjoying with me the sweet garden and the singing of the birds. Our bulbuls are very happy just now; they are rearing their young ones before the heavy rains, expected in the end of May. The golden orioles, black and white robins, and

paradise fly-catchers are rejoicing too. How wonderful God's love is in sending us so much of beauty for our enjoyment besides all the things necessary to our daily existence!

Miss Waitt is at Trichur with Miss Crooke. I hope she will be allowed to return here to help Miss Bell when I take my long-deferred furlough next year, please God. I should like to have three English ladies here permanently besides our little doctor, Miss Lena Beaumont, and our assistants! then the work might be well done, and the open doors—still wide open—entered.

CHINA MISSION.

SAN YONG.—*Christmas-cards.*

Some of our readers very generously responded to Miss Maude Newcombe's appeal for old Christmas-cards, to distribute amongst Chinese people. These cards have not been sent in vain. Miss Newcombe writes on March 26th:—

God has wonderfully used the Christmas-cards in drawing people to church on Sundays. We have made the rule that they must first come to Sunday-school, and then sit through the service and listen to the sermon, and then the cards are distributed. Sunday after Sunday, the members

have increased, till yesterday, the children and grown-up people all reckoned, 250 attended morning service.

It was very wonderful how quietly they sat during the service, and the teacher spoke very nicely to them afterwards.

FOO-CHOW.

To our great regret, we hear that Miss Strong has been ordered home, as her eyes have been suffering. Change of climate is the best remedy.

HING-HWA.

Jottings from Miss Hankin's Letters.

Teaching under Difficulties.

The number of women in our little Church is steadily increasing—many seem really in earnest. Our Friday afternoon meetings for women seem noisy to English ears. I will tell you why. Imagine twenty Heathen women and perhaps a dozen Christians. I begin to talk, after singing and prayer, and just manage to get my point begun, when every one begins to ask questions. In three or four minutes our meeting is broken up into four or five groups—F. has one, I another, the Bible-woman a third, and so on. We talk for an hour or more; some have a peculiar gift for loud talking. So we go on, until our throats are tired; we feel the women understand something, then we call them to order and have prayer, and disperse, or talk separately for another half-hour. Our last two meetings have been quieter, as now we have a good nucleus of women who know a little.

We have taught them a prayer that we say together, and they use this in their homes.

Afternoon Walks and Talks.

We get many talks as we walk in

the afternoons, almost always asking some question according to Chinese etiquette of any who pass, such as, "Have you eaten yet?" and then telling them why we have come to China. We get splendid opportunities of preaching the Gospel, for we can always find people to talk to, and when going through a village, forms and tea are brought out at once, and we can get grand talks. I know it is more difficult at home, but I do believe Christians always ought to be ready to speak *anywhere*.

One afternoon we met a small boy, and after a talk asked what his load contained; he opened the basket and showed us about 100 large frogs, very good to eat. We told him to bring them here as we wanted to taste them, but they were about 1½d. each, and our servant thought them too expensive so we have not had them yet.

Another day we met a Christian; we knew him by his using the Christian salutation, "Peace." After a few words he said to me, "Take some."

"What?"

I looked in his basket, and there was a miscellaneous assortment of shrimps, snails, little fishes, &c. Of

course I politely declined, but that is Chinese custom, and he gave me a great handful, meaning me to eat them on the spot. I thanked him, but brought them home for the catechist's children.

Yesterday, when we were having dinner, a poor old Heathen woman came up to see us, and before we could stop her, she had knelt down to worship us. It seemed so awful to think of such darkness.

I hardly like to tell you of more villages, for each one is just the same, an eager crowd of those who have never seen a foreigner before, and, almost without exception, have never heard the Name of Jesus—I think I

might add, in every place some willing to be taught. The women follow us as we walk away, saying, "Let me come to your school."

The Christians here are all roused up. They say to us, "If you will teach our women, you have won our families and our villages."

We know we are being helped with the language; of course we do not talk well, but the Heathen can understand us, and that is what we came here for, to preach this glorious Gospel.

I have much to thank you for, for we feel it is in answer to your prayers that God is blessing these people, and oh! what joy to meet them in His presence hereafter.

The late Canon Hoare.



THE removal of Canon Hoare, who quietly fell asleep in a ripe old age on Saturday, July 7th, the Church of Christ in England has sustained a heavy loss. For forty-one years, he has been identified with Tunbridge Wells as the loved and faithful pastor of an important parish, and the centre of holy, spiritual influence in the town and neighbourhood. He has long been known as the staunch and unflinching champion in the pulpit and on the platform of the Evangelical and Protestant principles of the Church of England. His familiar figure, his well-known voice, his wise, weighty, and cheerful words, will be sorely missed at the meetings of the Church Missionary, Church Pastoral-Aid, Bible, and other Societies. In their Committee-rooms, especially when any anxious and critical question was under consideration, his presence was always welcome; his wise counsel and clear judgment threw light on a perplexing problem, while his personal influence as one who walked humbly and closely with God, raised to a higher level the whole tone of the discussion. Our own Society has from the first been largely indebted to him for advice and sympathy. He took the deepest interest in its formation. He was one of the Society's Council of Reference. He

presided at our Annual Meeting in 1889. In spite of increasing infirmities, he was present, according to his invariable custom, to open the Annual Sale at Tunbridge Wells in Easter week this year, and spoke a few cheering and solemnising words. We hope to add in our next Number to this very brief notice some reminiscences from the pen of one who during several years had the privilege of attending his ministry. G. T.

The Todas.

BY THE REV. T. WALKER, M.A.

CHAPTER I.—THEIR ORIGIN.



MYSTERY hangs round the past history of the Todas. Their language being a branch of the great Dravidian group, which includes Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, Malayalam, &c., &c., is the chief evidence which helps us to identify their origin. It bears most affinity to Canarese, so there seems strong reason for supposing that the original Todas came from the Canarese country and found their way, either in a spirit of adventure, or driven by some tide of invasion, up the "ghauts," or mountain passes, of the Nilgiris to the grassy summits where they now reside. But two difficulties bar the way to a certain conclusion as to their original dwelling-place. In the first place their personal appearance differs widely from that of the Dravidian peoples of the plains. Fine, handsome figures, with good heads and finely chiselled features, characterise both males and females.

There is an open, fearless look about their countenance, while the nose is almost Roman in shape. Their complexion is dark—so dark, in fact, as to differentiate them widely from the ordinary Native of India. The general appearance of their physique has been described as "Jewish," and there have not been wanting theorists who, in their zeal to invent some new fancy, have ventured to suggest that in the Todas of the Nilgiris we have the remnant of the lost ten tribes! Verily it is a credulous world in which we live! But one thing is certain, viz., that but for the evidence of philology we should hardly dare to connect this handsome independent hill-tribe with the Dravidian dwellers on the plains below.

The second obstacle which bars the way to certain conclusions is the religion of the Todas. It has no connexion whatever with either the

Brahminical on the one hand, or the Dravidian demonolatry on the other. Hinduism, as prevalent all over South India, is a mixture of Brahmanism and devil-worship, obviously representing a compromise between the religion of the Aryan invaders (Brahmans) and that of the real Natives of the country. Even amongst the Badagas, who live in close conjunction with the Todas, Hinduism prevails. But not a trace of it exists amongst the Todas. Neither has devil-worship any place among them. Some writers have sought to account for the absence of these systems on the theory of degeneration, i.e. that the Todas started with one or other of them but have gradually forgotten them. But any one who knows how tenaciously the Native of India clings to his ancestral religion will never accept the idea that a whole tribe of them have lost any shred or particle of theirs. Moreover, the religion of the Todas, if such it may be called, is unique, and will be described later on.

This strange tribe of men, therefore, though allied by their language with the other vernacular races of South India, yet in respect alike of their physique and their religion, stand apart from all the rest in singularity. They can throw no light on the history of their past. Traditions, which seem to be the outcome of their customs, and may possibly be only the inventions of speculative writers, connect them, it is true, with the story of the Malâ Bârada, and so with the kingdoms and wars of the plains; but these traditions fail utterly to account for the absence of the religious faith which is interwoven throughout the story of the Bârada. I tried to ascertain whether they had any lingering traditions of the past, but in reply to questions as to their origin, the length of time of their settlement on the hills, &c., no information could be elicited. The prevalent idea amongst them is that the Nilgiris have been their abode from time immemorial. They are, as it were, "kings of the hills," the other hill-tribes paying them tribute, and even our own Government having to make due compensation for their land.

So here we must leave them, the question of their origin (from the north-east plains or the west) being undecided. In this respect, as in several others, they stand quite apart.

Their Numerical Strength.—The Todas are not a numerous tribe. Owing to the custom of polyandry, which formerly was universal among them, they practised female infanticide, and so their numerical strength was rather in danger of decrement than liable to increment. But there appears to be a small but steady increase in their numbers for some time

past, so that unless strong drink (which, alas! is indulged in too freely) militates against it, there is every reason to suppose that their numbers will increase. At the 1871 census there were about 700 Todas in all. At the present time there must be more than that. They occupy about eighty different "munds," or villages, but migrate from one to another for purposes of pasturage, so much so that you can never be sure of finding the same people in a given village, who were there a few months before.

(To be continued.)

Needs and Wants.

Needs.

How can we choose the most pressing out of all needs in our Missions? At the present time, there is a general plea for medical missionaries. Thousands of women are dying without comfort for body and soul.

Medical and Zenana missionaries are urgently needed for Quetta. (See p. 344.)

A medical lady is needed for Dera Ismail Khan, and a Zenana missionary for Dera Ghazi Khan, in the Punjab Mission.

Two Zenana missionaries are needed for Kashmir.

By God's goodness, we hope that two of the needs which we have brought before our readers will be supplied this autumn. An honorary missionary has offered to take Miss Tucker's place at Batala; a missionary has been found for Jandiala, and a fully qualified medical lady for Bangalore.

We trust our needs in the Mission-field will be always regarded as subjects for prayer.

Wants.

Wanted.—Foreign stamps, both rare and common. Hong Kong and Australian ones specially in demand; Russian, Swedish, and Spanish will be also gratefully received by Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., to be sold for the benefit of the C.E.Z.M.S.

Foreign Postage Stamps (except the common Continental and United States) and collections, for which 20 per cent. more than dealers offer will be given. All proceeds to be given to the C.E.Z.M.S. Address, I. W., 19, Kensington Crescent, London, W. Please do not send any English, French, or German stamps.

Left-off Clothing.—Mrs. Fox, the Grove, Lymm, Cheshire, will be much obliged for cast-off articles of clothing, to alter and renovate for a sale amongst the working classes. Proceeds to be given to the C.E.Z.M.S. Mrs. Fox realized 50*l.* from a sale of this kind last November. (See April Number, p. 186.) All kind donors are asked to prepay carriage of parcels by L. & N.W. Railway, and to put the sender's name inside the parcel.

Notices of Books.

Our Latest Publications.

MISSIONARY REMINISCENCES OF A.L.O.E. *By the Rev. H. U. WEITBRECHT, PL.D., C.M.S. Bataia.*

AN inspiring subject has fallen into the hands of a writer well able to handle it. *Tr.* Weitbrecht's acquaintance with Miss Tucker began early in 1877, and his intimate friendship with her has enabled him to write of details of her remarkable life unknown to those outside the privileged circle of his friends and adopted relations. *Price 2d.* Published at C.E.Z.M.S. Office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.

A VISIT TO ANDUL. *By Miss E. G. SANDYS.*

PEVI'S STORY. *By Miss CAREY.*

SIX YEARS AMONG THE WOMEN OF CHINA. *By Miss HESSIE NEWCOMBE.*

These booklets are additions to our Penny Library. They certainly deserve as much favour as any previous little books by the three writers, who are already known and approved by friends of the C.E.Z.M.S.

THE MISSIONS OF THE WORLD. *Edited by the Rev. GAVIN CARLYLE, M.A. Published by T. Hibberd, 128, Edgware Road, W.*

The first number of this magazine appeared in March, and met with congratulations from authorities belonging to the Churches of England, Scotland, and America, and also from well-known Nonconformists. An attractive cover encloses forty-eight pages, well and ably filled, and certainly worth the price of 4s. The news comes from every quarter of the globe, and is thoroughly up to date. We quote one encouraging paragraph on Missions to women in India:—

"It is said that the leaders of Hinduism in India are greatly disturbed by the work of the Zenana missionaries and Christian teachers for girls, since they realise that the stronghold of religion is in the household, and if they lose the women, the citadel of their religion is captured for Christianity."

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S YEAR-BOOK AND DIRECTORY TO ALL INSTITUTIONS EXISTING FOR THE BENEFIT OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN. *By L. M. H. F. Kirby, 17, Bowyer Street, E.C. Price 1s.*

We much regret that it was impossible to write a notice of this book on its first appearance. There has never been any question of its usefulness, but the present volume is more valuable than ever. Its systematic arrangement, index, blank pages for memoranda, leave nothing to be desired.

A THREEFOLD CORD. *Notes of the National Union of Women Workers. Edited by EMILY JAMES. Price 1d. Published at the Office of the Union, 7c, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W., and by F. Kirby, 17, Bowyer Street, E.C.*

This new magazine, to a certain extent, takes up the useful work which *Work and Leisure* laid down at the close of last year. The July Number announces that the Annual Conference of Women Workers will be held at the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, on the 23th, 24th, 25th, 26th of October. The programme of the Conference will be given in the August Number.

INDIAN WIDOWS' UNION.

The Dépôt for the work done by the Indian widows is now at Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury. Miss Sandys is constantly receiving parcels of the work from Amritsar and Peshawar, and will be glad to send samples of it to friends.

Miss MacGregor, Hon. Sec. of I.W.U., 30, Clanricade Gardens, will give information or forward kind gifts of *kurtas*, spectacles, &c., to India for widows connected with our industrial classes.

The Editor's Work Basket.

Our Society's Home, the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, is a busy place during the present month. Valuable gifts of work for sale in India, and presents for the Mission schools are arriving. Will all readers please remember that gifts for India must be sent at once if they are to reach our Mission stations this autumn. In offering many thanks, may we also drop a hint? Even a doll cannot reach India without her passage being paid for. Last year we sent out 1000*l.* worth of work for sale, 11,500 dolls, and many other prizes. The freight charged for these cases was about 120*l.* If one penny were sent with each present for India, the boxes which are so eagerly longed for would cease to be a burden on the Society. The demand for dolls and prizes increases every year.

The following places of business are recommended for buying nankeen dolls by the dozen to be sent to India as prizes in Mission schools and Zenanas: William Farquharson, 17, Brushfield Street, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.; James Farquharson, 63, Houndsditch; William Reddan, Old Compton Street, Soho; James Wisbey and Co., 77, 78, 79, Houndsditch. Light-haired dolls are to be avoided, as the Indian women and children think they represent old women, and biscuit china is apt to turn black with the climate. To suit the Oriental taste, dolls should be dressed in the brightest colours; plain white is not acceptable, as it is the dress of the widows.

Materials for Fancy Work.—Mrs. James Peck, Linden House, Eye, Suffolk, has, year by year, kindly supplied needlework, prepared and begun for the pupils of our missionaries in India. Any help in carrying out this valuable undertaking will be gladly received. Canvas and wools are specially in requisition.



Correspondence.

(The Editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of Correspondents.)

CHILDREN'S MISSION SERVICES.

DEAR EDITOR,—Your readers will probably now be holiday making, and may I suggest that those who help with the Children's Mission services on the sands, might take an opportunity of telling them something of our work in India and China? Generally in connexion with these services, afternoons are arranged for the girls, and a C.E.Z.M.S. talk could be made very attractive by any one who has INDIA'S WOMEN and other of the Society's publications, at hand, and can tell them stories. We all know how easy it is to interest children, and how ready they are to help if told what to do. A wet afternoon might be devoted to dressing dolls, or binding coloured pictures with Turkey red, as presents for Indian pupils. Those able to help could provide themselves with some of the 1d. and ½d. books, for which, no doubt, they would find a ready sale, particularly the "doll stories," and any young people willing to help after the holidays might be invited to join the Daybreak Workers' Union. The "Z" 1d. and ½d. collecting-cards might be offered to some, if the giver will be responsible for calling them in.

Yours truly,

A MEMBER OF THE D.W.U.

N.B.—No doubt the D.W.U. Central Secretaries, Miss L. Janvrin, 41, York Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W., and Miss Hooper, 49, Ladbroke Grove Road, W., will gladly supply papers for distribution, and collecting-cards, and we shall be only too pleased to supply books on sale or return, or leaflets for distribution, from the Office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C. We trust that our correspondent's kind and valuable suggestions will be carried out.

EDITOR.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Please take notice that the meetings for praise and prayer which are generally held at our Society's office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C., on the second Tuesday in each month, and in the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., on the fourth Tuesday in each month, will be discontinued during August and September.

REQUEST FOR PRAYER.

From Calcutta, Mohammedan Branch.—1. For a widow lady, that the visits of our assistant missionary, Mrs. Scott, may be blessed. 2. For two of Miss Hensley's pupils, that their apparent interest in the Bible may deepen into conviction that it is the Word of God. 3. For a Munshi, that the Word of God may be blessed to him. 4. For a woman employed in bringing some children to school, who eagerly listens to the lessons from Scripture, and has confessed that she believes them.



More Stories from Mother's Note-books.

By LUCY I. TONGE (U. S. O.).

CHAPTER VIII.—IN OR NEAR AMRITSAR.

YOU know how pleasant it is when you think of your friends to be able to picture them in their homes, so you will understand that I was glad when Miss Clay offered to take me to Jandiala to see the house she is having built. We started early, and as the road was good and the willing little horse did his best, before twelve o'clock we had driven the eleven miles, and were walking across a field to the new bungalow.

A troop of men, women, and eight or nine children followed us about, kicked doors open, and many of them teased Miss Clay to engage them as servants. One old man determined to show how active and useful he was, so kept up a violent clapping, and poked out the sparrows from the rafters with a long bamboo—too bad, was it not?

There was nothing in the house for a seat, but the matting had been made and was rolled up in each room. When we could get a little free from the mob, we went into what will be Miss Clay's bedroom, and had the first prayer there, for those who will in future days live in Jandiala, and we asked God to bless all the work they may do for the poor women in the villages.

Then the builder came, and there was a great deal to talk over, not only about the eight rooms in the mission-house, but about the huts for the servants, and the stables; then there was to order a *chuttah*, or grass fence, to be made round the Bible-woman's house, and many other details

—amusing to me because so unlike England. When all the directions had been given, we found our rested horse and *sais*, had a little rest ourselves outside a *serai*, or native inn, and started off feeling quite fresh.

I never remember having such an amusing drive, as when we were returning—there was a fair going on, and every bullock *gari* or native cart (*ekka*) was out: more than once we had to come to a standstill, the wide road was so crowded. As far as I was concerned nothing could have been better: there were gaudy reds and yellows, and every bright colour, just like a bed of tulips. The *ekkas* were sadly too full for the poor horses, with ten, twelve, or even thirteen persons crammed in; but fine colours flashed and jewels gleamed, while the bells round the horses' necks made a fine tinkling; it was thorough holiday-keeping to the Natives.

The roads were lined with sellers of toys a *pie* apiece—even grown-up people return from a *mêla* carrying one of these toys in their hands. We could not stop, the road was too full, but the *sais* good-naturedly jumped down and bought three or four for me to bring home for you. Then we came on the sports, men running with long, dressed-up bamboo poles, and flying kites. I do not think I ever laughed more than when we saw the roundabouts, swings with four seats, and in each seat four or more grave, turbaned men going up and down, with as much of a business-like air as if swinging were one of the gravest and most important duties of life.

Soon after reaching Amritsar we greeted Mr. Clark, on his return from Batala. We had a pleasant time before dinner whilst he told us stories about A.L.O.E.

Mr. Clark was very anxious I should accept a kind invitation from A.L.O.E., and said he would drive me the twenty-four miles to Batala, but there were no days to spare. It did seem a pity not to see what Mr. Clark calls "the brightest spot in India." I think a good name for Miss Tucker would be "the main-spring of Batala," for certainly she keeps all the work there going. Since she has been in India she has written fifty-four books, and besides this, gets time for her Bible, goes for some hours daily to the Zenanas, and now, whilst Mr. Baring is in England, looks after the boys in the school. How happy those boys are to have Miss Tucker with them: whether it is work or play, she will always help them.

Young as the boys are, many are ready to work; they go to *mêlas* to

sing and attract a crowd. The hot sun which tires English missionaries does not make their heads ache, and often they will speak to the people around them of their Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ. Will not these boys make capital missionaries when they are older? Miss Tucker always makes time to play the harmonium, or teach the boys new songs or hymns, and is deeply interested in their cricket and other games. There is a general feeling that nothing can be done without her; she keeps every one around her happy and is always happy herself. The true secret of being cheerful is to make sunshine for others: no one can really do this who has not her heart full of the love of Jesus.

Miss Tucker is very pleased to entertain guests. In honour of Mr. Clark's and Mr. Wade's visit, the boys had a concert, and Miss Tucker wrote them two new songs. One will be sung as a welcome when Mr. Baring comes back, and these are the words of it:—

“What welcome sound now meets my ear?
 He is coming again, he is coming again.
 Oh! welcome sounds, to me how dear,
 We'll see him again, we'll see him again.
 Baring *Sahib* has been long away,
 Far from his school, far from his school.
 For his return we humbly pray,
 By love to rule, by love to rule.
 Then gather, gather, ye boys of Batala,
 To see him again, to see him again.
 Let *Aurakali** resound with the strain,
 He is coming again, he is coming again.

“We've missed him in our study time,
 And in our play, and in our play.
 When up steep learning's path we climb,
 To lead the way, to lead the way.
 We've proved his kind paternal care,
 In weal or woe, in weal or woe.
 And still remember him in prayer,
 Who loves us so, who loves us so.”

In the garden at the Medical Mission bungalow, Miss Hewlett showed me a large banyan-tree, which has two offshoots belonging to it. The tree is called Amritsar; the larger offshoot Batala, the other Jandiala. Do you not hope there will soon be many more shoots to the tree which can be called after other Zenana Mission stations in the Punjab?

If I tell you a little about the Sikhs you will care more to hear what we saw when we went, as every one does, to the Golden Temple of Amritsar.

* Bud of pomegranate. The name of the house.

At the time of the Wars of the Roses in England, and fourteen years before Martin Luther was born in Germany, a baby was born to a poor tradesman in India. At the age of seven the boy was sent to school; the teachers there thought him clever, but could not understand him, he was too fond of talking, or what he called prophesying.

When Nānak left school his father wished him either to become a merchant, or to work with his hands; but the boy said that he could not do it, and still went on saying such strange things that the father sent for the doctor, who said "the boy was mad." The father said, "I will make the boy work, and then perhaps he will not think and talk so much"; so he sent him to an office.

One day whilst Nānak was bathing in the canal, he said some angels came to him and brought him a cup of delicious drink, made of the honey out of plants, and told him to go and talk about God to every one. I am afraid Nānak may have made up this tale, because he liked talking better than work; but a great many people believed him and became his disciples, or as they were called in that country, Sikhs.

Poor Nānak did not know much about God, so he made great mistakes when he tried to talk about Him. He found fault with other religions, and said to his disciples, "I will teach you a right and true way." More and more people listened, and they used to repeat to one another the wonderful things Nānak said. He wandered all over the country, always talking—sometimes sense but oftener nonsense. The last words he said were his best ones: "Have mercy upon me, the lowest sinner. Blessed be the Lord."

After the death of Nānak, who was the first teacher, or *guru*, of the Sikhs, there were other *gurus*, but all of them spoke of the prophecies of Nānak. At last, when he had been dead seventy or eighty years, a book was written of all his sayings which could be remembered, and when the men could not remember, they made up, or got an old poetry-book and copied out a bit. You will think it must be a very dull book, and you are quite right; but the Sikhs are very proud of it, and call it the Sacred *Grunth*, or book.

They have built a temple for it, which is so grand that it is called the Golden Temple. This temple is of white marble, and stands in a huge tank, or small lake, in which are many fish. The roof is made of copper, covered with gold. All round the pond is a marble courtyard, and you reach the temple by a marble pier, or road, edged with golden walls and lamps.

The temple are silver, the windows golden. It is all of one piece, and looks very grand reflected in the blue waters of the tank. The floor inside is inlaid with stones, and wherever there are carvings of figures and gilding.

After the feast the large fish in the tank at the Golden Temple. I have seen this is done. The name of Allah, or God, is written on a piece of paper, and then a number of dough pills are made, and in each is put a bit of the paper which has the sacred name on it: the fish is fed with this holy food. The poor people say, "We consider feeding the fishes is a good and holy work. When the fish has eaten the pill he has the name of God inside him, and he will pray for us and bring us a blessing."

(To be continued.)

Prize Competition.

JULY MISSIONARY ENIGMA.

The illustrations of "Eastern Proverbs" have in many cases been excellent. If space permits we hope to print some of them.

Answers have been received from:—

C. M. R. B.; E. M. C.; J. K. F.; G. M. F.; L. W. M.; M. S. N.; C. M. P.; M. E. P.; J. R.; M. C. W.; E. W.

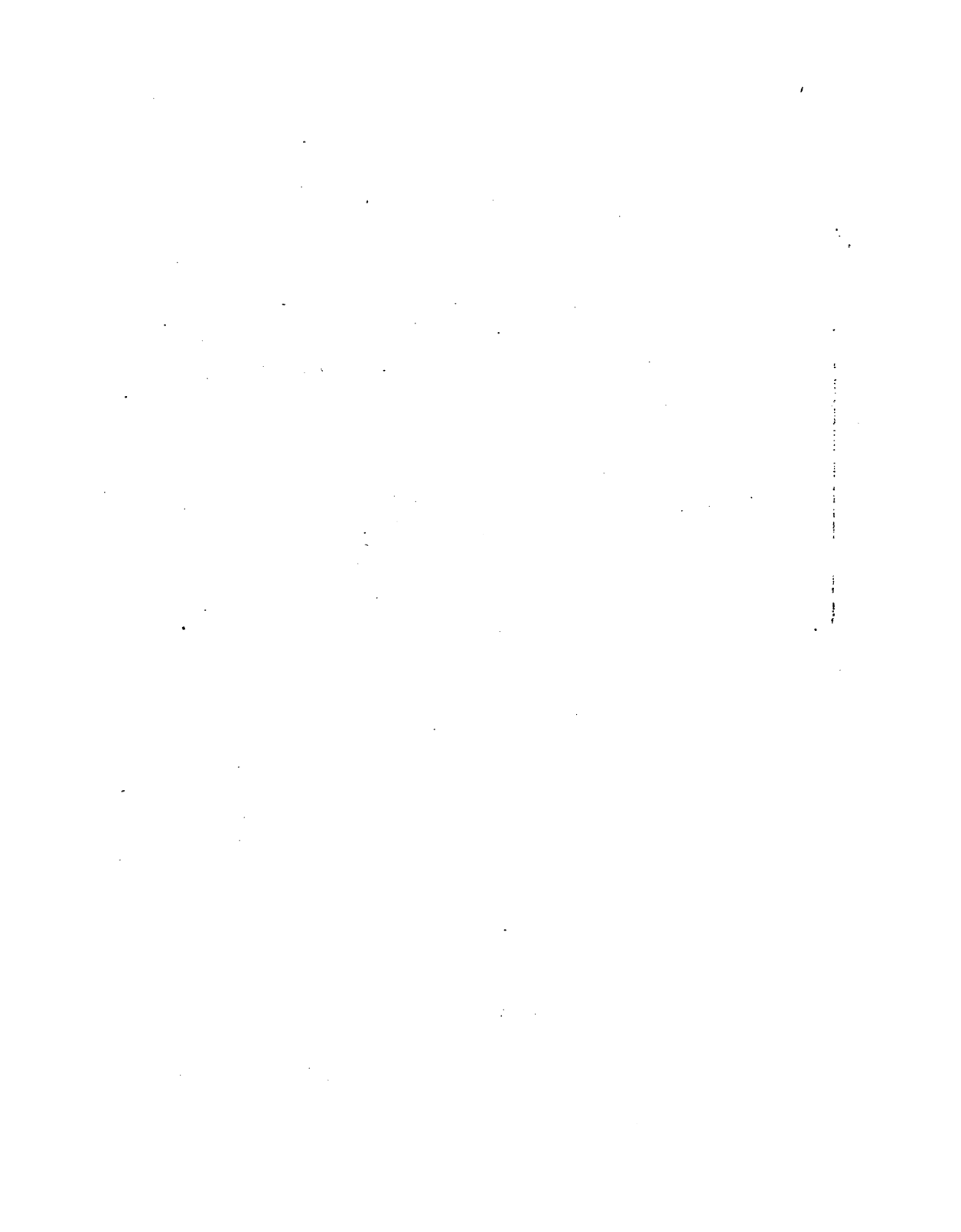
MISSIONARY ENIGMA.

A C.E.Z.M.S. station is buried in each of the following sentences; find these places, and give one missionary fact about each:—

- (1) Though the Juggernaut procession no longer costs the sacrifice of human life, it is by no means obsolete; with the idol in the centre, van, drums and other native instruments accompany the devotees with a hideous noise.
- (2) The following names belong either to writers on Foreign Missions, or are the subjects of true incidents in our Magazines: Tucker, Susan, Yonge, Amina.
- (3) Amasa, Uri, Anak, and Sihon, though little is known of them personally, are connected with interesting passages of sacred history.
- (4) We read in Scripture of images and idols formed of "stock," "ash," "mire and clay," "gold and silver."
- (5) A writing lesson in South India is a simple affair; little children sit on the ground in a row, all intent on forming letters in the sand with their fingers.
- (6) A white dress, pith hat shaped somewhat like a coal-heaver's, and blue spectacles—this is the usual way English Zenana missionaries dress in India.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Banking Account of the Society has been transferred from the Union Bank of London to WILLIAMS, DEACON AND MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK. It is requested that cheques may in future be crossed to the latter Bank.





A HOLIDAY IN INDIA.

INDIA'S WOMEN.



IT is hoped that INDIA'S WOMEN will follow many of our subscribers to holiday resorts. Even a magazine is all the better for travelling to new places. We do not want to pursue tired workers, just when they long to rest, with the "sound of martial music" which speaks of "life's endless toil and endeavour." Most of our letters from the forefront of the battle tell of holidays. INDIA'S WOMEN will take a holiday this month from accounts of Home Work, which will be deferred till October.

* *

We ask very earnestly that our Valedictory Meeting may be kept in mind and made known. It will be held in Queen's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street, on Wednesday, October 10th, at 2.30 p.m. The Rev. Preb. H. W. Webb-Peploe, M.A., will give the Valedictory Address. By the kind permission of the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Acheson, the outgoing missionaries and all friends of the Society are invited to partake of the Holy Communion at 11.30 the same morning,

in All Souls' Church, Langham Place. Arrangements have been made for tea to be provided for all friends of the C.E.Z.M.S. at 6d. per head, in Morley Hall, Regent Street, immediately after the Meeting. We trust our missionaries and their friends will find the convenience of the two halls and the church being close together and easy of access. The nearest District Railway station is Portland Road.

* *

The sailing and departure of missionaries must of necessity still be subject to revision ; but as we go to press, the arrangements are as follows. An asterisk marks the names of those who are returning to their stations after furlough or sick-leave:—

For North India.

Miss KENT, Normal School, Calcutta.	Miss F. LESLIE, Bollohpur.
*Miss HENSLEY, Calcutta (<i>via</i> Australia).	*Miss HALL, Bhagulpur.
Miss SCOTT, Baranagore.	Miss E. CHAMBERS, Bhagulpur.
Miss CONNIE DICKSON, Howrah.	Miss M. HALL, Jabalpur.
*Miss GORE, Burdwan.	Miss DAVIES-COLLEY, Mirat.
*Miss BROWN, Bollohpur.	Miss E. DAVIES-COLLEY, Mirat.
Miss LESLIE, „	

For the Punjab and Sindh Mission.

*Miss BARTLETT, St. Catherine's Hospital, Amritsar.	Miss RICHARDSON, Jandiala.
*Miss DIXIE, Batala.	*Miss CATCHPOOL, Narowal.
Miss MASON, „	*Miss MITCHESON, Peshawar.
*Miss DICKSON, Ajnala.	*Miss WERTHMÜLLER, Peshawar.
*Miss CLAY, Khutrian.	Miss HOUGHTON, „
Miss BARTHORPE, Khutrian.	Miss EDITH BRENTON-CAREY, Karachi.
*Miss HOBBS, Jandiala.	*Miss WHITE, Sukkur.
	*Miss BROOK, „

For South India.

*Miss S. L. OXLEY, Madras.	Miss POTTER, Bangalore.
*Miss EWART, Bangalore.	Miss ASHWIN, Masulipatam.
Miss AMY LILLINGSTON, Bangalore.	

For China.

Miss WEDDERSPOON, Foochow.	*Miss HESSIE NEWCOMBE, Ku-cheng.
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To our great regret the departure of Miss Riley must be postponed, by the advice of the Medical Referee. Miss Barthorpe has been chosen by members of the Keswick Convention, who also undertake her support

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We understand that the preparation of a Biography of A.L.O.E. (Miss C. M. Tucker), the well-known authoress and missionary, has been entrusted to Miss Agnes Giberne, and the family invite assistance from any who

knew her and can contribute reminiscences, especially of her earlier life, or can tell of influence exerted by her writings. The greatest care will be taken of all letters, &c., which should be sent to the Rev. W. F. Tucker Hamilton, Vicar of Christ Church, Woking.

* * *

As a memorial to the late Miss C. M. Tucker, the Christian Literature Society for India has determined to raise a special fund of 500*l.* to republish her eighty-seven works for Indian readers, and to translate them into a much larger number of languages of India, with illustrations. We wish this project every success.

* * *

COMMITTEE NOTES.

The General Committee met on Monday, July 30th, instead of on the first Wednesday in August. The Notes are given somewhat informally this month.

The death of the Rev. Canon Hoare, member of the Council of Reference of the C.E.Z.M.S. since its first constitution as a Society, was reported. Needless to say, the regret at our own loss, and sympathy with the members of Canon Hoare's family, were heartfelt and sincere.

General sympathy was also expressed with Mrs. Henry Wright, one of our Vice-Presidents, on the death of her son, missionary of the C.M.S. at Amritsar. The loss affects not only the C.M.S. but the Church at large.

The first announcement from foreign letters was a legacy of Rs. 1000, received for the C.E.Z.M.S. through the Bishop of Calcutta, for medical work in Bengal.

The proposal to bring Miss Gordon, one of the valuable missionaries of the Australian Auxilary, on the rolls of the Society, was agreed to. Miss Gordon has charge of the Ping-Nang District, in the Fuh-Kien Province, China.

A letter was read from Miss Blandford. By the end of next April, when we trust to welcome her to England on furlough, Miss Blandford will have completed thirty-three years and seven months of missionary service, and has worked at Trevandrum for ten years and four months since her last taking leave of absence. It is her intention to spend three months in the Bombay Presidency where Marathi is spoken, with a view to passing an examination in that language.



In Memoriam.

REV. CANON HOARE,

One of the Council of Reference, C.E.Z.M.S.

ON July 7th there passed away, at the age of eighty-two, one who for more than half a century had been a prominent figure among the leaders of the great missionary movement of our day. It was the boast of Canon Hoare that he had belonged ever since the year 1820 to the Church Missionary Society, in which great institution—to use his own words—his whole life had been wrapped up, and to which, in

1875, it was his joy to give a dearly-loved son, now united in marriage with Miss Gough, the first lady missionary of the C.E.Z.M.S. in China.

Abler pens will have much to tell of Canon Hoare's work for the Church at large. How earnestly he contended for "the faith which was once delivered to the saints," and his loyal devotion to what he loved to call "the grand old Church of England," are well known. His was a trumpet which gave forth no uncertain sound, and week by week the great doctrines of the Atonement, of Substitution, and of Justification by Faith were clearly and unflinchingly proclaimed.

His love for and sympathy with "the dear young people" of his congregation were one very marked feature of his ministry. Happy memories cling around the weekly children's Bible-class which he took till his illness in 1873, and also round the Confirmation classes, through which many of the members passed to the ladies' Bible-class. At these classes, questions were given out to be studied during the interval, and were taken up in detail the following week, when point after point would be brought out, difficulties cleared away, and the spiritual lesson of the passage pressed home.

Words can give but a poor idea of the wide-spread influence of Canon Hoare's holy life, his wonderful missionary spirit, his large heart, his wise and prayerful counsel, his abounding love, his genial and inspiring presence, his untiring energy, and his wealth of sympathy alike in joy and sorrow.

How long Canon Hoare was a subscriber to the Zenana Mission we do not know. It was in 1872 that an impetus was given to the Association at Tunbridge Wells by goods being sent down from the London depôt and a sale of work organised. Canon Hoare gave the loan of his parochial schools, opened the sale with prayer, and afterwards came in and out to see how all "were getting on." So encouraging was the result that a local committee was formed of the ladies who had been stall-holders, and Canon Hoare shortly after became President of the Association. The work went steadily forward; the ladies' committee met regularly every month for prayer and consultation, while all matters of importance were laid before the President of the Association, and his help and counsel were never sought in vain.

Canon Hoare had been at first anxious lest an annual sale of work for the Zenana Society should injure the collections at the C.M.S. Anniversary, which immediately followed it; but as year after year went by and the amounts raised for both Societies steadily increased, all such fear died away. Whenever possible, he himself took the little opening service at the sale, and the

few words then spoken cast their hallowing influence over the proceedings of the two days.* At the Annual Meeting of the Association he almost invariably presided, and he rejoiced as one and another of his congregation went out to swell the ranks of Zenana workers, and so fresh interest at home was aroused.

When the year 1880 brought a crisis in the history of the Zenana Mission, Canon Hoare was made acquainted with all the facts of the case, and his advice sought: his was no hasty decision, but once formed it was definite and final, and the Tunbridge Wells Association, with the exception of a single member of the committee, gave in its adhesion to the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. From that time the cause advanced rapidly, and Canon Hoare himself became more and more closely associated with it, taking his seat on the Society's Council of Reference. In the autumn of 1886, he gave the farewell address to the band of outgoing missionaries, while in May, 1889, very shortly before the serious illness from which he never fully recovered, he took the chair at the Annual Meeting in Princes Hall, Piccadilly, and many will remember his expression of hearty appreciation of the principles and practice of the C.E.Z.M.S. as he said, "From the very bottom of my heart, I thank God for the Zenana Society."

This great standard-bearer of the truth has been taken from us, but his work, his words, his influence remain—they cannot die.

" Oh, faithful servant to a faithful Lord,
Not with a grudging heart we let thee go
To hear from His own mouth thy full reward
In that 'WELL DONE' that crowns thy work below."

N. D.

To this account of Canon Hoare, written with special reference to the C.E.Z.M.S., we add a few words from the special memoir in the *Record* of July 13th, which is of world-wide interest:—

"On St. Peter's Day when the Sunday-school Teachers' Association met as usual in his garden, he saw them for a few minutes, and then from his room sent out this touching message: 'Earthly pastors pass away, but remember Him of whom it is said, "He, because He abideth for ever, hath His priesthood unchangeable."' This was his last public testimony, and surely it was a fitting sequel to his life's ministry! His strength then failed rapidly. On Thursday and Friday in last week, two friends had the privi-

* An account of the last sale, when Canon Hoare was present, was given in the present Volume, June, p. 369.

lege of reading and praying with him for the last time. The books he most cared to have read to him, besides the Scriptures, were the *Life of Simeon* and the *Life of Scott*. Friday, it was noticed that he was much weaker. Congestion of the right lung had set in, and his absent sons were summoned. Replying to some inquiry he said, 'I am at perfect rest on every point,' and he bade them all good-night. At 3.30 a.m. his watchful attendant noticed that he had ceased to breathe—gently, tenderly, and lovingly the Saviour had called him Home."

The Todas.

BY THE REV. T. WALKER, M.A.

CHAPTER II.—THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.



THESE "munds," or villages, are generally situated on the grassy slope of a hill, near a fringing copse of trees. They show great taste in selecting their sites, and many of their "munds" look pretty and picturesque, and would delight the heart of many an English painter. A good Toda "mund" would make a picture which would be the lion of the day at the Royal Academy. So, would-be Royal Academicians, take the hint! Each "mund" contains a small number of huts and a "sacred dairy," which will be described in connexion with their religious customs.

The number of huts varies from three to seven. On approaching a Toda "mund" the first object which strikes the eye is a little straggling herd of buffaloes grazing on the outskirts of the village. Then the houses (*ânse* they call them) hove in sight. Each is surrounded by a low wall with a sort of aperture for ingress and egress. Outside the hut is a raised *pial*, or seat, where most of the chattering and gossiping is done. The hut, or rather the upper part of it, is circular or cylindrical in shape, rather like a big barrel standing on a flat side. In front is a small circular aperture, standing about three feet high from the ground; through this hole-door you must enter the abode in the ignominious position called "all-fours." Arrived inside, you find a raised *pial*, or platform, on either side, the one serving as a kitchen, and the other as a bedroom for the elder members of the family. On the floor-level, at the other end, the children, &c., sleep at night. All looks very snug and neat. The vessels

and utensils, clean and bright, hang each in its appointed place. A primitive little lamp stands on a small projection in the side of the hut. And indeed there is quite an appearance of "home" about the interior. Civilisation, with its luxuries and appliances, makes us forget how little is really necessary for the support of life, and even for its enjoyment!

(a) *Marriage*.—I have alluded to the subject of polyandry. This degrading custom has been a regular Toda institution, though now happily it is becoming more rare every year.

Several brothers, or cousins, would "go shares" in the same wife: only the eldest brother marries, but she is held common to all, as all share the same hut. Their marriage customs are very simple. The bride is brought to the house of her future husband or husbands. The husband then places first the right and then the left foot on her head, which is inclined for the purpose. She is forthwith ordered to fetch water for cooking and is installed mistress (or slave!) of the house. The husband and wife spend their few days of honeymoon in a hut with closed doors, food being handed in at stated times by friends: a good opportunity, we may suppose, of discovering each other's disposition! Fancy a honeymoon in prison! This terrible practice of polyandry opens to us to what a level human nature can sink when alienated from the life of God.

(b) *Occupation*.—The Todas are a lazy race. Their one occupation in life is to tend their herds of buffaloes. Levying a tribute on their Badaga neighbours, they are provided with a competence in a very easy fashion. You will always find them either lounging about doing nothing, or tending their buffaloes.

It seems a thousand pities that men with such a fine physique should be so idle. One of them was once confined to gaol for misdemeanour. The Government authorities tried in vain to exact the usual "hard labour" out of him. A Toda do "hard labour"! Why, he didn't know how to work! He had never worked in all his life! The governor of the gaol was obliged at last to get out of the difficulty by making the Toda an overseer over the other prisoners! He didn't mind being an overseer! He could lounge about and do that!

(c) *Food*.—Their staple articles of food are the products of the buffalo (milk, butter-milk, *ghee*, &c.) and cereal grains, such as rice, millet, &c. It will be seen that they are practically vegetarians, and it has been thought by many that they are exclusively so. But this is not quite true,

for they have a kind of annual ceremony in the woods at which a young male calf is killed, roasted over a sacred fire, and eaten by the males, no women being allowed to be present. Still it remains true that in their domestic arrangements they are strict vegetarians. They have two meals in the day—in the morning about nine, and in the evening about seven. The women, of course, do all the cooking, and, according to the general custom of India, they take their meals apart from the men. It goes without saying that their fingers serve for cutlery. It is said that they begin their meals with a sort of "grace," i.e. that they take up food in their fingers and mutter (" *Svāmy, Svāmy!* " Lord, Lord !) before falling to the viands.

All this points to a very primitive mode of life, and shows us the state of civilisation of those who are far removed from courts and cities.

(*d*) *Their Dress.*—The males wear a long rough cloth, called a *pēthkuli*. One end of this is placed on the left shoulder and side. The cloth is then passed right round the body and the end is allowed to hang gracefully from the left shoulder. The breadth of the cloth is such that the whole body is thus easily enveloped, right down to the feet. They ornament their clothes with rough needlework, and also with red and blue ornamented lines and curves, while a pocket stitched on to one side (inner) is a receptacle for all kinds of Toda dainties ! One man brought his new cloth to us to have red lines and curves marked in it with red ink. It was amusing to watch the critical way in which he superintended the operation of marking. The women wear a similar long cloth, but invest their body with it in a different style, which makes them look even taller than they are ; being worn very long and very straight. They also wear very heavy armlets—I have one which weighs about a pound, but they are sometimes much heavier. A nice little ornament for a lady's tender arm ! The Todas seem to regard washing as a superfluous luxury, and the consequence can be better imagined than described.

(*e*) *Their Funerals.*—The Todas are famous for their funerals. When a man is supposed to be sick unto death, he is decked out in his best clothes and ornaments, and so prepared for the end. His friends give him a little buffalo-milk as the last kindness and farewell rite. After death the corpse is dressed in a new mantle, the pockets of which contain food, such as grain, sugar, &c., supposed to be his support by the way during his passage to *Amnâr*, the Toda Paradise. Away to the west of Ootacamund is a peak which stands out conspicuously from the range of

hills, and marks the path of the setting sun. It is called Mukartz Peak. According to Toda theology, over that peak must pass the souls of the Toda and his buffaloes on their way to the Paradise beyond. After death come the funerals—I say funerals for there are two, one of which, the *Patcha Kêdu*, follows immediately, while the more important and final, the *Bara Kêdu*, is postponed about a year.

Funeral Number 1 is conducted in this wise. The corpse is placed on a bier of branches and borne by four men to the funeral *mund*. Arrived here, a funeral pyre is constructed to burn the body. The dead man will require buffaloes to give him milk in Amnâr, and so two or three (formerly they slaughtered many more) are destined to be despatched, for that purpose, at the funeral. Round the neck of each of these ill-fated animals a little bell is hung, while the words, "Go with him," are shouted. The buffaloes are then driven near to the corpse, and a hole is dug in the turf hard by. Each of the mourners now takes up a handful of earth from this hole and flings it at the buffaloes, after which soil is flung three times on to the body with the words, "Let him go to the soil."

The corpse is now raised and its right hand lifted and made to touch the horns of the buffaloes, as though to claim possession of them. Fire is then kindled by the friction of two sticks together and the pyre ignited. Amidst the cries of the spectators, "We shall kill buffaloes for you. You are going to Amnâr. May you have milk to drink. May it be well with you," &c., the body is placed on the pyre, face downwards. Each buffalo is seized by two resolute men who interlace their arms round its neck, while others despatch it by a hasty blow with the butt-end of an axe on its crouched head. As each buffalo falls dead, the people caress its head and kiss its face, and then sit and wail bitterly. A lock of hair has been cut off the corpse, and this with the ashes of the body in a cloth is taken to the hut of the deceased to be kept carefully till the *Bara Kêdu*.

Funeral Number 2 is much more important and elaborate. A large concourse of people always gather together for the occasion. The Badagas, Khotas, and Kurumbas, three neighbouring hill-tribes, are present in force, and the Khotas are the musicians of the day. The funeral hut is ornamented with gold and silver coins, and often Rs. 500 or Rs. 600 (50*l.* or 70*l.*) are spent on the occasion. The proceedings commence with a dance of twenty or fifty Toda men, while the women are preparing the food for a feast, which forms the most important feature of the first day's proceedings.

On the second day the buffaloes destined to be slaughtered are all penned ready within an enclosure. The ashes of the dead, which have been carefully preserved for the occasion, are now laid in a cloth in the gateway of the cattle-pen, and a hole is dug in the front. From this, each relative of the deceased takes earth and flings it at the infuriated buffaloes, more soil being afterwards strewn on to the ashes of the departed.

Some young and active men now leap over the wall of the enclosure, and drop suddenly into the midst of the scared buffaloes. They seize the luckless animals and belabour them with sticks. The bars of the gateway being removed, the buffaloes are forced through one by one, and then hurried away to an open spot, called *athari*, to be killed. As each is felled, the cloth containing the ashes of the dead man is laid on the ground in such a position that the nose of the prostrate buffalo may give out life over its dead master's remains. Cries and wails are the order of the day. "Why did you leave us so soon?" "Have you gone to Amnâr?" "Are your buffaloes thriving?" "Are you suffering from fever?" &c., &c. Alas! these poor souls have no ideas above the mundane.

On the following day the mantle containing the dead man's ashes is taken to the open space again, *athari*. Another buffalo is killed, blood being taken from an artery in its fore-leg and sprinkled on the charred remains of the dead man's skull. The mantle and its contents are then carefully burnt. The Khotas, who are not above buffalo-flesh, carry off the carcasses as their share of the spoil.

(To be continued.)

Echoes from Keswick.



THE Convention is over, and we are all scattering to our different parts of God's vineyard. What shall we take with us from Keswick? We were on a coach yesterday, when one of the party said, "Is there an echo in this place?" and the coachman replied, "Yes, a very good one," and taking out his horn he blew a blast; the sound went on and on, caught by the hills and handed on to their fellows. Again and again he struck a note which resounded from hill to hill, more feebly as it became more distant, but sweet and true to the last, and the

thought came into my mind, So shall it be with Keswick. We will take away the remembrance and pass on the echo.

What are the notes which have been sounded during this Convention? First of all, "*Entire Consecration*." Though to us, as to Ezekiel, may have been granted the vision of God, and we may have yielded to the Spirit, yet further revelation may be necessary before we can, without "bitterness and heat of spirit," go anywhere or nowhere, be anything or nothing. Another note seems to follow naturally—" *Delight in the will of the Lord*." Much has been said of the delight found in serving India's women, of the delightful stations, each one in turn being, if we may believe the workers, "the best in India;" but the Keswick note has been to delight in His will, to be joyful in staying at home if He should wish it, and to be fearful of putting forward our own plans until we are sure that they are His.

Another sweet note was, "*Christ's inheritance in His people*;" the joy that we may give to Him, by our implicit childlike obedience, the only return we can make for all that He has suffered for us; for all the blessings which He daily showers down upon us.

No one can have been at this Convention without realising more fully the words, "I believe in the Communion of Saints." Tender allusions were made to some who during the last year had passed from the battle-field to the presence-chamber of the great King; representatives of many different regiments stood side by side in speaking of the battles of the Lord; all felt that the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant were only severed "till He come."

To those whose hearts are in the mission-field it was a deep joy to meet the "Students' Volunteer Missionary Union," a band of young people, men and women, from the colleges of the United Kingdom and America, who have dedicated their talents to the service of the King and have signed this declaration: "*It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary*." Oh, that this might be echoed from Keswick, and our Indian students from our missionary colleges might, under the inspiration of the Spirit of the Lord, sign the same declaration (omitting only the word foreign), so that East and West might be banded together in a new crusade, never to separate till the voice of the great multitude shall proclaim, "Hallelujah, for the Lord our God the Almighty reigneth." "The kingdom of the world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

ANNIE J. EDGLEY.



SOUTH INDIA and its Missions chiefly fill our Autumn Numbers ; the present one, however, telling of our Mohammedan Mission in Madras, of a feast of ingathering in Chintadrepettah, and of the work generally in the Mysore, Bezwada, and Kummamett, is by no means complete. Miss E. L. Oxley, the superintendent of the C.E.Z.M.S. Hindu Mission in Madras, is at home, so many of her friends have heard from her own lips of the work to which she hopes to return this autumn. The Misses Brandon, the superintendents of the Masulipatam Mission, are also on furlough. Miss Bassoe has written of the work she has superintended in their absence ; but we hold over her letter as some excellent photographs illustrating it have arrived too late to be reproduced for September.

Miss A. M. Smith, the head of the Bangalore Mission, has kindly sent a plan of the C.E.Z.M.S. Gosha Hospital, now in course of erection ; we only regret that the size of our page has made it necessary to so reduce the large drawing that the lettering is difficult to read (see p. 406) ; the fact that there is the promise of a veritable House of Mercy for the suffering women and girls will, however, be patent and clear. The word *Gosha* occurs so frequently that it may be well to explain that it has the same significance in South India as *purdah*, literally a curtain or veil, has in the North. Whether it qualifies a hospital, a wagon, or a woman, it tells of the seclusion of women of high caste which still prevails, even where Christian Missions are oldest.

MADRAS.

Mohammedan Schoolgirls.

THE scene is a South Indian prize-giving. Sparkling, expectant brown faces amid glittering jewellery, and a sprinkling of European and Eastern visitors listen as Miss E. L. Oxley, the superintendent of the Mission, tells what has been done amongst the Mohammedan girls during the year. How to fill up the surroundings so that English readers can appreciate the points she brings forward is a difficulty. Visitors to Madras from Europe, even though they may take only a superficial glance, can see the movement in South Indian ideas that underlies the possibility of Christian education amongst Islam's daughters. The Lady Commissioner of the *Daily Graphic* lately wrote to the *Madras Times* :—"During my stay in Madras, I heard regrets many and various that the education of the Mohammedan girls remained so far behind. It may, therefore, be encouraging to those who are carrying forward this work if I say that not only have I not found it done any more successfully elsewhere, but indeed it has not been so well in scheme or in result." Missionaries may deplore that "in this direction their progress is the slowest, and the outlook the least immediately hopeful,"—it is very certain they are not labouring in vain. We know how the iron heel of Mohammedanism has ground down women, and how such objections have been made to education as—Girls must not learn to read, or they would know too much; they must not write, or they would make mischief; they must not learn calisthenics, as that would be akin to dancing; above all, they must not learn of Christ the Saviour, for that might lead to their forsaking the faith of Islam for which, according to their creed, death is the penalty. But now even the fact that our missionaries make a point of letting it be thoroughly understood that their first object is distinctly missionary, does not deter the Mohammedans inviting Miss Oxley to open new schools.

Miss Oxley's report will be clearer if readers keep in mind that Madras is the third city of India, that it has absorbed twenty-three towns and villages, and that the chief parts are Blacktown, Triplicane, Vepery, Egmore, and Mylapore. The Lubbays, whom Miss Oxley mentions, are descendants of early immigrants from Arabia, who married Hindu wives.

Report of Mohammedan Schools, 1894.

BY MISS E. L. OXLEY.

The children assembled this afternoon represent four schools from four different parts of Madras. One is from Mercar, Lubbay Street, North Blacktown; one from Morr Street South, Blacktown; one from Wallayah Road, Chepauk; and one is the school belonging to this compound. Our numbers are larger than in any previous year, for our school steadily increases; but the need for more schools is very great, these four schools being the only purely Mohammedan schools where the Bible is taught amongst a population of close upon 25,000 women and children.

It would be easy to open schools in several districts of Madras at the present time. In one district I have been asked to do so, but cannot consent from want of means. We want more money and we want more helpers. The children are of all ranks of Mohammedans and Lubbays, those from Blacktown being the richest, those from Rugapetra the poorest.

Several changes have been made in the teaching staff during the year, and I am happy to say that all the changes have been in the way of improvement. Our present teachers are nearly all hard-working and painstaking women, who are much liked by their pupils, and influence them wisely. The children have made steady progress during the year in secular subjects, many working hard in hopes of being able

eventually to become teachers. Drill has been more thoroughly taught than before, and in spite of considerable opposition from relations, who think drill and exercise injurious to the health of their children, considerable progress has been made. Singing, too, is now taught by *Tonic Sol-fa* by Miss Sell; but this year, at all events, we think we had better sing in private. The Bible is taught regularly and systematically in all the schools, and for some years no opposition has been made. No child is received if the parents are unwilling to have her learn the Bible; I tell them plainly that we teach it, and they are free to keep their children away if they do not like our rules, but our rules will not be changed.

I should be extremely pleased if any lady here will come and visit our schools and see them at work at anytime; I should be still more pleased if any ladies would go with me to visit the homes from which these little ones come, then they would be able to judge from their own experience of the terrible need of the work. I am sure they only need to see to be filled with the wish to do something to help these women and children who are almost powerless to help themselves.

Total: 316 children, 12 teachers.

N.B.—Several ladies have answered the appeal and come to schools and Zenanas.

A Madras newspaper gives the following account of Miss Oxley's prize-giving:—

A correspondent writes :—"On the 30th I was invited to be present at the annual treat and prize-giving to the girls of the Mohammedan Schools in the city. Some years ago when the Mission was begun it was considered almost hopeless to start a school, and when we think of the prejudices and customs of centuries being overcome, the result on Tuesday seemed marvellous !

In the morning, covered carts were sent to the four schools in different parts of Madras for the children, as they are not allowed to be seen by men, who are also kept out of the compound. There are police regulations to secure their privacy. About one o'clock there was an unusual buzz and 316 dusky little forms in every variety of colour might be seen gliding between the old trees, gay flowers, and variegated crotons. When not in school many of them pass their lives in small, dark rooms with only a court in the middle, so we can imagine what a pleasure it was for them to see a full expanse of sky, trees, and flowers. They also enjoyed playing with the water from the Municipal tap ! They had sweets and fruit given to them and amused themselves with their twelve teachers till 4 p.m., when some English visitors tried to get up games, but their gracefully folded drapery and the instinctive drawing the veil over the head was scarcely adapted to such rough play and seemed out of place.

Miss Gell had kindly consented to give the prizes, and arrived at 4.30.

Afterwards came Mrs. Hope, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Morley, Mrs.

Stewart, and many others with some distinguished Mohammedan ladies. The children were then seated on mats with their respective teachers, and the effect was like a scene from 'The Arabian Nights.' As they are of all social grades, there was great variety in costume from the gorgeous gold-embroidered silk, and richly jewelled head, nose, ears, arms, and ankles, to the simple cloths of two gay colours. A class rose and sang the familiar hymn, 'There is a Happy Land,' in Hindustani (I believe the air is Indian). Another went through some calisthenics, which are quite a new feature. Pitying the confined life of these little ones it was thought well by those in authority to introduce these exercises. At first they were objected to, and some children removed, but when the parents found they were not injurious to health they did not mind. Each child who had passed in the recent examinations was to have a prize. Hundreds of dolls were sent by those interested in the work from England, and there were also some gay clothes. Each child received her prize with raising the hand to the brow and gracefully bending the body—a great improvement upon the abrupt nod our English girls give under similar circumstances.

After the prizes were given, the English ladies had refreshments and played and sang to amuse those Mohammedan ladies and children who remained. Thus closed one of the most interesting ceremonies I have seen, and I heartily wish every success to the Mission."

CHINTADREPETTAH, MADRAS.

The Second Feast of Ingathering at Zion Church.

CHINTADREPETTAH is a suburb of Madras where two hon. missionaries in local connexion, Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Hensman, the daughters of the late Mrs. Sathianadhan, carry on the work which their mother founded. In lieu of Annual Letters from these ladies, we print an article from a Madras newspaper, which shows some of the results of patient, thorough work.

On the morning of Easter Monday, passengers along the road in front of Zion Church must have been struck with the grand display of flags and banners over the gateway, and by the long line of tents that were pitched on the eastern side of the church compound. People whose curiosity was excited, stepped in to see what it was all about. As they entered, they passed along a path, on either side of which was a long array of flags with suitable inscriptions.

They were welcomed by the turkeys and ducks, fowls and sheep that occupied the first tent. A cock-turkey in particular, foremost among them all, made a display of his plumage before the visitors, welcoming them by his shrill voice and inviting their kind inspection. Passing along, they reached the main tent, on the wings of which were suspended bunches of cocoanuts and palmyra fruits, and on either side of its entrance was a plantain-tree in full bearing and in the richness of its foliage. In the centre of the tent was a large square platform, around and upon which were arranged a number of tables. A large table on one side

of the platform was burdened with fancy articles of every description, brass plate and copper utensils, flower-vases and scent-bottles, packets of tea and coffee, picture-frames and cut-glass vessels, lamps and corner brackets, and a number of other articles.

On the other side of the platform were exhibited the products of nature, forming a strong contrast to man's art—fruits and vegetables of every kind, which clothed by nature's adorning hand in varied colours in the beauty of all their freshness, presented a most attractive sight. On the tables placed on the platform, on three sides, were seen a variety of useful and attractive books with sundry fancy articles, all arranged in such a way as to give a grandeur and beauty to the scene. Arching overhead in two diagonal lines were exhibited silk, cotton, and woollen stuffs and fancy wool-work. Seats were placed in the body of the tent, and seated on them were a number of men, women, and children, with their bright and happy faces turned towards the platform. Others were standing round the platform for want of seats.

All eyes are fixed on something which is raised up to the view of the congregation by a man on the platform.

"It is such a dear, nice little article, surely it is worth more than that," the man is heard to say, and behold, on all sides, voices are heard in succession each outbidding his predecessor. Once, twice, and thrice, and down goes the hammer. The name of the last bidder is asked for, and the article is handed over to him. Now it is a bunch of some fruits which the auctioneer holds up in his hands. The fruits are of a globular form, of a reddish-brown colour, streaked with rays of yellow patches. One says, "What pretty fruits they are? Aren't they palmyra fruits? I should like to go in for them."

Presently the competition becomes keen. Europeans and Natives, both ladies and gentlemen, vie with each other in bidding, probably attracted by the beauty of the fruits, or more perhaps for the sake of its contents. And at last it is knocked down at a price that is exorbitant as compared with its market price. And now it is a sheep that is lifted up on the shoulders of a man. It struggles to get free, but the more it struggles the more is it held firmly until the bid goes high up.

On another side of the tent, screened off from the main part, was the refreshment-stall. It seemed to be all life within. People were streaming to and from it. Spread on a central table within were cakes

of every description, sweetmeats, and other eatables. Lemonade, roseade, gingerade, soda-water, ice-cream, and coffee were served on one side. People paid freely and partook freely of the refreshments, as if they were members of one happy family.

"What does all this mean?" inquired a visitor of one of the bystanders. What was his surprise when he was told that the things exhibited in the tents and sold to the highest bidder, were the freewill offerings of the members of Zion Church, and that the proceeds might be utilised for the benefit of the Church.

Ah, well, one might ponder whether or not the Church of Christ in this our land shows signs of activity indicative of its growth and development. It is alleged by some that Christianity in India is a failure, and that its converts, for the sake of temporal blessings, embrace a religion of which they have no true conviction; and as a strong reason in support of this view they assert that Native Churches are not self-supporting. Considering the comparative modern growth of the Indian Churches, the atmosphere in which they have "to move and have their being," and the poverty of the majority of its members, it is an encouraging sign, full of abundant hope for the future, to see such modes of activity exhibited by an Indian Church. Well may Western Churches that have enjoyed spiritual blessings for more than a thousand years, accuse the Church in India of stunted spiritual growth as compared with them. But they fail to judge the infant Church by the circumstances

under which it is placed. One would feel that the members of Zion Church are not wanting in their zeal, as is evident from the way in which the young and old, the rich and poor, freely and joyfully joined in the movement and contributed his or her share. It is an agreeable surprise to some that the proceeds of the sale amounted to Rs. 220, being a hundred rupees in excess of the first experiment of the previous year. In this connexion it may be mentioned how even little children contribute their mite gladly. Dolls and other playthings which they cherish most, and which they got as presents from friends and relatives, were joyfully and cheerfully sent to the ingathering meeting.

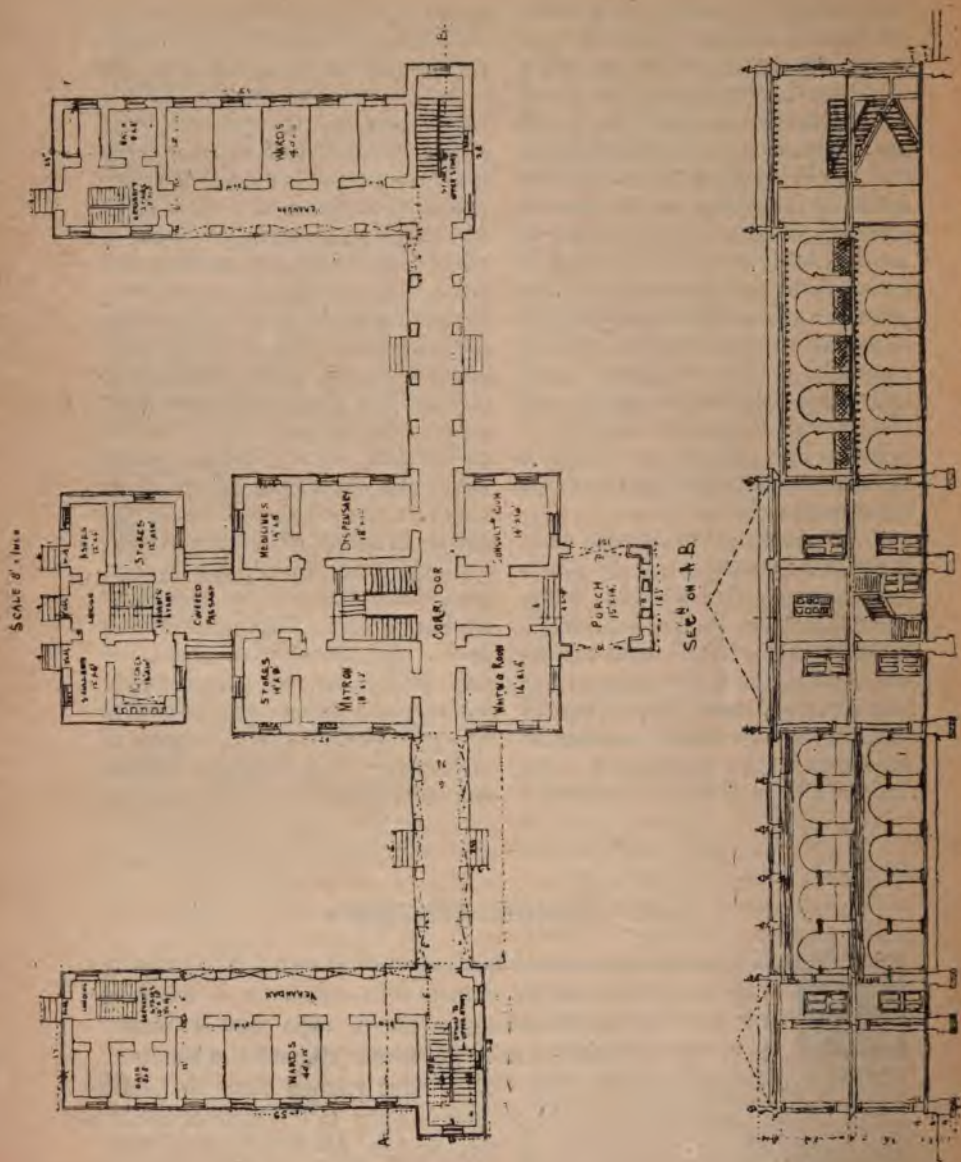
To those interested in Zenana work, it will be news to hear how the Hindu women sympathised with this movement. Eighteen rupees were voluntarily contributed and several articles were sent by them, and many wished they had given more. Such sympathy in Christian movements awakened in the hearts that have long been under the thralldom of Hinduism, bound fast

by the traditions and the superstition of ages, and clinging to them with such tenacity and firmness as could not be witnessed anywhere else,—is not only encouraging to Zenana workers, but is indeed a sign pregnant with much hope for the future. It is the soft influence and silent eloquence of those at home that has been undoing the work of missionary educational agency, and has been the stumbling-block of many a man who would have boldly come out to confess Christ as his Saviour and Master. Now that they have begun to free themselves from their superstition and wish to be in active co-operation with Christian movements, the day is not far off when, under the providence of God, by the combined efforts of Zenana Mission and Missionary Educational agency, the whole of India will be brought to the feet of Christ. Then will Christian India, like Christian England, not only support her own Churches, but will also send out her own missionaries to those fields that are in need of labourers.—*The Christian Patriot*, April 5th, 1894.

The Mysore Mission.



HE Mysore has a remarkable history of its own. The last century was a page deeply stained with crime, for it was only by the capture of Seringapatam in 1799 that a dynasty built up by treachery and bloodshed fell, and the victory of the English brought peace. The Rajahs have reigned from that time under British supremacy, and the country is open to Christian Missions. The history of our own Mission is very modern, for it only dates from



PLAN OF GOSHA HOSPITAL, TO BE ERRECTED BY THE C.E.Z.M.S., BANGALORE. See p. 408.

1887. As an introduction to Miss Anna Smith's Annual Letter the leading facts are briefly given.

A Mission in Bangalore was started in response to an appeal from Miss Goldsmith, written to the C.E.Z.M.S. in 1886, and largely aided by her generosity. Miss Thom, our hon. missionary, whose health had failed in the Punjab, went to Bangalore as a pioneer in March, 1887. It was hoped that she might have had health and strength for work in this place. Her first impressions were promising. She wrote in *INDIA'S WOMEN*, March, 1888:—"The Mysore, or Carnatic proper, is a tableland rising from 2000 to 3000 feet above the sea, and enclosed by mountains on the west, south, and east. It has a temperate climate, and is rich in 'all the elements of material wealth.'"

Miss A. M. Smith, another hon. missionary, joined Miss Thom in the autumn of 1887. Since then the growth of the Mission has been remarkable; the whole staff now numbers altogether thirteen (without counting Miss Amy Lillingston, who hopes to join it in the autumn), and is very nearly self-supporting. After a time Miss Thom's health again failed, and to our great regret, she had to resign. Her visit to India last winter, to which Miss Smith refers, was in the Bombay Presidency.

The town of Mysore became a station of the C.E.Z.M.S. in consequence of Miss Lee, an assistant missionary at Bangalore, removing there in July, 1892, and opening work. We hear that a storm of opposition to her work, alluded to last year, has to a great extent subsided, and her school is again flourishing.

Our Mission in Bangalore.

By MISS SMITH.

Miss Thom wrote in 1887 of the work just begun among the Mohammedan girls here: "Our great desire is to see in every school a senior class of girls able to read well, and each with a whole Bible in her hand; then indeed we shall rejoice."

I often call these words to mind, with thankfulness, when returning from our schools, where bright classes of intelligent children take an interest

in Scripture teaching. For many years, the first class girls in each school have been reading the New Testament, and we are now supplying them with whole Bibles, strongly bound, the gift of a friend in England. Mohammedans profess to honour *four* books—the Law, the Psalms, the Gospel, the Korán. If they become acquainted with the books themselves, and learn to compare passage with

passage, finding how all bear witness to Christ, and noting the contradictions which are in the Koran, we trust that, at last, they will see the truth of our Lord's words: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." The children very much enjoy reading in the Book itself, the stories of "the prophets" (so they call all our Bible saints) whose names they know.

The new Gosha Hospital.

A second great subject of thankfulness is the rising of our beautiful hospital walls, and again I remember how anxious Miss Thom was for some medical work among the people, and how she urged the attempt to build a hospital. If she had been able to come to us while in India, this year, as we hoped, her heart would have been gladdened by the sight of our building, the many who attend our dispensaries, and the openings everywhere for our lady doctor, Miss Chase.

The building is of stone, and of much more imposing dimensions than anything we dreamed of in those early days. It will cost, at least, double the sum we appealed for last year. As places developed we found that to make the hospital really suitable for the different classes of patients whom we hope to receive, this expenditure would sooner or later be necessary, and that it would be better, with a view to economy and convenience, that all should, if possible, be built at once. The building, as seen in the accompanying sketch, consists of a

dispensary in the centre, with quarters for two ladies above, and wards (two-storeyed) on each side. The wards are connected with the centre block by corridors with five arches. Thus the patients will be removed to a little distance from the dispensary, and at the same time there will be no difficulty in getting to them in all weathers.

In the four large wards, with subdivisions, arrangements can easily be made for the reception of different classes of patients. Those who gave most largely to the scheme, urged that we ought not to spoil it through the fear of want of money, and we hope that we shall be able to complete it free from debt. At present we have received a little more than Rs. 24,000, and a grant of Rs. 1000 has been promised by the Mysore Government. We shall need about Rs. 8000 (500*l.*) more to finish the building with compound wall and out-houses, and very thankful we shall be to any friends who are disposed to help towards this sum.

The hospital is situated on high ground, well above the hollow in which lies the native town called the *Cantonment*, and yet close to it so as to be easily accessible. It will be very convenient, too, for any patients coming in by train, as it is near the railway-station; and will be a striking object on approach to the town.

The foundation-stone was laid by the Bishop of Madras on October 30th of last year, and already the walls of the second storey are rising. Mr. Walker of the Bangalore Bank, whose kind help we mentioned thankfully

last year, left for six months at the beginning of April. Since then, the work has been in the hands of a contractor, under the supervision of Captain Ward, R.E., who most kindly came to our help when we were in difficulties about arrangements in Mr. Walker's absence. He is now planning the laying-out of the ground and the planting of trees kindly given to us by Mr. Cameron of the Lal Bagh (Government Gardens).

We hope the building will be finished by the end of the year. Then there will be the furnishing to think of. We look forward to the opening of the hospital after the arrival of our promised lady doctor from England, early next year. The medical work is constantly growing under Miss Chase, and she meets often with cases which she longs to have under proper care in a hospital.

Our Zenanas.

In our *Zenana-visiting* work we are now rather short-handed. It is chiefly undertaken by Miss Dickinson and Miss Clift, neither of whose names are on our Society's list. Miss Clift has helped us for several years, and is very fluent in Hindustani and earnest in the work. She has, for a time, undertaken charge of the Arab Lines School, which is a great help to us. Miss Dickinson, though she has only been eighteen months in the country, has got on so well with the language, that she is nearly ready for the second examination. She works most indefatigably and is always doing all she can to help the people in every way.

Miss Ewart has been in England since the beginning of the year. Many of the Zenanas she visited are eagerly looking for her return. I miss her help and counsel every day, though it is a pleasure to think of her with friends at home. Miss Denny has left us "for good," and very sorry we all were to part with her. We are glad to think that after her marriage she will be again in India, though probably far away from us, and that her missionary experience will enable her to help the work wherever she is. Miss Lillingston takes charge of the Pettah School, and Miss Graham of the Cantonment School, and of the reading in the dispensary—and they both do some Zenana visiting, as much as their strength, which is not great, will permit.

My work is general supervision, and visits to the schools and Zenanas in turn. As I am decidedly stronger now than some months ago, I hope to be able to undertake a few Zenanas regularly myself.

In our daily routine, many interesting incidents occur which we do not like to put in print. We receive a warm welcome in almost all houses. Everywhere we read the Bible, and often sing hymns, but having no Bible-women, from lack of time, only in a few houses can we give much regular instruction. The women love to see us, and we trust that in getting to know us, they learn something of the Lord whose Name we bear. I am often struck with the fact that we are well known in this large city. I scarcely ever go to a new house, or

meet strangers in the dispensary, without some woman present greeting me as an old acquaintance, and saying she has seen me before and heard me read. The gross ignorance of the women is the great difficulty we have to contend with. They meet with flat denial the facts we tell them of the life and death of our Lord, which are contrary to the traditions which, far more than the Korán, form the substance of their belief. The Friday readings, in the Bible and other subjects, with the women who come to our house, week by week, are specially valuable as opportunities of dispelling this ignorance. What the effect of our work is we can hardly see. Our Lord's command is enough for us, and we believe that by the power of His Word and of His Spirit some hearts will be renewed, endued with "the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." May we be taught day by day how to do the work which is to lead to such a result more wisely and faithfully!

The Projected Training Home.

The subject of a *Training Home*, which has been so long before us, has necessarily been in abeyance while the building of the hospital has been upon our hearts and hands. But we, and I think many missionaries in South India, feel the need of it as much as ever. I believe we ought to employ girls of this country, more than we have done, in our work, if the complaint is made that they short in character and in high principle of the standard required,

it is our duty to endeavour to give them more of the advantages we ourselves have had in high-toned, Christian, practical education. The task may be difficult, but I believe it ought to be undertaken. Girls, as well as young men, are pressing forward into Government employment as doctors, teachers, and in other lines—ought we not to make more efforts to enlist them in the service of Christ and give them opportunities of using their talents to the full in His work? We earnestly hope that this subject may be taken up before long by our Society.

The City of Mysore.

The intrigues among those employed at Mysore were so perplexing that we found the only plan was to dismiss the teacher, and send one of our own teachers from here to take her place. Since then the school has prospered. Miss Lee has many Zenanas to visit, and the women are all very fond of her. We are very anxious to send a second lady to Mysore, feeling that it is not good for Miss Lee to be working alone, and with a population of 40,000 Mohammedans there is ample work for two.

Gifts, Past and Future.

We send hearty thanks for the never-failing supply of beautiful presents and of work for sale, sent by our old friends in Paddington and Clapham, and also by Miss Jay in Florence, and by Miss Bence Jones, Mrs. Snowdon Smith, Miss A. C. Thom, and for the texts from Miss

Platten, and to friends in Broxbourne and other places who help us continually.

We look forward to the arrival of the boxes from the Manor House before Christmas, and are never disappointed.

Miss Ewart tells us that many friends are asking what they can make for our hospital. We shall need much in the way of furniture—beds, blankets, sheets, counterpanes, pillows, cupboards, hot-water bottles; and Miss Chase has told me to-day that a *weighing-chair* is a piece of furniture which will be very useful. We think many of these could be got

at less cost here than in England, and if any friends are inclined to give special things for the hospital, if they would kindly send the money to Miss Ewart, to me, or to Miss Amy Lillingston, who we hope will come to take charge of the hospital,—it would be better than buying in England what may perhaps not be exactly suitable for this country.

P.S.—Details of our work are given in quarterly letters to our friends, copies of which can be had on application to

Miss A. M. WARRY,

3, Upper Grosvenor Road,
Tunbridge Wells.

In the Pettah.

BY MISS LILLINGSTON.

A year ago I began to go regularly to our school in the Pettah. After a fortnight I was expected to go alone. In secular lessons I was soon able to follow, and could teach new rules in arithmetic; but my heart used to sink at 10.30 each morning when it was time to begin the Bible lessons. I was not fluent, and when surrounded by twenty children waiting for the Scriptural story, my sentences after the first few would be very ungrammatical. But I was fortunate in having a nice old teacher who would put the lesson in the children's own words when she found out what I wished to tell them. A large picture was sure to gain attention, but often the whole class and the old teacher would shake with laughter and hide

their faces in their *saris* at some striking mistake. They are generally very polite, and take no notice of the funny way new-comers string words together.

I visit one of the elder girls who has left this school for her own home, and only this week she said eagerly, when reading 1 John i. 7, "One of our verses, *Mem Sahiba*." Last week, when our very small children were sent out to play for ten minutes, I heard one shrill voice saying part of John iii. 14, and the others repeating it. Looking out I saw them formed into a class, one acting as teacher.

The old teacher has been sent by Miss Smith to help Miss Ling in her Mohammedan girls' school at

Ootacamund, and a pupil who had come back to school after two years, has been promoted as teacher. She is doing her work well, and it has made her own life much brighter; for her home is far from happy, and she does not yet know for herself Source of true joy.

On Tuesday, Miss Chase, our medical lady, goes to the Pettah to visit patients. On going into school that morning I always see bottles hanging on the wall, or some which

are too precious to be given up, tied with string on to a tiny child's finger or wrist.

One day Miss Chase went with Miss Dickinson to see a new patient. She said she would give some medicine, and asked for a bottle; an empty sauce bottle with the labels still round it was brought. She asked if it was clean. "Oh, yes," was the reply, but she turned it up, and out ran several cockroaches.

June 15th, 1894.

BEZWADA.

The Town and the Neighbourhood.

BY MISS JENNINGS.

✠T always seems easier to *do* work than to *write* about it! Still the longing to make known the needs, not only of Bezwada, but also those of the villages round about, encourages me in writing my first Annual Letter.

Mohammedan Work.

I came to Bezwada for Mohammedan work on August 9th, 1893, to join Miss Turnbull, who had taken up the Hindu work there.

After settling down, my first duty was to help Miss J. P. Brandon to start a school for Mohammedan girls. We spent two afternoons in searching for a house, and very varied were the receptions we met with from the people who had houses to let! It seemed quite an understood thing that we should be asked double and

treble the ordinary prices because we were "*Feringhees*." When they understood the purpose for which the house was needed, great was their surprise; a girls' school was quite a novelty. We could hear the whispers and remarks passed on us: "They wear no jewels"; "Are they men or women?" "Look at their *topies*," &c., &c.

We at length succeeded in getting a house which was suitable in every way, and our next step was to induce the children to attend. This was not a very easy task, as, though our Bible-woman, Meenachee, and I received very warm welcomes at the houses, and found many of the Zenana women eager to learn and become our pupils, the children were very timid: like little Arabs, they fled when they

saw us, and one or two great-grand-mothers seemed very suspicious of us. "Government will give them one rupee for each child that attends school, that is why they are so eager for us to send our children to them," was the conclusion these dear old women arrived at, and we returned home after our morning's work without the promise of one scholar for our school, but with a well-filled list of Zenana pupils, which was very cheering.

School Work.

However, after seeing us about for a few days they got accustomed to us, and on August 19th we were able to open the school with five wee girlies. How frightened they were! At first they would hardly speak a word.

A week later we had thirty names on the roll, and the children had grown most friendly. Miss Brandon sent us a Bible-woman from Bender, called Soondram, to help, and the children grew very fond of her. It was very entertaining to watch newcomers received by old pupils (of a week's standing!). "You need not be afraid, they will not beat you," "make salaam," "fold your arms," were the comforting assurances bestowed on the hesitating little creatures.

We had a little, very little, opposition from the parents when they found we taught the Bible and not the Korán; but on the whole we had nothing to complain of, and were very thankful to God for opening the way

so smoothly for us. Only one or two of the children knew anything about reading, so the subjects taught were not very varied. We found they learnt to repeat verses quickly, and always enjoyed a Bible story with pictures. An occasional present of fruit, particularly bananas, was a great treat.

Alas! we were obliged to close on October 15th, as Government opened a school for girls (in which they introduced the Korán) almost opposite our building; the majority of parents withdrew their children from us, and quarrelled continually with those who did not do so; so it seemed far better to close the school for the present and devote our attention to the Zenanas.

In February this year, we made an effort to have a little school-work in one of the *Pettahs* in Bezwada. We did not succeed in getting a house, but often gathered the children together in some nook or corner, and now we have the verandah of one of our Zenana houses, and between ten and fifteen children attend. We have school three times a week.

Zenana Work.

My great disappointment at parting with the children was much lightened by the eager welcome the women in the Zenanas gave me, and the interest taken by some of them in their work.

Bezwada consists of three *distinct* Pettahs (districts). Wynch Pettah, a little distance in the country, contains only Mohammedans, of the working classes chiefly. We have eleven regular pupils there, one of whom is

very intelligent, and is reading regularly through the Gospels; our Lord's life and death are full of interest to her. Do pray that she may be led to yield Him her heart fully! Another interesting little pupil, when we question her on her lessons, says, "Tell me first, then I will tell you." If we urge her to try to remember, she tosses her untidy little head (all their heads are untidy), and says, "It won't come." We have six pupils in Buckingham Pettah, three of whom are Jewesses. They have been hearing the truth for a long time now, over two years, and we believe they are believers at heart.

In Bezwada itself we have twenty pupils, the majority of whom belong to the higher classes; one or two of them pay a small fee monthly for sewing lessons, and they are very fond of showing their friendliness and gratitude by bestowing large plates of "*Pillau* rice" and sweets on us. The poorer women often offer us little infants. They are candid and honest; they say, "Bring this child up for us till he or she is about eight or ten years old, then return it to us so that it may earn "*Paisah*" for us.

One of our pupils begged very hard

for a bottle of hair-dye, she is so ashamed of a few grey hairs!

We often have stray listeners from Houdipalle (a town about half an hour's rail journey from here) and from others villages close by. They seem charmed to see us, and always ask *when* we are coming to them? I trust the day is not far distant when there will be work amongst them. Pray that the way may be opened for these "other sheep" to be reached.

January and part of February this year were sad months on account of the cholera epidemic. It was sad to see so many dying and suffering without Christ. God was very good to us and kept us safe. Two of our pupils were taken, Ameer Bi, a young wife of seventeen years old, and Rábia Bi, a middle-aged woman, who used to listen to the Bible-women regularly.

Since last August we have lost *seven* pupils through fear of being compelled to embrace Christianity: *three* have left the station, and *two* died of cholera.

All through God has helped and cheered us, and we look to Him for blessings on our future work. "My word shall not return unto Me void," is our constant help and comfort.

KUMMAJETT.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS HARCOURT'S ANNUAL LETTER.



Y work among the Mohammedan women and children here has been, and is, a great pleasure to me. They are always

ready to listen when I read and teach them. They love listening to our hymns, and especially like the slow, solemn tunes. Three quite young

girls listen eagerly to the Gospel and pray in "Jesus Christ's Name," and have great faith in the power of prayer. On one occasion I was going away for a week, and when I told them they said, "Oh, *Mem Sahib*, we will pray in Jesus' Name that God will keep you here with us." It so turned out that I was unable to go, and when I went as usual to the girls, they joyfully exclaimed, "We knew you would not go, *Mem Sahib*, as we prayed that you might not."

Often these people ask *why* all this work is undertaken for them, and what makes us leave our friends and all home comforts just to come here and read to them; and then it is a good opportunity to explain how Christ loves us, and has commanded us to go and teach, and tell about His great love and mercy to others.

Need of Healing.

Our great need here is a medical missionary. It is terrible to see the suffering around. Although there is a hospital and Parsee doctor, the women cannot go to him because of their "*Gosha*" system. As many as twenty sick people came to me for medicine every morning in the rainy season. I know very little about medicine, and am afraid to undertake any but simple cases. I had my *tonjon* placed under a shady tree in the fort, and what little I could do was greatly appreciated. I find them very grateful. A tailor brought his child for some medicine, and when he met me a few days afterwards, he ran up and told me his child was quite

well, and begged to do some work for me to show his gratitude. I let him make some umbrella-covers, and he refused to take payment for them.

One day they brought me a poor woman whom they said was possessed with a devil. She really was dreadful to look at as she stood before me. The people described her case, and said she often got fits, and would throw herself into the fire, &c. She had enough sense to understand what was being said, and threw herself down before me, evidently thinking she would show how bad she could be. The other women fled from her in terror, crying, "Look, *Mem Sahib*, she is going to have a fit now."

For a moment I felt alarmed, but prayed silently, and I felt the answer come that God meant to heal her. I spoke to her in a stern voice, and told her to get up and sit down by me, for I had something to say to her. At once she obeyed, and when the people gathered around us again, I read to them about Jesus healing the lunatic, in St. Matt. vii. 14 to 20, and as I read she grew quite calm, and the people were amazed. "*Mem Sahib*, when you go away, she will frighten us again, and get a fit." I told the woman I would call and see her in the morning, and if I heard she had given way at all I should be very angry with her, for she should control herself. Then I spoke to all the other women, and told them that they had made the woman mad by always drumming into her ears that she was possessed. I visited her again for three days, and she was perfectly well

and in her right senses. The people told me, too, that she had had no more fits. I told them this was all in answer to prayer.

In some houses they utterly refuse to listen or have anything to do with me. One woman was always on the point of going to sleep when I called, and it was quite absurd to see her attempts at feigned sleep! At last, after trying to persuade her to leave off her lazy habits, and give a little time to learning with me, she grew very angry, and told me not to come to her house any more.

In conclusion I must tell of the goodness and mercy of our loving Father in thus sparing us to work a little longer for Him, and preserving us so wonderfully from cholera here. My fellow-worker, Miss Clara Helen Ward, was called to her rest on February 1st, 1894, from cholera, in the town of Kummamett.

Miss Ward finished her first Telugu examination in the latter end of the month of Dec., 1893. Hard study, combined with a not over-robust constitution, had obliged her to seek rest and change in Bezwada and Masulipatam; and the evening of January 31st, 1894, found her once again in our midst, looking stronger and brighter, filled with an earnest hope to go on with the work she so dearly loved. But even then the grey messenger of death was on his way, bearing the summons "Home," and soon her loving Saviour would say to her, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I was at the station to meet Miss

Ward on her arrival that Saturday evening from Bezwada, little thinking the next day would bring with it the experience of such deep and unutterable sorrow. Towards the early hours of the morning she was taken with cholera, and although we did all for her that was possible, shortly before three o'clock in the afternoon she passed away. She bore her sufferings and extreme pain with true Christian fortitude, and constantly put her hands up in prayer. Towards the end she cried, "Oh, Lord, come quickly." Eight Christian men bore her to the grave, and the funeral service was a most solemn and impressive one in Telugu, by the Rev. J. Stone. I am sure it was all done just as she would have wished herself. No one has taken her place here yet, and I am living with the Rev. J. B. and Mrs. Panes of the C.M.S. Mission for the present; but we trust God may send some one soon to fill the gap.

It is not an unhealthy station, as Mrs. Panes and other ladies can testify, and with care any lady of ordinary strength of constitution may, under God's blessing, live and do much work for Him here. Miss Ward was in a very delicate state of health when she arrived from Australia, and contracted cholera on her journey back from Masulipatam as she passed through Bezwada, where it was very prevalent at the time of her death.

We long for the time when a fully-equipped Zenana Missionary staff of workers may be systematically working in this large native town in the Nizam's Dominions.

An Expedition to the Khyber Pass.

By MISS WHITE, C.E.Z.M.S., PESHAWAR.



It is only within about fifteen years that the Khyber Pass has been opened to the English. Exciting as it may seem to us to read of the need of a military guard for British travellers in our own empire, the time is well within the memory of military men when even to approach the Pass, the greatest precautions were necessary, and the thought of venturing into it for pleasure was not to be entertained. Miss White's account of a holiday shows how God has opened the way for the spread of the Gospel and increased the responsibilities of His people.

I want to interest every one possible in our villages and encampments. There are many encampments of people scattered over the country and in the hills, living in tents made of a few poles stuck carelessly in the ground, and dark-brown sacking pulled over to make a sort of covering. As yet they are very seldom visited, and *very few of them have ever heard the Name of Christ.*

How I wish you could have seen one encampment—how the women gathered round us, and laughed, and chatted, and asked questions! They told us they came from Cabul, which is a long way off. These Afghan tribes are a splendid race of people. They have a very fine physique, and are most intelligent and affectionate, and their free, wild life seems to give them a freshness and health which we do not find in city folk. They are more than ready to receive kindness as a rule.

You will wonder when I shall begin to tell you of our expedition, but now

I think we shall leave Doudzai and come to the Khyber Pass. A visitor came to the C.M.S. house who was on sight-seeing intent, so we made a party—two clergymen, two doctors, two nurses, and two Zenana missionaries.

We set off about 8 a.m., and drove straight for the mountains. As we drew near them, we could see what had looked like one chain of mountains in the distance, proved to be tier upon tier rising up until lost in the distant sky-line. We counted in one place six mountains one behind the other, each of varying shade. When we arrived at Jumrood, where there is a fort, we were joined by our guard, and soon with a jolt and a bump of our *tum-tums*, or native dog-carts, we were over the border and in the Amir's dominions.

We had two guards, Khyber Rifles, who had the most magnificent horses, and wore a very picturesque costume. Their dress was brown, with brown leather boots (Wellington), and steel

ornaments on their shoulders. The name "Khyber Rifles" was in brass on their cartridge-pouches, which were slung at their waists. For head-dress they wore a dark-blue turban with one end hanging down, and a crimson peaked cap, showing in the middle of the turban. All Afghans as a rule wear these peaks. Our guard had two pouches of ammunition attached to his saddle in front, and at the left side hung his sword, while to the right were his rifle and his spear. The point of the spear seemed to be sheathed in his stirrup, and it was also slung to a leather strap which was on his arm, and kept it in place.

The horse was such a splendid animal. Our special guard had difficulty in keeping him in pace with the hack; which we drove, and soon it became quite white with foam. He said it was because he was angry at being kept from galloping. The man rode beautifully, and he beamed all over when I told him his horse was beautiful. He said it cost Rs. 400. There are very good breeds of horses in the hills—Arabs, and another kind of which I forget the name. However, it seemed to us when we got farther into the Pass, that the name of English protection did more for us than our guard, for it would have been easy to shoot us a hundred times over from behind the cliffs.

This Pass, though in the Amir's dominions, is held by the English, and on two days of the week, the English send Native soldiers to protect the caravans all through. At intervals we could see men stationed

by twos and threes up the mountain-sides on guard. We had to get a special pass from the Deputy-commissioner, and have our special guard besides.

The Pass is, I think, about twenty miles long, but I am not sure, as the miles here are not the same as at home. I do not know how to describe it; I had never seen or imagined anything like the Khyber Pass for grandeur and wildness. All that I had seen on the voyage seemed quite ordinary and flat in comparison. Instead of one or two mountains in the Pass, there are mountains over mountains. Some towered steeply over our heads; more lay below us in a valley, and the road wound above and below, and backwards and forwards, onwards in a wonderful manner. As we went on there were more mountains, more valleys, until one felt almost a sense of oppression. We went about twelve miles into the Pass, as far as Fort Ali Musjid, where we stopped to rest our horses and have *tiffin*. We walked part of the way and gathered some everlasting flowers.

A great part of the cliffs seemed to be a sort of slatey stone lying in close, thick layers, and some was chalky-looking. The people of the caravan wore sandals made of a thick kind of coarse grass which protected their feet, and the road was not at all bad. It was very curious to see the strings of camels loaded with merchandise going up to Cabul. One camel I observed had very large baskets at each side, covered over with a cloth. Presently the cloth *moved*, and I saw it

was covering a number of women and children who looked out at us with eager curiosity. Some of the camels carried wooden boxes containing a gift of cartridges from the English Government to the Amir. We met some people coming down from Cabul. The women rode on mules, and they wore black veils like little window-blinds, bordered with a bright colour. I think they were made of horse-hair, and they completely concealed the features.

After we had gone to the fort and had enjoyed the distant view of the valley with its patch of vegetation and streamlet, and the distant caravan winding among the hills, we felt it was time for lunch! To our dismay we found we had forgotten the *teapot*. However, I put the tea into the kettle, and it was very nice. For the benefit of friends at home I will mention that when we wanted more tea we just put in more water from the stream and boiled the kettle, and found it still very good! A group of Afghans watched us with admiring interest. One man wanted to sell us a knife with which two men had been killed. It certainly did look very murderous, and nobody was inclined to buy.

Beyond Ali Musjid I believe the Pass narrows, and is more steep if possible; but we were obliged to return home without venturing farther.

At Ali Musjid there were some holes in a bank which we found were the homes of some of the people. They looked just like dens with blue

smoke curling out of them. The vegetation seemed to consist of a little brown grass, like very small pampas grass, everlasting, and a glaucous-looking plant—very little of even this, and no trees or shrubs, nothing but mountains, mountains *everywhere*. I enjoyed the day more than I can say, and felt inclined to envy my friend the Khyber Rifleman. However, I hope, when I learn Pushtoo, that I may go there again. Perhaps I shall wear a *burka* and go on a pony as the Natives do here. A *burka* is a very voluminous white garment which the Mohammedans wear, with lacework over the eyes to enable them to see out of it. It forms a complete disguise, completely covering them.

We sometimes have patients in from the Khyber Pass and from the villages. One of our patients, a blind girl, seems truly to wish to declare herself a Christian. She went yesterday to stay in the house of one of the Native Christians, for she, of course, needs instruction. I hope she may be made a blessing to the other patients; they are much attached to her. One girl who is here permanently, and who we hope may learn more about the Lord Jesus Christ, and may also become a Christian, cried very much at parting with her blind friend. She has had a kind of leprosy which is now healed, but which often causes her pain, and has left her hands much deformed. Her face is sweet and bright, and she is loved by everybody. She calls me her beloved mother,

Foreign Notes.

THE FUNJAB MISSION.

AJNALA.

We hear with satisfaction that Miss Abdullah will go to Ajnala to take charge of the dispensary on Miss Dixie's return to Batala.

PESHAWAR.

It has been a great pleasure to see a letter in the handwriting of Miss Charlotte Wheeler, M.D., whose serious illness we have mentioned in recent Numbers. It is not thought advisable for her to remain at Peshawar; but with the energy and courage she has shown at the Duchess Connaught Hospital, she is ready for work at another station. As we go to press, it is not decided to which of the many places pleading for a fully qualified medical missionary she will be appointed. Miss Mitcheson will, we hope, return to the medical work she founded at Peshawar with full qualifications. The date of her sailing is not yet decided.

KASHMIR.

The Committee have decided to build a house at Srinagar. The cost will be Rs. 4000. This expense is a serious matter, but far more serious might have been the consequences if the good site obtained from the Government had been allowed to lapse. Can our readers save the C.E.Z.M.S. from being burdened with the whole expense? Contributions towards this object will be gladly received by the Financial Secretary.

TRAVANCORE MISSION.

MAVELICARA.

With great regret we hear of the serious illness of Miss Chettle. The following extract from a letter from her, dated May 28th, 1894, shows what great opportunities for work she has found at Mavelicara :—

*Mavelikkara,
Near Kayangalam,
Travancore.*

It is now eleven months since Miss d'Albedyll and I began work here,

and we feel how much cause we have to praise and thank the Giver of all good for His faithfulness and goodness to us. Not only have we realised His abiding presence with us and in our

work, but He has gone before us and opened the hearts of the people to receive us well. We feel especially that we need help from our friends at home—help by your prayers and help by sending us means to carry out well the work we have begun. At present we have only one school in Mavelikkara. It is in the Fort and for the high-caste girls. They come well, and only want of room hinders us from

having more; but we hope soon to get land to build on. In two or three of the stations about six or eight miles from here, the people are anxious for us to work. They want schools, and that is an opening for us to the homes. We should very much like to have another Bible-woman, as even with our constant visiting there are hundreds of houses we might go to, but we cannot do so regularly.

AN EASTER HOLIDAY AT TARN TARAN.

BY A C.E.Z.M.S. MISSIONARY.

WE have no Crystal Palace, and no Zoological Gardens, but we *have* a river at the distance of some twenty miles, and to that river we determined to take our people (those who are Christians) for their Easter treat. It meant, of course, going by train from Amritsar, and staying there for a night or two, and this *was* an undertaking; but “nothing venture nothing have,” and, with the help of a dear friend at home, we carried out our plan, and all enjoyed it immensely.

It soon got wind in the compound that the treat this year was to be something more than ordinary, and when one evening the bullock-carts arrived, the excitement knew no bounds, and the children rushed to take their places in time. But they did not need to start *quite* so early for the 4.45 p.m. train from Amritsar next day, although very soon after nine o'clock in the morning, the

patient bullocks dragged off a heavy load of shouting, gaily dressed children, through the deep dust and under a burning sun. Among the foremost was an old crippled, rheumatic woman, trembling all over with excitement, but determined not to be out of the excursion! We had made arrangements for our accommodation at the Biās Government Bungalow, attached to which are spacious servants' quarters.

Having seen the party off, we betook ourselves to packing up provisions, and then came a twelve-mile ride in an *ekka* (rough country cart). If one is a dwarf with very short legs and back, and has no need to wear a sun “*topi*,” nothing could be more comfortable; but, *not* being small, but some 5 ft. 7 in., it is a grave matter to know *what* to do with a long body. However, we all were gathered together safely at the station by about four o'clock (*nothing* like

being in time for a train'), and found our party settled down amongst all the luggage which was lying about, and beginning their evening meal, which we had arranged they should take with them! A grand idea struck us—give some of the poor, thirsty *bibis* (women) tea in the second class waiting-room! So accordingly a tribe was conducted with care along the platform, and sat down on the floor of the waiting-room. Having bargained with the man to give it us a little cheaper, we proceeded to feed them.

The old "sweeper" did not know *what* to make of a cup and saucer, and looked at it in silent awe. Dear Begum Jān, our Bible-woman, seeing her sister's alarmed condition, said, "Well, this *is* a beautiful place *we* have come to; but never mind, the ark where Noah was was beautiful, and all *sorts* of animals went in there!"

Finally, having got them all on to the platform, we waited where we hoped the train would come. It *did* come, and rushed *past* us, and an order was given, "Right the other side, Miss," so beds and babies, pots, pans, cripples, blind and old, were hustled along, all heads turning to look and wonder "*where* these Miss *Sahibs* and their mixed multitude have come from, and *where* they are going." The children shouted their "*bhajans*" all the way, and the opportunity was

not lost of sowing the seed among some dear village women in the next carriage. We were thankful to arrive safely, and after all partaking of curry and rice, sitting round on the ground, we retired to bed.

Early next morning the whole party went down to the river's edge. It is a wonderful and beautiful sight to see an expanse of water in dry and thirsty India. Nothing would do but we must cross the river, so a boat was fetched. Well,—but *was* it a boat? To what shall I liken it? A large, flat frying-pan, made of wood, upon which some fifty people with oxen and carts could cross over! Into this with a rush went the children, and in a sun of some 150° we slowly wended to the other side, "to England," as the children said. Then, of course, came going *into* the water, and in less time than it takes to write it, numbers of little brown-looking frogs were hopping about with evident delight. The whole day was spent very happily, and in the evening we met to thank God for such a treat, and to try and impress it upon all that it came from His loving Hands. The next morning we returned to Amritsar, and from there again to Tarn Taran, some of the children with fever from bathing and general excitement, but they soon all recovered, and it will take a long time to efface the remembrance of Easter time at the Biās.

FANNIE JANSON.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

LORD ROBERTS ON THE NEEDS OF INDIAN WOMEN.—Lord Roberts, just as he was leaving India, said in the presence of the Viceroy and other officials : "The large majority of the women of India live outside the great towns; and for these—probably not less than one hundred and forty million—skilled medical aid is at present an impossibility. . . . It is extremely improbable that Native ladies, or even those of the inferior classes, will ever allow themselves to be attended by male doctors. It is therefore essential that women should be trained to carry on the work of doctors and medical subordinates."—*From "Life and Light for Woman."*

INFANT MARRIAGE.—The Mysore Government in India has made new regulations to prevent infant marriages, making it criminal for any person to aid in bringing about a marriage between a boy under fourteen and a girl under eight. It also makes it criminal for any man above fifty to marry any girl under fourteen. It seems strange to us in the Occident that laws are necessary with provisions like these, but as a matter of fact these regulations indicate a distinct advance in public sentiment in that part of India. Punishment for offences under this Act may be six months' imprisonment, with fine.—*From the "Missionary Herald."*

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

"An old story tells of three men who were disputing what was the mightiest thing on earth. One maintained that princes were strong, for they could do, said he, whatsoever they pleased. Another said philosophers were stronger, for even kings paid homage to them. Daniel was greater than Darius, Diogenes than Alexander, and Plato than Dionysius. But a third party interposed and said, 'Women are stronger than kings and philosophers, for kings have forgotten their triumphs, and philosophers their controversies, under the spell of a woman's smile.' There was, beyond doubt, a great deal of truth in the contention of the third party. Few will deny the great influence of woman. It is the more needful that those who wield this influence should use it wisely, and see that it is an influence for good and not for evil. The influence of good women, it has been said, is a powerful means of civilisation, and it may be doubted whether there is anything more powerful in adding to the Kingdom of God upon earth, than the influence of truly Christian women. Perhaps not even the Christian ministry is more powerful in this respect than the Christian mother. Woman derives a great part of her influence from the fact that she is the presiding genius in the home. This is her peculiar kingdom where she rules, so as to mould posterity."—*The Evangelist.*

Notices.

INDIAN WIDOWS' UNION.

The Dépôt for the work done by the Indian widows is now at Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury. Miss Sandys is constantly receiving parcels of the work from Amritsar and Peshawar, and will be glad to send samples of it to friends.

Miss MacGregor, Hon. Sec. of I.W.U., 30, Clanricade Gardens, will give information or forward kind gifts of *kurtas*, spectacles, &c., to India for widows connected with our industrial classes.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

It is proposed to hold a Competition and Sale of Dolls and Pincushions in the month of October, for the benefit of the Missions to Seamen and the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.

Two Prizes of 5s. each are offered in each of the following Classes :—

DOLLS.

- (a) Dolls in historical costumes.
- (b) Dolls in costumes of foreign countries.
- (c) Rag dolls.
- (d) Dolls in English 19th century costumes.

PIN-CUSHIONS.

- (e) Box pincushions.
- (f) Painted pincushions.
- (g) Drawing-room pincushions.
- (h) Pincushions (any sort) made by children under twelve.

RULES.

I.—Each contribution must have name and address of the maker firmly attached (and in Class (h) the age must also be given).

II.—No Prize will be given in any Class unless there are three entries in that Class.

III.—No contributions will be returned.

IV.—Contributors are requested to send particulars of the contributions they propose to send in on or before September 15th to

MISS WALROND, Stretton Lodge, Cypress Road, South Norwood Hill.

(*Local Hon. Secretary, Missions to Seamen.*)

Or to

Mrs. GARDINER, Glenwood, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood.

(*Local Hon. Secretary, Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.*)

A Committee of Ladies will be requested to award the Prizes, and further particulars will be issued at the end of September.

The Editor's Work Basket.

The following places of business are recommended for buying nankeen dolls by the dozen to be sent to India as prizes in Mission schools and Zenanas: William Farquharson, 17, Brushfield Street, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.; James Farquharson, 63, Houndsditch; William Reddan, Old Compton Street, Soho; James Wisbey and Co., 77, 78, 79, Houndsditch. Light-haired dolls are to be avoided, as the Indian women and children think they represent old women, and biscuit china is apt to turn black with the climate. To suit the Oriental taste, dolls should be dressed in the brightest colours; plain white is not acceptable, as it is the dress of the widows.

Materials for Fancy Work.—Mrs. James Peck, Linden House, Eye, Suffolk, has, year by year, kindly supplied needlework, prepared and begun for the pupils of our missionaries in India. Any help in carrying out this valuable undertaking will be gladly received. Canvas and wools are specially in requisition.

Needs and Wants.

Needs.

At the present time, there is a general plea for medical missionaries. Thousands of women are dying without comfort for body and soul.

Medical and Zenana missionaries are urgently needed for Quetta. (See Aug. Number, p. 344.)

A medical lady is needed for Dera Ismail Khan, and a Zenana missionary for Dera Ghazi Khan, in the Punjab Mission.

Two Zenana missionaries are needed for Kashmir.

We trust our needs in the Mission-field will be always regarded as subjects for prayer.

Wants.

Wanted.—Foreign stamps, both rare and common. Hong Kong and Australian ones specially in demand; Russian, Swedish, and Spanish will be also gratefully received by Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., to be sold for the benefit of the C.E.Z.M.S.

Foreign Postage Stamps (except the common Continental and United States) and collections, for which 20 per cent. more than dealers offer will be given. All proceeds to be given to the C.E.Z.M.S. Address, I. W., 19, Kensington Crescent, London, W. Please do not send any English, French, or German stamps.

Left-off Clothing.—Mrs. Fox, the Grove, Lymm, Cheshire, will be much obliged for cast-off articles of clothing, to alter and renovate for a sale amongst the working classes. Proceeds to be given to the C.E.Z.M.S. Mrs. Fox realized 50*l.* from a sale of this kind last November. (See April Number, p. 186.) All kind donors are asked to prepay carriage of parcels by L. & N.W. Railway, and to put the sender's name inside the parcel. Men's and boys' suits and coats are most in demand.

Correspondence.

(The Editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of Correspondents.)

THE C.E.Z.M.S. A.L.O.E. MEMORIAL FUND.

DEAR EDITOR,—I enclose towards the A.L.O.E. Memorial Fund seven shillings and sixpence. The money was collected by a poor widow and her daughter in the East End of London—*quite their own thought, without any appeal having been sent to them.* The widow was too poor to help the Memorial Fund in memory of A.L.O.E. herself, so she collected the amount.

Yours, &c.,

July 19th, 1894.

A. T.

It is pleasant to find that the attempt to carry out one of the great desires of the late Miss Tucker has not been forgotten. We gave notice in our March Number that it was agreed that the C.E.Z.M.S. Memorial to their late beloved missionary should take the form of a nursing ward, to be added to the Dispensary at Batala, and to be called the *A.L.O.E. Ward*.

Notice of a Book.

SOUTH AMERICA, THE NEGLECTED CONTINENT. By E. C. MILLARD and LUCY E. GUINNESS. London: Marlborough and Co. Price 1s. and 2s. 6d.

M^R. MILLARD gives a graphic account of the Mission recently undertaken by the Rev. E. Grubb and his friends in South America, and Miss Guinness adds an interesting historical sketch of this vast Continent, nearly twice the size of Europe, but still in spiritual darkness. England sends her sons there for earthly gain by hundreds, but the Church is asleep to her responsibilities. The Church of England is represented in America, in addition to the few chaplaincies, by two Societies only: the S.P.G., which has 9 missionaries in Guiana, and the South American Missionary Society, with 16 stations and 22 out-stations, worked by 39 missionaries, 14 of whom are ladies. Can the Church of England do no more for these 37,000,000 people? We are told lady missionaries are wanted. Perhaps some forbidden by health to go to India or China might consider this call to a country where there is a variety of climate. The book is well printed and illustrated and altogether attractive. Both the South American Missionary Society and the S.P.G. publish excellent accounts of their work; we only wish they could increase it.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Please take notice that the meetings for praise and prayer which are generally held at Society's office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C., on the second Tuesday in each month, and at Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., on the fourth Tuesday in each month, not be held during September.



More Stories from Mother's Note-books.

By LUCY I. TONGE (U. S. O.).

CHAPTER IX.—WHAT WE SAW AT THE GOLDEN TEMPLE.

WHEN we arrived near the Golden Temple and got out of the *gari* (or carriage) and went down the steps to the tank, we found three things : first, very bad smells ; second, a great many worshippers ; third, crowds of beggars. It seems that if a man has lost an eye, or a hand, if he is a dwarf, hump-backed, or disfigured in any way, he goes to the Golden Temple and begs. I thought of the man in Acts iii. who sat by the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, and asked for money from those who passed by.

The first thing we had to do was to sit down and have our boots pulled off, and have velvet or red flannel shoes tied on instead, lest the dust of our feet should make the holy place unholy. We were shown a printed Government notice saying whoever would not take off his shoes would have to go back. The boots were very large, and almost threw us down, but on we trudged. Never in one short hour did we see more to sadden us—not even in Benares.

All round the marble courtyard were men selling all kinds of rosaries and combs, which are worn by the Sikhs. There were also sellers of pictures of idols, and others who had flowers and rice offerings for the sacred Grunth. There were swarms of people, groups of from twenty to two hundred sitting round priests who read aloud the book to those listening people. What a sad mothers' meeting ! I thought, as we came on a large group of poor women, with their work and babies, sitting on

the ground, listening to much sad rubbish. The sacred *Grunth* is right in one way, for it says only one God should be worshipped, but perhaps the next thing read to the women may be that the cow is a sacred animal, or that if they will carry a present of sweetstuff made of flour, sugar, and butter to the Golden Temple, the spirit of Nānak who died three hundred years ago will come and talk to them.

When our guide took us inside the temple, we saw about two hundred persons worshipping. When they get inside the door, they throw themselves on the ground and rub their foreheads in the dust, and then come forward and fling rice, money, flowers, or put a *lota* of water on a carpet before the book. Several sparrows hop over the carpet and pick up a good living from these offerings.

Over the book there are thrown many silk coverings, and a grand canopy so that we could not see it: men are employed all day with long dust-brushes to switch the flies away, and the book is 'kept happy' (?) by a horrible band very much out of tune, and loud howling, which may have been meant for singing.

All the time we were in the temple our great sorrow was for the sad-looking people around us. The place was full, and the scene always changing—but always sad. Processions went round and round the temple: old men creeping slowly and painfully, and little children brought by their mothers, their tiny hands held while they were taught how to throw the offerings. Before they went out of the temple, children and all present rubbed their heads on the ground, or took the dust upon their fingers and put it on their foreheads.

We had another smaller temple shown us, but did not go in. There is a procession to it each night, when the book is taken to bed, and when it is brought back in the morning.

The Sikhs are a very fine race of men, and have always been brave and warlike. They have some curious fashions. For one thing, they wear a good deal of iron about them, bracelets, and also little knives stuck in their turbans; they say the knives frighten away evil spirits. Like the Nazarites they do not cut their hair.

There were many Sikh *fakirs* near the temple, who were painted and streaked with dust and white chalk until they hardly looked as if they were living men. Their hair is done in almost endless narrow plaits, and hung as low as their waists; on each side of their head was a short white comb. We saw altogether about a thousand persons in and near the temple, and

it was certainly a great relief to turn away from this sad, sad place, and escape in our own boots to the *gari*. Even to the last we were followed by the lame, the halt, and the blind, and by others who were, or who pretended to be, very hungry.

CHAPTER X.—FROM AMRITSAR TO JABALPUR.

Oh! the dreadful smells in Indian cities, and almost worst of all in Amritsar. Can missionaries ever get so interested in their work as not to mind it? It does need love to God and to the Heathen to be a missionary. We in England, who have clean streets and good drainage, certainly ought to think a great deal about the best ways of helping missionaries who are in dirty, unhealthy places.

Last days come very quickly in India, and now having parted from Miss Clay and Miss Hewlett, and every one else, I was travelling again, and this time had to settle in for a very long journey of forty-eight hours to Jabalpur, to see Aunt Fan, who was in bed with her broken shoulder and arm.

Some things happened on the journey that were very pleasant. Father joined the train at Cawnpore, and told me of all he had seen at Lucknow. One of the Agra missionaries came fifteen miles by train that we might spend an hour together there. We had a stop, too, at Allahabad for an hour and a half, and called on the Native pastor, who was sitting in his verandah, overlooking a garden gay with flowers. He looked very unlike an English clergyman, as he sat there in his padded coat of gaudy colours, his Indian cap, and with bare feet. The poor man was sad about some quarrelling amongst his teachers, and I think it comforted him to tell his troubles to father, who promised to pray that a loving spirit might come amongst them. This good man, the Rev. David Mohun, has excellent schools and a good church.

The streets of Allahabad are wide and handsome, with trees on each side. It looked funny to see a row of *doolies* with the other street cabs. We looked with interest at the place where Mr. and Mrs. Hooper and Mr. and Mrs. Hackett are to live and have the Training Home for Native pastors.

The long journey certainly seemed very hot and tiring, and it was good at last to know we had reached Jabalpur. Yes, there was Miss Williamson who had come to meet us, and then we hurried off in the *gari* with a very homelike feeling. Jabalpur was an old friend to us, there were so many

to hear news of; and then, best of all, there was Aunt Fan. I was to spend three whole days with her, whilst father went on to Bombay.

After two nights in the train it was delightful to creep under the mosquito-curtains, in the spare bed, in Aunt Fan's room. The old *ayah* slept on the floor, and then we quieted down for the night. Aunt Fan says that India is a much more amusing place to be ill in than England is; your bed is in the middle of the room, and through the *chicks*, or grass window-blinds, you can see all that is going on on the verandah and see a good deal of the compound as well.

Early in the morning you sleepily watch the *khidmatgar* (cook) and *ayah* hovering over the little stove, and you get a comfortable feeling of tea and toast, and know you are to stay where you are till it comes. After the *ayah* has potted in and out two or three times you sit up in a shawl to *chhoti-házari* (little breakfast). Whilst you eat, the *mektar*, or sweeper, is seen sweeping with his short grass broom, or the *bhistie* goes by to fill your bath and *gurrhas** from the skin of water which makes him bend forward as he carries it on his back; the hole out of which the water pours comes under the man's left arm.

The *bhistie* and his goat-skin have gone now, but who is this smart man in green clothing and a brilliant *chudder*? There is no servant as grand as this in missionary homes. Aunt Fan says it is most likely the *mali*, or gardener, of some great man near by, who has come to bring flowers to the Zenana Mission. Aunt Fan must have been right, for there sits the Zenana Mission *mali* on the verandah, surrounded by flower-vases; by breakfast time he will have the whole room bright with these brilliant yellow and red flowers, all ready to cheer Miss Branch when she comes home; for before I was dressed we heard the hoofs of her pretty pony and saw the bare legs and pink *fyjamas* of the *sais*.

Yes! it was a very Indian view Aunt Fan looked at—the earthen *gurrhas* scattered round the *peepul* trees; the squirrels, with their pretty striped black and grey bodies and long tails, chasing amongst them. Poor little things! they seemed always in a hurry, and yet we could never make out what business they were after, or why they sometimes seemed too pressed for time to run at all, but would take long flying leaps from bough to bough: they no more kept still than little children do in a nursery.

* *Gurrhas*, earthen water-vessels.

There were long, low, wooden boxes near the verandah, and in them, on them, and hopping over the compound and verandah were blue pigeons—dear, gentle little creatures, you would have loved them! They cooed all day in a quiet, sad voice, as if they were sorry for Aunt Fan, and were trying to tell her so in pretty bird-language.

There was one thing about dear Aunt Fan, she was willing to be made happy by every little pleasure, and used to say how nice it was not to be shut up in a bedroom at the top of some high house, but just separated by a curtain from the dining-room. We could hear her singing hymns whilst we were at dinner.

The *ayah* considers herself Aunt Fan's head-nurse; she is such a kind body that I cannot bear to remember she is still a Heathen. I wish I could describe her to you: she wears a skirt, and has over her head what looks like an old blanket, but I am told it is a Simla *chuddar*, and the joy of her heart—a keepsake from Miss Branch. She has a wrinkled-up, old face, and one tooth. I wished for her photograph the other night when she was chasing mosquitos under the curtain of Aunt Fan's bed; she gave such flicks and flaps that it must sadly have jolted her patient. She is, however, very attentive and waits on Aunt Fan beautifully, and indeed on all the missionary ladies.

There is a young convert in the house called Lydia, who is useful, but the old *ayah* tells you quietly, "Iddy no good," and really believes nothing could get on properly without her, so she trots about all day, and then, at eight o'clock in the evening, rolls herself up in her *resai*, and is soon so fast asleep that Aunt Fan has to call two or three times to rouse her.

The old woman was greatly pleased when I turned out everything collected since I was last at Jabalpur to show Aunt Fan. She was particularly amused that I should care to carry a sweeper's brush to England. The toe ornaments quite took her fancy; she tried them all on with great glee, and then held up her decorated foot for us to admire. Aunt Fan liked to listen to the stories of Amritsar and other places we have seen. She is never alone or lonely, for besides the *ayah* there are the dear missionaries, who are as kind as sisters, and then Dalph, the dog, is always coming to see her; he gets on the bed and lays his nose close to her hand, or lies under her bed.

Mr. Hodgson's house looked sadly empty, he was away visiting in the villages, and had taken his servants and dog with him. All his goods were comfortably packed on buffaloes, but when the creatures had gone only a

short distance they did not see the sense of being burdened, span round and round like teetotums, and the tent and all the other precious things were thrown on the ground. Here was a hindering beginning to a missionary journey! I quite agree with some one who has worked for many years in India, when he was asked, "What is the first need of a missionary?" His reply was, "Patience." "What is the second?" "Patience." "What is the third?" "Patience still; it must be nothing but patience from beginning to end."

(To be continued.)

Prize Competition.

For prizes offered and conditions of competitions see our July Number.

ANSWER TO JULY SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

RIGHTEOUSNESS.

- | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| (1) Dan. ix. 7. | (5) Isa. lix. 17. | (9) Ps. cxlv. 7. |
| (2) Ps. lxxi. 19. | (6) Ps. xxxvi. 6. | (10) Isa. xlv. 19. |
| (3) Ps. cxix. 142. | (7) Rom. i. 17. | (11) Jer. ix. 24. |
| (4) Isa. xi. 5. | (8) Ps. xcvi. 6. | (12) Isa. li. 6. |

Answers have been received from:—

C. M. R.	F. H.	E. M.	J. R.
E. M. C.	F. I.	M. S. N.	H. S.
G. M. F.	F. L.	J. P.	C. D. T.
E. O. F.	E. M. L.	C. M. P.	E. W.
L. C. H.	H. M. L.	M. E. P.	M. C. W.
M. H.	L. W. M.		

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

This is what Scripture likens to the light
Which first appears to chase away the night,
And ever brightening with increasing ray,
At length evolves in full meridian day.

- (1) Three men of this name in the New Testament; two of them good and one bad.
- (2) Three men of the same name in the New Testament; one of them good and two bad.
- (3) One who was spoken of as "boasting himself to be somebody."
- (4) One of two men described as "Sons of Belial, they knew not the Lord."
- (5) One who said of himself, "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth."
- (6) A man too flatteringly spoken to as one by whom "very worthy deeds are done."
- (7) One who is twice spoken of as a beloved brother and faithful minister.
- (8) One who "clave to the Lord and departed not from following Him."
- (9) One who "had prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord and to do it."
- (10) Who said, "Come with me and see my zeal for the Lord?"
- (11) One of whom it is said, "When he was strong his heart was lifted up to his destruction."
- (12) Who said, "There hath not failed one word of all His good promise which He promised?"
- (13) One of whom it was said, "he worketh the work of the Lord."

Give all references.





Masulipatam.

Miss Bassoe in a Mohammedan Zenana. See p. 448.

INDIA'S WOMEN.



The Place of the C.E.Z.M.S. in the English Parish.

BY THE REV. GEORGE ENSOR, M.A., *Vicar of Rendham, Saxmundham.*

FROM glacier of Switzerland and Scottish glen, from many a scene of home or foreign beauty, are returning at this time, refreshed in all their tripartite being of body, soul, and spirit, Christian workers to their toil again. Secretaries and members of Committees of many Christian agencies, turning the autumn of the natural into the springtime of the spiritual year, are assembling to take up with renewed energy the activities of Christian toil, and to apply their accession of physical and intellectual force to the great problems of the home and foreign fields.

It is such a season of pause that appears to suggest some glance at our position, to invite some brief review of our circumstances as one of the more important missionary societies of our land and of our Church. We might well plead occasion of extenuation had we affirmed with fuller emphasis the importance of our organisation in the great task committed

by the Master to His people. We might even assert that it is an almost necessary fault in each enthusiastic worker to estimate as of the highest value the particular portion in which he is himself engaged, of the Harvest-field. Certainly we are disposed to consider as seriously faulty and deficient the man who loves not his own labour to the degree of counting it pre-eminent in its importance, and well-nigh supreme in the glory of its usefulness. It is, perhaps, among the limitations of our spiritual constitution that the work of our Christian life is the work which for us knows no competitor in spiritual rank, which contemplates no rival of corresponding stature of importance.

That there is some foundation at least, something indeed of solid base, on which this Society might build its claim to imperial importance is obvious. It might be asserted that of all the races of Heathenism, India occupies unquestionably the first Mission place, challenging our chiefest Christian endeavour, on the ground of kindred race and of common citizenship, on the score of the especial openings to its peoples by reason of our paramount influence and authority within its borders.

It would be equally easy to give reasonable rein to spiritual imagination and see the future of Asia conforming itself swiftly to the influential dictates of a Christian India. We might well within the limits of an extreme accuracy pronounce the finances of all missionary bodies in our land inadequate to seriously cope with the one task proposed to itself by our Society, to wit, the grasping of the key of India's control in the conquest of her women into the Kingdom of Christ. All this in our advocacy might fairly be advanced to justify our inviting—even arrogating to ourselves pre-eminent consideration from the friends of Missions among our people.

But purposes of rivalry are not present to the mind of our Society. World-wide is the empire of our people, and world-wide also, we feel, must its Missions be. The Kingdom of our Lord does not march within the confines of any province of this world's power, nor is it only where our commerce comes that there are peoples waiting for the Gospel wares. It is well for us in England, for example, that the operations of the Church Missionary Society were not defined by the line of our territorial predominance; well for our Church, and well, also, as Uganda teaches, for our land. It is well that our "plantations" did not detain the feet of the missionary pioneers of that great Society, and that the wings of the Cross ever swifter than the pinions of the flag. For all this we raise our noble note of praise.

But while with the great Society which we have named we claim no position of equality, much less even contemplate the question of pre-eminence, we do advance our plea to occupy next to it a *strong, a strenuous* second place. Not because we are a rival to the Church Missionary Society, but just because we are *not*; not that we may hinder her in our organisation at home or abroad, but that in both we may render her help. Most heartily do we reciprocate the generous expressions of an article in the *C.M. Intelligencer* of May, 1894. We are convinced generally that no parish which is being worked on Evangelical lines is complete without the Church Missionary Society in its salutary influences on the whole parochial machinery, even apart from its resultant issues of blessing to the field abroad. We are equally convinced that no parish being led on the same lines of doctrine should be without the Church of England Zenana Society. It is true that there may be stronger parochial preferences in the mind of pastor or people for the one Society than the other. It is equally certain that the same preferences may obtain in the mind of some influential lay worker in the parish. We are convinced that the duplication of the advocacy of one Society in most parishes is difficult, and, in multitudes of instances, impossible. But we are confident that the introduction of the other Society where the one exists will not be resented even by some parishes little sensitive to the needs of Missions, while the repetition of an appeal for the same Society would be regarded as an intolerable addition to the demands upon the annual offertories.

All this conducts us, it seems, inevitably to the conclusion that the existence of both Societies in the parish will constitute a strengthening grasp through each, of the mission-field, for the parish. Not less surely we opine that the elimination of either Society from the parochial sympathy would not mean that just that amount of support was transferred to the other Society, would not even mean, as some suppose, that just that measure of finance was diverted from the Mission cause altogether, but would mean that the extinction of the advocacy of the one Society did involve extensive detriment to the parochial fortunes of the other.

These are some of the considerations which invite us to the conclusion, as they conduct to our most emphatic plea, that in every parish where hearts are large enough to hold sympathy for India's and China's women, the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society should occupy a strong and strenuous second place.

The Todas.

BY THE REV. T. WALKER, M.A.

CHAPTER III.—THEIR RELIGION.



THE Todas have very little of what may fairly be called religion. There is some idea among them of a Sovereign God, but it is only in name. Public worship is unknown, but they *salaam* to the rising and setting sun, and also to the moon. Their only prayer is a most suggestive one: "May it be well with the male children; may it be well with the men; may it be well with the cows; may it be well with every one."

They have no real belief beyond the vague notion to which reference has been made, in a personal God, and they have no idols or images properly so-called. But these remarks lead us to notice the real religion of the Todas, if it be worthy of that name.

Sacred Dairy.—In every Toda *mund* is a hut called the *palthchi*, or sacred dairy, standing by itself a little apart from the rest. Here lives the sacred dairyman, *Palkarpâl*, whose duty it is to milk the buffaloes of the village and to store and divide amongst the people of the *mund* their fair portions of milk and clarified butter. He, and he alone, is allowed to perform this sacred office! He and his assistant alone may penetrate the recesses of the sacred dairy, which after all is a bare hut containing merely the utensils needful for the work. Women are not allowed to approach it within a certain distance. The dairyman must be a celibate, and as celibacy is not always popular, he is often a mere boy; but whether or no, during his tenure of office, which may be terminated when a successor can be found, the milkman is for the time being the holy man of the *mund*, and must hold no manner of intercourse with the other sex. He is purified for the office by the application of the juice of the sacred *tûde* tree.

Tiriâri, or Holy Mund.—The foregoing gives a good idea of the sacred functions of an ordinary *mund*. But there are a few *munds*, four in all, which are wholly sacred, and which are inhabited by "priests" alone. These *munds* are called *tiriâris*, and are situated in different spots in the Nilgiri Hills, always in lonely but beautiful nooks and corners. On each of these holy *munds* resides a priest (*pâlâl*) with his assistant head-man, *Kâvalâl*. These, but especially the milkman, are the holy men of the

Todas. They are ascetics, or at least celibates, and their preparation for office is as follows:—

For a week the probationer must live in the woods near the *tiriari*, without clothes, alone. He rubs the bark of the *tude* tree with a stone, and daily at morning, noon, and evening, he squeezes the juice of the bark into a leaf-cup containing water. This he raises to his forehead, and then lowers and drinks, passing the empty leaf round his right and left shoulders, and finally depositing it behind his right side. This formula is three times repeated, each time with a new leaf. With the remainder of the bark he rubs his naked body, after washing himself with clean water. During this ordeal of probation, the assistant *kavalal* supplies him with food from the sacred *mund*. He is fitted for office, and becomes forthwith a "holy man," exalted, for the time being, high above the other Todas in dignity.

Woman is not allowed in the vicinity of such a "holy" *mund*, and even men are only allowed to converse from a distance. The holy man of the *tiriari* is clothed only with a strip of coarse cloth round his loins, and he is feared and venerated by all, almost as a deity. The office is not necessarily permanent. He may resign it at will, provided a successor is ready to take his place; but I believe that breaks in the continuity of the office are rare, except in case of death.

Bell Gods.—The object of these holy *munds* is the care of certain sacred buffaloes, which are attached to each of the *tiriaris*. These "sacred" cows have a sanctity which descends from mother to daughter in the female line, and each is the possessor of a sacred bell (*dermoni*). It is these bells which are the objects of the veneration of the Todas. The bell belongs to the bell-cow till she dies, and is then transferred to her daughter. It is different from the ordinary cattle-bell, and is not worn by the cow, but kept in the hut of the priest. None but the "holy man" is allowed to see or touch the bell.

To install a new bell-cow, the priest waves the bell round the cow morning and evening for three days, addressing at the same time certain remarks. The bell is then kept fastened round the neck of the sacred beast for three days and three nights. The cow is now inducted to office.

Here then we have the religious (?) system of the Todas and sacred dairymen, holy *munds*, milkmen, priests, and bell-gods. It would seem to mean, when reduced to its origin, merely a worship of the buffalo for the sake of the milk it gives, though it is a respect and veneration hardly

amounting even to that. But at least, it shows how completely human nature loses its apprehension of truth and of the things of God when left to its own bias and standing.

This paper closes a series on the Todas, for which we are indebted to the Rev. T. Walker, C.M.S., of Tinnevely, who has made himself intimately acquainted with the Hill Tribes of the Nilgiris. We have already told in this Volume how the late Miss Wallinger opened C.E.Z.M.S. work amongst the Todas; the *Record* and the *Christian* have lately published the following notice:—

"Miss Ling, of the C.E.Z.M.S. at Ooty, India, has achieved a triumph. She has almost completed a translation of one of the Gospels into the Toda language. This is the first attempt that has been made to give the Todas the Bible in their own language, and Miss Ling deserves great credit for this noble undertaking."

To this we add part of a letter from Miss Ivy Wallinger, written when on a visit to her aunt, our late hon. missionary, who was stationed at Coonoor the last two years of her life. Miss Ling superintends the Mission at Ootacamund, a station some thousands of feet higher on the Nilgiris.

Miss Ivy Wallinger writes:—

*Sylvan Cottage, Coonoor,
Jan. 12th, 1894.*

Miss Ling is with us for a few days; she came back with me yesterday. I had a delightful visit to Ooty; I started on Monday by the early *tonga*. The drive was delicious, but it was strange to feel the air getting cooler and cooler as we went up the Ghaut. Miss Ling and Miss Lambert were there. On Wednesday we had a glorious time. We left at 10 a.m. with the *tiffin* basket, and set off to see some Toda *munds*. It was a good drive to the first one, and we were disappointed to find only one old woman left in charge of the *mund*, which consisted of three huts. We

sat down on the bank, which was scooped out to form a seat, and Miss Ling read and explained the story of the Sower. It was very interesting to watch the woman's face, the expressions were so quick and varied, and Miss Ling speaks Toda very well. After an hour we set off for the other *mund*, which was fairly close. The women were all busy looking after their masters' dinners, they said, so we walked up to three men who were squatting on the ground in the grilling sun. Evidently it was an old father and two sons—*such* a handsome trio! all with the same curious, Jewish cast of face. The two younger men were splendid to look at, with heads of

beautiful hair, black as a raven and wavy, and with fine *English*-looking eyes, and perfect teeth. I could sit and look at Todas all day.

Miss Ling took the same subject; they were very interested and asked heaps of questions. After an hour we rose to go. Then we went miles to the next *mund*; there the horse was unharnessed and we had *tiffin*. After that we went on foot, away and away over the hills, keeping closely to the path evidently worn by Todas; we slid on over the burning grass, and at last came to the grey stone walls. We squeezed through the entrance, and there down in the hollow lay five huts, such beauties! There was a great shout of welcome as Miss Ling went down the steps, and the women came crawling out of the huts.

"My eyes have been hungry to see you," said one old woman. We all crowded on to the outside bench of

the hut, which was made of hardened wood, and we sat down there and had an audience of fourteen. The dear women with their beautiful faces and shy grace quite won my heart. How they talked when the preachment was over! I asked if I might go into the hut. They said, "Yes, but I must not go near their food." So, taking off my *topee* and going on hands and knees *à la* caterpillar, I crawled in at the tiny door. There seemed to be a confusion of brass pots and kettles, &c. I sat on the bed! It was a raised piece of ground flattened down quite hard, and on this all the family crowd to go to sleep.

We left the *mund* with great regret, the women and children and even the men calling out after us, "*Salaam! Salaam!*" (Peace! Peace!). Then we slid back over the pass and the hills, got into the carriage and drove home. So ended a delicious day.

The *Sunday at Home* for September contains two papers on the work of the late Miss Wallinger, both in England and in India.

NEW STAR DISPENSARY, BATALA.

We give notice of a Grand Bazaar, under the patronage of H.R.H the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, the Dowager Lady Dynevor, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Lahore, and Colonel R. Williams, which will be held on behalf of the Zenana medical work and the new Star Dispensary, in Batala, Punjab, North India, in the Haberdashers' Hall, Gresham Street, E.C. (kindly lent for the purpose by the Worshipful Company of Haberdashers), on Wednesday and Thursday, October 3rd and 4th, 1894.

Six years ago, at the request of the Natives, a Medical Mission to women was started in Batala, a populous city to the north-east of Amritsar, and the scene of the Mission labours of Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.). The first building rented for the purpose was very small and unsuitable, and the number of patients attending rendered the work of relief most difficult. From 100 to 130 patients are seen daily, all of whom come under the influence of the Gospel. A new dispensary and small hospital are now in course of erection, but only half the necessary money has been obtained. Some 800*l.* still remain to be subscribed before the buildings can be completed.



OUR Valedictory Meeting will be held in Queen's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street, on Wednesday, October 10th, at 2.30 p.m. The Rev. Preb. H. W. Webb-Peploe, M.A., will give the Valedictory Address. By the kind permission of the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Acheson, the outgoing missionaries and all friends of the Society are invited to partake of the Holy Communion at 11.30 the same morning, in All Souls' Church, Langham Place. Arrangements have been made for tea to be provided for all friends of the C.E.Z.M.S. at 6d. per head, in Morley Hall, Regent Street, immediately after the Meeting. We trust our missionaries and their friends will find the convenience of the two halls and the church being close together and easy of access. The nearest District Railway station is Portland Road.

* * *

The names and locations of our missionaries were given in our last Number, as far as they were decided at the time we went to press. Fuller details will be gathered from the Instructions which will be given at the Valedictory Meeting, of which a verbatim report will appear in our next Number. We now repeat the list, with the latest information as to dates of sailing of the steamers in which berths have been taken. An asterisk marks the names of those who are returning to their stations after furlough or sick-leave :—

For North India.

The following ladies have arranged to sail by the *Chusan* on Oct. 12th :—

Miss KENT, Normal School, Calcutta.	*Miss HALL, Bhagulpur.
Miss SCOTT, Baranagore.	Miss E. CHAMBERS, Bhagulpur.
Miss M. LESLIE, Bollobhpur.	Miss DAVIES-COLLEY, Mirat.
Miss F. LESLIE, „	Miss E. DAVIES-COLLEY, Mirat.

By the *Tongariro* (via Australia) :—

*Miss HENSLEY, Calcutta.

By the *Peshawar*, October 26th :—

Miss CONNIE DICKSON, Howrah.	Miss M. HALL, Jabalpur.
*Miss BROWN, Bollobhpur.	

By the *Khedive* (via Naples), November 23rd :—

*Miss GORE, Burdwan.

For the Punjab and Sindh Mission.

By the *Branksome Hall* (via Marseilles), October 6th :—

*Miss BARTLETT, St. Catherine's Hospital, Amritsar.
*Miss CATCHPOOL, Narowal.

By the *Locksley Hall*, October 17th :—

*Miss DIXIE, Batala.	Miss HOUGHTON, Peshawar.
Miss MASON, „	Miss EDITH BRENTON-CAREY, Karachi.
*Miss DICKSON, Ajnala.	*Miss WHITE, Sukkur.
*Miss HOBBS, Jandiala.	*Miss BROOK, „
Miss RICHARDSON, Jandiala.	

By the *Caledonia*, October 5th :—

*Miss CLAY, Khutrain.	Miss BARTHORPE, Khutrain.
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Date of sailing is not yet decided for *Miss MITCHESON and *Miss WERTHMÜLLER, who are returning to Peshawar.

For South India.

By the *Chusan*, October 12th :—

*Miss S. L. OXLEY, Madras.

By the *Peshawar*, October 26th :—

Miss ASHWIN, Masulipatam.

By a later date, still undecided :—

*Miss EWART, Bangalore.	Miss POTTER, Bangalore.
Miss AMY LILLINGSTON, Bangalore.	

For China.

*Miss HESSIE NEWCOMBE, Ku-cheng (via Canada), date of sailing still undecided.
Miss WEDDERSPOON, Foochow.

* * *

It is impossible to do justice to our Home Workers in this Magazine. Many of them are too busy or too modest to let us know what they are

being. Few realize how encouraging it is to find of new openings, original ideas, and perhaps, best of all, of old friends still working on with uniring love and patience. Example is better than precept, and provides others to help emulation. It is disappointing only to hear incidentally of active efforts for the C.E.W.F. when it is too late to acknowledge them,—particularly if the intelligence is accompanied by the question, Why they have not been mentioned. To our own Deputations and Local Secretaries we would say—Please let notices of meetings, sales, &c., be written clearly on the programmes provided for the purpose, and see that they duly reach Headquarters.

* * *

Wellingford.—On June 20, through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. H. Wells, the Annual Meeting of this Association was held on the lawn at Whitewson House, where a large marquee had been erected. The Rev. A. W. Deacon, the Rector, in introducing the Deputation, remarked that they could not have had a more suitable time for their gathering than that particular week, when all who had the work of Foreign Missions at heart were being stirred by the great Conference going on in London. The Hon. W. Bagden followed with an earnest address, giving many pathetic details illustrative of the sad state of women in the East.

* * *

During the same month, the Rev. G. Ensor made a tour in the Isle of Man, holding meetings at Kirkbradden, Peel, and Douglas, and preaching three times at the latter place. On the 24th, he took the morning and evening sermons at St. Simon's, Southsea, when the collections realised 24/ 5s. 6d. He was also encouraged in the work at West Derby, Liverpool; at Swanwick, where he held three meetings, the drawing-room one being marked by heartiness, a good attendance of clergy and laity, and a large sale of books; and later on, at Blacklands, Hastings, where he preached to a large congregation.

* * *

The Channel Islands have been visited by Miss Alice Hobbs; she addressed a drawing-room meeting and two public ones in Jersey; all were well attended. At St. Helier's, where the Dean was in the chair, 350 were present.

* * *

Nottingham Anniversary, in which Mrs. Shirt and Miss Oxley took part June 17—21, gave proof of painstaking preparation. The

interest among young people there does not flag, judging from the number who met at Mr. Thornton's house to hear Mrs. Shirt's address.

* *

The Bishop of Cork and Mrs. Day have again shown their sympathy with our work by inviting friends to hear the most recent information on June 22nd. Many responded, and seemed glad to embrace the opportunity of meeting Miss White of Sukkur and Miss Hall, who acted as Deputations.

* *

We are thankful to hear of fresh openings in various directions: amongst these are Colyford and Kentisbeare in Devon, where Mrs. Bardsley took meetings; Ashmore, near Salisbury, visited by Mrs. Greaves; Steeple Gidding, Hants, visited by Mrs. Shirt; and Brampton, Hants, where the first branch of the D.W.U. was started. Meetings of the Society have been held for the first time at All Saints' Mission-room, Blackheath, by Mrs. Macdonald, and in the parish of the Church of the Ascension, Blackheath Hill, when Mrs. Greaves gave the address, the Rev. A. L. Lambert presiding. At Pedmore, in Worcestershire, the first sermons advocating the claims of the C.E.Z.M.S. were preached by the Rev. G. Tonge on July 22nd. At Mitcham, Mrs. Upton opened her house for the Annual Meeting on July 6th; the Rev. D. F. Wilson acted as chairman. Mrs. Gardiner gave a graphic account of work in the Punjab, which was greatly appreciated.

* *

Miss Rich made a tour in Devonshire between May 22nd and June 16th, visiting Exeter, Exmouth, Plymouth, Ilfracombe, and Torquay. She arranged for meetings in twenty-four schools, and addressed nearly 800 children, and interested them in work for the women of India. With one important exception, all this was fresh ground broken up in the interest of C.E.Z.M.S. Seven schools joined the D.W.U., and others we hope may do so later. The kind Devonshire people justified their reputation for hospitality. They repeatedly invited Miss Rich to come again next year, and promised to work for the C.E.Z.M.S. Miss Rich gave addresses at the Plymouth Y.W.C.A. Institute and to an evening meeting of servants and others at Torquay.

* *

Mrs. Bardsley had a gathering of young people at St. Nicholas' Lodge, Lincoln, on July 20th. About 120 were present and 17. 15s. 8d. collected,

Interest was revived in a North-West London school by a visit from Miss Woolmer on July 11th. The girls decided to dress dolls for Miss Wauton, and asked for another address to be given them during the spring term.

* * *

A Sale of Work done by the Vicarage Working Party was held in the Vicarage grounds at Ebrington on Friday, July 27th. During the afternoon an address was given on the work of the Zenana missionaries by Mr. Bale, the Rev. Dr. Morgan, Vicar, presiding. The weather was lovely and the attendance large. The farmers contributed to the refreshment stall. This is the first sale for the C.E.Z.M.S. ever held in this parish, and great interest had been aroused amongst the villagers. The proceeds were 14*l.* 10*s.*

* * *

Richard's Castle, Shropshire, has been the scene of healthful activity. On June 28th, Miss S. Oxley gave an address, the Rector, the Rev. T. G. Watton, taking the chair. The Rectory garden was open for a sale of work, and also of "rummage," which generally proves both commercially profitable and amusing.

* * *

We understand that the preparation of a Biography of A.L.O.E. (Miss C. M. Tucker), the well-known authoress and missionary, has been entrusted to Miss Agnes Giberne, and the family invite assistance from any who knew her and can contribute reminiscences, especially of her earlier life, or can tell of influence exerted by her writings. The greatest care will be taken of all letters, &c., which should be sent to the Rev. W. F. Tucker Hamilton, Vicar of Christ Church, Woking.

* * *

The *G.F.S. Associates' Journal* for August printed a letter headed, "Our Own Missionary," with a suggestion that English branches should take a leaf out of the Irish book, and support their own missionary, and that this missionary should be one of the C.E.Z.M.S. ladies. The writer calculated that if 105 branches would undertake to raise 1*l.* 5*s.* each—six members in each branch collecting one hundred halfpence in the year—the amount necessary would be raised, and "Our Own G.F.S. Missionary" supported. Who will push on this scheme? Further information can be obtained from Miss Clark, Wingfield, Trowbridge.



THE Highlands, Lowlands, and Tablelands of South India, which have furnished despatches for our last and the present Numbers, are chiefly lands of mystery to us who remain at home. Masulipatam, being on the west coast of Madras, is probably somewhat more than a name, but its nearest neighbours—northwards and inland in the same plain—Bezuada, Kummamett, and Ellore, are out of the ordinary traveller's beat. Still more remote is Dummagudem; it stands on the Gond Mountains, and a Mission was founded there for the sake of the Kois, a timid, rugged Hill tribe, who have responded wonderfully to the efforts made for them, and the surrounding Hindus have been equally appreciative. Miss Graham went there as a young missionary and trained nurse in 1885, to work with Mr. and Mrs. Cain, and was immediately adopted as a "mother," and invested with a mother's privileges of being wakened from slumber at all hours of the night to attend her sick children. Her letter has had to be held over for our next Number. These four places belong to the Telugu Mission.

Ootacamund, another Hill station, is very different in character from Dummagudem. It is on the Nilgiris, south-west of the tableland where the Mysore is found, and is 7500 feet above sea-level. It is a sanatorium, and is for six months in the year the resort of Government. From this place, the late Miss Wallinger started and chiefly maintained a Mission to the Hill tribes, which Miss Ling has carried on. The Todas are the most important of the five Hill tribes of the Nilgiris: the last of a series of papers on this remnant of an ancient people, by the Rev. T. Walker, appears in the present Number, p. 438.

• MASULIPATAM.

By Miss BASSOE.



† It is now six months since I returned to Masulipatam, much strengthened and benefited by my eighteen months' furlough. It was a great pleasure to come back to friends and fellow-workers, who all gave me a very kind wel-

come; our Zenana pupils, too, seemed pleased to see me, and inquired eagerly where I had been all this time. But the joy of home-coming was soon somewhat damped. Already in February we had to bid good-bye to Miss Jenkyn, whom we had hoped to keep as a valuable fellow-worker in Masulipatam, and who was obliged to go home to Australia on account of health. With her went Miss Brandon, for six months' much-needed holiday; and a fortnight later Miss J. P. Brandon left for England, after nine years of service since her last furlough. Masulipatam does not seem quite like itself without one of the Misses Brandon; they have never before been away for so long both at the same time. A new worker, Miss Morriss, came out with me from England and is now studying the language, so that before long she will be able to take active part in the Zenana teaching. I cannot speak of my work of my own, but will try to

give a short account of the principal work of the year.

(1) SCHOOLS.

The twelve schools have been carried on as usual, and there is not much of special interest to tell about them. One noticeable feature is that gradually more and more Christian teachers are employed for secular subjects. It has always been our wish to have only Christian teachers, but it has been simply impossible, because the Christian schools have not been able to supply enough teachers for the demand; now by degrees we are getting Christian teachers both for the higher and lower secular subjects. The Scripture teaching has, of course, always been given by Christians.

The need of constant personal supervision makes itself felt at every visit to a school, and that is the very point where we fail and must fail. We urgently need two ladies, thoroughly trained and fully qualified to take up school-work; one would have the Hindu schools (Telugu), the other would have the Mohammedan schools (Hindustani). Will no English ladies with the necessary qualifications (good certificates, aptitude for teaching, good health, and above all a desire for bringing the little ones to Christ) come and help us? It is a blessed and most interesting work and I think the more one sees of the

bright little girls of this country, the more one loves them. One little incident may be mentioned as showing the importance of the school-teaching. A Hindu mother took her little girl away from the school, and on our remonstrating with her she answered: "I do not want my child to learn about your religion; it does not matter about your teaching grown-up women, they can judge for themselves; but the children believe all you tell them about your religion, and they never forget it."

The Scripture examinations of the Hindu schools were finished last month and were satisfactory. The Government examinations take place this month, much to the discomfort of pupils and teachers, who would all have been glad of a holiday during the fierce, hot winds that are blowing now. The other day the thermometer stood at 114° in the shade. As the examinations were so long delayed, we were obliged to give the children their annual prizes beforehand, although we were much afraid that the attendance would fall off.

The children usually consider themselves entitled to take it easy with their attendance for some time after the prizes have been given. However, I am glad to say that, in spite of

the heat, the numbers are keeping up. One little girl very handsomely declared that it was very good of us to give the presents before the examinations, and in return she meant to continue coming to school, and she does come quite regularly.

Since February, Miss Turnbull has been giving to the Hindu schools all the time she could spare from the Converts' Home.

The Government examinations of the Mohammedan schools took place several months ago. Since January, Miss Alice Lacey has been working in these schools, chiefly attending to the Scripture instruction, always a difficult point in the Mohammedan schools on account of the language. The Native Christians of this part of the country all speak Telugu, and must learn Hindustani just as patiently and slowly as we foreigners; for this reason we have not nearly so many Christian teachers competent to teach in Hindustani as we need. The Gudur school has lately lost its Bible-teacher, Bhagyam, a good and earnest woman, who died on a visit to her relations in the South; her place has not been filled yet, and Miss Alice Lacey goes there as often as she can to give a Scripture lesson. Two of the inmates of the Converts' Home are studying Hindustani, and we hope in them to get earnest and efficient teachers.

(2) ZENANAS.

In the Zenanas, the Misses Lacey have worked with their usual zeal and earnestness. What struck me most



"THE CHILDREN BELIEVE ALL THAT YOU TELL THEM."

on my return from Europe was the great increase in the Masulipatam Zenana work. When I left, eight Bible-women were employed in Zenana teaching, now there are eleven; then there were about 400 pupils, now there are 600, and last year 800 pupils in all had received instruction. Since these returns were made up (December 31st, 1893) the increase has been going on; every week we receive requests for instruction, usually more than we can comply with, and there are nearly always some Zenanas on the waiting list, to be taken up as soon as one of the Bib'e-women can make time for them.

We can now seldom take up a new house with only one pupil; she is told to get more women together so as to make up a little class, and in a week or two we probably get a message: "Now five or six of us want to be taught and you *must* come." Our present staff of teachers will very soon be insufficient—indeed, it is so already, and if only more funds can be obtained, new Bible-women must be employed. I think I know of some who would be well suited for this work. Friends in England have been very kind in undertaking to support the teachers employed at present—will some one give us the means of taking on new ones?

Amongst the Hindu women there are many very earnest pupils, of whom there is reason to believe that they are sincere though secret believers. One of them, an eager and most regular listener, is getting old, and her memory seems to be failing; she

finds it difficult to learn new texts, but she tries hard, and when she is doing her work she goes over all the texts she knows, so as not to forget them. One day she came across some Christians preaching in the bazaar, she stopped to listen and found it was all about the religion she knew so well; she could answer all the questions of the preacher, and the people were amazed that an old woman could know so much. She told us afterwards: "Only think! there was a crowd of men, and not one of them knew anything about God."

Three times this year Heathen women have brought us a thankoffering to our God for answers to prayer. One was a very clever and thoughtful young widow; her only child seemed dying and she prayed to Jesus to restore it to her. Her prayer was heard, and she asked the Bible-woman to take her offering to the Church for her. She is very poor and could only give a few annas, but surely this "widow's mite" has been accepted.

One day I was speaking to some very good pupils when about a dozen children came in and sat down to listen to the Bible story. An old woman wanted to drive them out, and I told her to let them stay as long as they made no noise. One of the pupils remarked: "Yes; do you not remember that Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not'? They want to hear about Jesus just as much as we do."

Treatment for the Sick Mind and Broken Heart.

There have been two very sad cases of illness and death amongst our pupils. One very nice woman, a pupil of Miss Morriss, has gone out of her mind lately, and with such treatment as Hindu doctors usually give, it is hardly to be expected that she will regain her reason. Another woman had just commenced to read with us; she was an unusually intelligent and pleasant listener, and we were shocked to hear that she had committed suicide. She had had four children, who all died as infants, and one evening her husband was heard reproaching her bitterly, saying that a man could look at the face of a woman who had never had a child, but a woman whose children did not live must be cursed by the gods. The poor wife seemed to take it quietly at the time, but the next morning, after having done all her work, she deliberately put an end to herself. It almost seems strange that such cases do not happen more frequently: with so much domestic misery, and with no hope of a better life after this, one can scarcely wonder at a woman putting an end to her hard lot. May the time soon come when all the Hindu women shall be loosed from the bondage of their cruel religion, and find eternal life with Christ!

Mohammedan Zenanas.

In the Mohammedan Zenanas there has been a very considerable increase;

three Bible-women have their time fully occupied, and a good many pupils must be taught by the superintending assistant, who, properly speaking, should have no regular houses to teach. There was great lamenting when Miss Alice Lacey last January left the Zenanas to take up school-work; the pupils are constantly asking after her. Her place has been taken by Miss Haddock, who has now passed her second examination.

A few women are well advanced in their studies, especially a young girl, who reads with keen interest, although apparently Christianity has made no impression on her heart. She has read all the easier Christian books we can get her, and is now studying *The Balance of Truth*, a controversial work by Dr. Pfander, because she wants to know our objections to Mohammedanism; she is also going right through the Bible and remembers all she reads. May God bless the reading of His Word to her soul! This is an exceptionally clever girl; the great majority of our pupils are ignorant and slow; the Gospel must be told them very simply, and they must hear the same Bible story a good many times before they remember it.

One elderly woman complained of being constantly ailing, and as the Ramazān fast would commence in a few days and last for a month, she expected to become much worse. I said that I had heard that sick people were exempted from the fast. She said: "Yes, that is quite true; but

you see I am getting old and must soon die, therefore I want to do all I can to please God." Indeed, many of them are zealous for their salvation and strive hard to earn it. May their eyes be enlightened, so that they may see where true peace and salvation can be found !

(3) THE CONVERTS' HOME.

During Miss Brandon's absence, Miss Turnbull and the Misses Lacey live in her house and have charge of the Converts' Home. Miss Turnbull stays at home in the morning and Miss A. Lacey in the afternoon, or *vice versa*, as it is very necessary for the superintendent to be always at hand. Let me here emphasise a fact, which Miss Brandon has found to be most important, namely, that the lady in charge of the Converts' Home should give her whole time to that work, and not be obliged through school or Zenana duties to leave the converts to themselves. There is a matron who is to a certain extent responsible for the conduct of the converts, but this is far from sufficient ; what they need beyond anything else is the influence and training, which can only be attained by constant intercourse with the missionary in charge.

The Home at present has ten inmates, two children and eight women. The oldest of them, Nancharamma, works as Bible-woman in Moham-medan Zenanas, where she is much liked. Subbamma and Mangamma teach in schools in the mornng and study Hindustani in the evening ;

both are nice and gentle girls, showing signs of real growth in grace. The other five attend the C.M.S. Christian Girls' School, with a view to passing different examinations. The last addition to the number was Mahalakshmi, a bright, sweet girl of sixteen, who came last autumn. Very little fuss was made by her relations. She was a Zenana pupil, and to our surprise not even the women reading in the same house stopped their lessons : one reason probably was that the annual examination was close at hand, and they did not want to forfeit their chance of getting nice dolls.

I must not forget to mention the children of the Home, although at present only two, Samuel and Arthur, are living there. Little Samuel is a dear, good boy, with honest, clear eyes and a sweet, trustful smile. He goes off to school every day quite proudly, and is getting on well. Arthur is a great pickle and decidedly averse to books, but he is sharp and clever and can learn quickly when he likes ; he is only about five, so he may become a great student yet. The four elder boys, Ranganna, Subramanyam, Samuel, and Mutyalu, are all in a boarding-school, where they learn different trades, besides their book-subjects ; we have good reports of them all. The two little girls, Subbamma and Padmani, are in the Sarah Tucker Institution in Palamcottah, with Ruth, a famine child, who was rescued by an English lady and given over to Miss Brandon's care. All three girls are well and

happy, and are doing well at their studies.

(4) THE WIDOWS' TRAINING CLASS.

We have long wished to establish a Training Class for Christian widows, who might thus become useful Bible-women and school-teachers. During the past year the class has been started; it has at present six members, who all live in Miss Brandon's compound. A special teacher has charge of this class. Reading, writing, and needlework are taught, and of course the chief subject is Scripture. It is too early yet to speak with any confidence of the members of the present class; their conduct has been good, and there is every hope that as their spiritual life develops they may

become true and earnest workers for Christ.

In conclusion I must thank all kind friends for their valuable and welcome gifts of dolls, bags, workboxes, &c.: we are infinitely grateful for this kind help. Our pupils are already looking forward eagerly to next Christmas, trusting to their unknown English friends to send them even nicer things than last year. Let me finally ask all friends to help us in one thing more, or rather to continue their help, namely, in prayer, that every worker in this station, European or Indian, may be filled with the Spirit, so that the Gospel may be made known in every home and that great numbers may join the Church of Christ.

May, 1894.

Extracts from our Assistant Missionaries' Letters.

Miss Bassoe's Annual Letter is an exhaustive review, so that the interesting accounts from her fellow-workers must be read in MS. only. Some extracts, however, INDIA'S WOMEN cannot afford to lose.

Miss Lacey writes:—

The Cause and Result of an Eclipse.

One morning, while teaching in a Zenana, a Brahmin priest came in and told the women of the house that there would be an eclipse of the moon that evening, and on going away gave the women a piece of straw. After he had left I asked the women what the straw was meant for, and they told me at the time of what we call an eclipse they were taught to believe a huge serpent partly swallowed the moon, and the straw was given to them to put into their food, or whatever they

partook of that day, for unless this was done the serpent would be angry and poison their food. I asked the women if they really believed this, and one woman said, "No, not at all, for last year I put no straw in our food, and none of us were ill." One cannot help seeing how very fast superstition of this kind is dying out.

A Thankoffering.

Last month there were many weddings going on in the different Pettabs. In one small district of Masulipatam

there were eleven at the same time. Very little visiting could be done during these gaieties. I went to see a girl who had been recently married; the poor girl had been suffering from fever for months past, but is now quite well again. Her mother and she have been very satisfactory Zenana pupils for some years. When the fever took hold of the daughter, and seemed not to leave her, her mother

and she both prayed that God in His mercy would hear them and make Runganayakama well. As a thank-offering to God for hearing and answering their cry, they gave me eight annas towards our Church.

Two or three of our pupils have lately left the station. We have since heard they have lost no time, and are already being visited and taught in Bezwada.

Miss Alice Lacey writes:—

Till December 18th, 1893, my work has been chiefly in visiting the Mohammedan Zenanas. It does not seem quite so difficult now to teach in these homes, and several new houses have been opened to us. Lately we have had many more listeners. It is very encouraging to hear our pupils relate parts of the Life of our Lord, and

many of them seem impressed. I have often asked them why, knowing so much, they do not confess Christ as their Saviour openly. In reply they say, if only others would open the way they would gladly join in acknowledging and serving Christ. It is the fear of man which keeps them back.

ELLORE.

NATURE has denied to Ellore, or Yeluru, either hills, stones, or pebbles. The flat surface is redeemed from utter dullness by a winding canal and bright-green paddy fields. Other objects break the monotony: ten large Hindu pagodas with gilt domes, and five Mohammedan mosques with pretty minarets. The Hindus are about four times as numerous as the Mohammedans, whilst the Native Christians number between two and three thousand.

Our Australian Auxiliary has supplied Ellore with missionaries. It is pleasant to hear of Mrs. Martin Browne still helping in the Mission. As Miss Seymour, she was the first to join our ranks from Australia, and after her marriage to the Principal of the C.M.S. High School, she remained as honorary C.E.Z.M.S. missionary and superintendent of the Mohammedan work. This is now in the hands of Miss Symonds, whilst Miss Digby has charge of the Hindu work, which she took up in August, 1886.

Hindu Work.

BY MISS DIGBY.

On looking back on the past year, the verse comes to my mind, "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you."

One good thing is the answer to prayers on behalf of our Bible-women. It makes one take courage to labour on when the working of the Holy Ghost is seen in the workers. Lately, our Saturday afternoon Bible-readings have been on the filling of the Holy Ghost, and the Lord has used them. To Him be all the glory. A few weeks ago, when driving to the mission-house in my bullock *bandy*, I had two Bible-women with me. I asked them if they set apart an hour a day for reading and prayer. They replied, "No; they really had not time. When they came from work, they had various household duties to attend to." I begged them to try.

A few days ago, when I was visiting the Zenanas, and distributing gifts to them, Deva Karana, one of the two, was with me. She said, "Amadi, you remember asking us to try to set apart an hour a day for God's Word and prayer. Well, we both tried, and now I find I have more than enough time, and Alice made the same remark. He (meaning her husband) wakes me early, and I look upon that time as God's. One morning *he* came and asked me to do something, and I said quietly, 'Ought I to do it now in God's time?' He was not vexed, and did it himself."

This Bible-woman has a long way to walk in the sun, and one day, when suffering from the heat, comforted herself with the thought, "Your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Some months ago, Deva Karana was very ill indeed, and returned to her work when she was scarcely strong enough. Her neighbour, a Heathen woman, said, "You will not be able to get to your work." Deva replied, "The Lord will give me the necessary strength." On her return, this Heathen woman said, "Deva Karana must be right; God must give her strength, or she could not work as she does in her weak state."

Another told me she did not now ask God to help her to do her work, but asked Him to do it through her.

A Tea Party on the Roof.

We visit as much as we can amongst the Christians, and I have a class of men and women in the vestry, which is now too small, as the numbers have increased. The last two Sundays we had our class outside on the shady side, but the air reminded one of close proximity to a furnace. My pupils are regular, and some old women learn seven or eight verses, and those who cannot read, get others to teach them one verse. A few weeks ago, I asked them all to tea, which we had on the roof of our house. Our Heathen sweeper, Lakshmi, is one of the pupils, and takes quite a pride in coming clean and neat to Sunday-school. Here I was

in a dilemma. I found our Heathen servants would not touch the cup that Lakshmi had used, and even if the Christians had tea with her, the Heathen *Malaks* would not let them draw water from the well. I was puzzled how to act, as I neither wanted to give our Christians trouble, nor lead Lakshmi to think there was caste among Christians. However, our guests arrived so late that I had given up all hope of their coming, and sent Lakshmi in her tea and a piece of cake, part of which she took home and shared with her mother, husband, and sister-in-law. She was very much pleased, and her mother asked if she too could come to the Sunday-school. The cake roused the desire. Miss Symonds' mechanical toys added not a little to the success of our gathering. Some boys from the High School were so much interested that they asked permission to come. On our roof then we had, I believe, from the highest to the lowest caste.

Cholera and its Victims.

The beginning of this year was a very sad and solemn time to us all. Cholera of a very bad type was on all sides, and day after day we heard of souls passing away without Christ. We were almost accustomed from its frequency to hear from servants and Bible-women, "—, mentioning the name, is passing away." A Heathen master told me one whom I knew was stricken down that morning, and added, "She was alive when I left; I do not know how it may be *now*." He begged me not to go in that direc-

tion, and when I said I must go and see some sick people, and that the Lord would take care of me, he answered quickly, "Yes; but if one saw a tiger in the road, one would not go near it."

We lived as if each day might be our last, and then came our greatest shock. We were sitting on the verandah after dinner on Thursday night, February 1st, when a telegram was handed me. I said to my companion, "This is about Sesamma, the Ellore convert whom I had been asked to take to Rajahmundry." Little were we prepared for the message: "Miss Ward just entered into rest. Cholera."

We were stunned. We knew she had not been well, but did not know she had even returned from Bunder, whither she had gone for a rest and change.

Now she is with the Saviour she so fondly loved and longed to serve, and where no weariness nor illness will ever touch her. In living with Miss Ward, one could not but be struck with her faith and her agonising in prayer. She often pleaded for the souls of her *Munshi* and *Sastu* when in Ellore. Will some praying friends join us in asking for them that our sister's heart may be rejoiced on seeing them in heaven, and chiefly that Christ may see in them of the travail of His soul and be satisfied?

One of our Zenana pupils and two school-children have also passed away. I saw the former a few days before her death, and she promised to know her lessons better when I came

again. She was taken ill in the middle of the night and was dead before noon next day. There was no time to send for her mother and son, who were absent from home. Few cared to leave their homes, not knowing what might take place during their absence. We were very thankful that cholera attacked none of our servants nor teachers, nor, with the exception of the three I have mentioned, none of our Zenana pupils. Day after day the servants heard me pray that God would preserve us all from it, if it were His will, and I think the little faith they have has been strengthened by the answer to prayer. One of them told me the other day that he and another servant were daily asking God for new hearts; one is a caste man and another a Malah.

"How can Zenana pupils leave all their people?"

The Zenana work is encouraging. Several seem not far from the Kingdom, but when asked to confess Christ they give the usual reply, "How can we leave all our people?" My old Dummagudem pupil said, "Would not my husband beat me if I became a Christian?" An old Sudra woman whom I saw a few weeks ago, told me that "God had not put the desire into her heart to come out and confess Him openly, but He might do so yet." She wishes to marry her adopted son first. In reply to my question whether she wished to be separated from him in the next world, she said, "I do not think it right to make him a Christian

till he is old enough to choose for himself." Then she said, "When you go to the Lord Jesus again, you ask Him if the *Subadar's* wife does not love Him, and He will tell you, *Yes*. I love Him more than you do, because you are safe and I am not yet."

Others follow me from house to house to hear Bible stories, and will listen with interest and tell one another about the hymns sung. In one house in trying to comfort one who had lost a niece, of whom she was very fond, I told her of the resurrection. The husband was there and listened attentively. The wife said, "Do you really mean we shall all rise again?" "Yes," I replied. Then the husband said, "The Koran tells us the same." I was rather astonished to find that this Hindu knew anything of the contents of the Koran. He asked for a Bible, as he wished to read it.

In the Homes of School-children.

In visiting the houses of school-children there are many opportunities of spreading the Good News. Some of the *Power Nella* children begged me to come to their homes, so I appointed the time and place. I found three bright faces waiting for me, and was soon shown into a room with an odd mixture of European and Native furniture. They were rather shy at first, and after talking about my pupils, who were perched up on a bench near me, while some boys belonging to the High School, and mothers and aunts were standing at the other end of the room, I suggested a hymn. I sang it for them, and it led to a talk about

Jesus Christ. There were three Brahmin widows, relations of the owner of the house, easily recognised by their shaven heads, lack of jewellery, and white clothes. One had come up quite close to me, and I was startled by the question, "How do you pray?"

"These boys attend the High School: have they not told you how we pray to our God?" I asked.

"No; they tell us nothing."

At first I was undecided how to act, and then, after obtaining a promise that they would keep perfectly quiet, I knelt down by my chair and prayed for them, that they might be brought to know and love our Jesus.

Poor, poor Brahmin widows, and widows of all castes! What a revolution Christ's love and sympathy would make in their hard lives! They were perfectly quiet till I rose and spoke to them. I told them how God had heard and answered our prayers during the cholera. In the next home I visited I had a long conversation with the aunt of my pupil about the way to heaven. She listened politely, but at last said, "If you talk like that, we shall not send our children to your school."

I smiled, and said, "I wish to see you all in heaven."

A few days after this pupil asked me to go again, as her sister was desirous of seeing me. This time Miss Symonds accompanied me, and

brought some mechanical toys, which gave much pleasure to young and old. The sister wants to become one of our pupils, in order to learn fancy work.

My blind pupil still continues to learn Bible stories, and it is wonderful how well she repeats them. She still continues to ask occasionally, "Why did God let me become blind?" Sometimes she adds a desire to go and be with Him. She is one of the most interesting pupils we have. Her blindness and great longing for spiritual truths cannot but waken great interest. I was talking, I think, about prayer, when she said, "Sometimes it is so difficult to find my pots, for *I cannot see them*, and then I ask Jesus, and I put my hands on them at once." Do pray that His love may illuminate her soul, and make up to her for her blindness. I think that her life is brighter since she heard of Jesus and His life. When she hears of Christ healing others she will say, "Ama, why can He not give me my sight?"

"Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." How one realises that out here, and realises it more and more the longer one works.

Our grateful thanks to the kind friends who remembered our children and Zenana pupils, and who help us by their gifts.

The Mohammedan Mission.

By MISS SYMONDS.

We have been working amongst the Mohammedans some years now,

and yet with Isaiah we ask, "Who hath believed our report?" and must

answer, "Not one." But we can go on with confidence and say, "My Word shall *not* return unto Me void," and we know that sower and reaper will rejoice together.

Happy Thought!

A thought has just struck me that will be a help to me in future in writing a report. To us who are in the forefront of the Lord's battle it is like firing off a cannon, whose report, we trust, will reach further than the daily guns (in the shape of letters) that reach our friends and supporters. This report is a sign of distress, for we *all* need reinforcements, and each in her turn seeks to call special attention to her part of the battle field, so may be forgiven the *I* and *my* put in here and there. Reports of Mohammedan work at Ellore have not been frequent. God grant that this one may startle and bring out a cry, "Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do for my many dying sisters, dying by thousands, and without hope?" We, who are "saved by hope," know not the meaning of "No hope, and without God in the world." If only you would come here and see for yourselves, with the Queen of Sheba, you might say, "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land howbeit, I believed not, *until I came* and *mine* eyes had seen it, and behold the half was not told me." Yes, if you would only come and see for yourselves! but as many cannot do that, reports must still be written, dreaded though they may be, and put off till the last moment, as in my case.

Ellore has a population of 30,000, of whom 5000 are Mohammedans, and it is amongst these that Alice Middleton, our Bible-woman, Burra Alice and Agnes, our two Scripture teachers, and I work. We have five schools, containing 200 pupils, and two Sunday-schools. At our last Government examination the Mohammedan inspector said our schools had been steadily improving every year, and now surpass some of our neighbouring Mohammedan schools. He was again very pleased with the arithmetic, and said our girls beat the boys in the Municipal School. He was glad to see the girls beginning to think, gave his opinion that the money given in Government grants to our schools was judiciously spent. This is very encouraging. He actually spoke against *Gosha*, and advised one general prize-giving.

How I wish I could visit all the children's homes; now and then I am able to yield to their entreaties to go and see their parents. Mrs. Martin Browne kindly looks in at the two near schools for me, when on her way to Tungalamodie, where she teaches some Zenana pupils, which is a great help to me. How I wish all our fourth and fifth standard pupils, as they leave school, could be followed up and taught in their homes; for it is from amongst these that we must look for our converts; but that cannot be at present. Oh, dear friends, *do* join with me in praying "The Lord of the Harvest" to send out one labourer to help us in this corner of His Vineyard. I should be so glad to hand

over the schools to that labourer after she had passed both examinations, when I should be free to devote my whole time to our dear Zenana pupils. I am living in hope. How high this hope rose on the arrival of dear Miss Ward and Miss Jenkyn, thinking they were "sent" for Mohammedan work; but only to fall again. Thirty-seven Zenanas were visited regularly last year, now thirty-three; for some pupils have married and left. Many others are begging to be taught, but we are obliged to refuse them.

I have written privately to all our kind friends who have helped us so liberally with gifts for our dear children and Zenana pupils; should any have been neglected, will they please accept warmest thanks now? especially my dear Norfolk and Suffolk friends, and those in Brighton.

The prize-giving at Christmas was a pretty sight, and greatly gladdened my heart, for it was the first time I

had seen all our school-children assembled together. A Christmas-tree was planted in the Fort garden, and laden with your pretty gifts, and the 200 children sat round, dressed in their gaily coloured cloths. On account of *Gosha* I had promised that only the members of the English congregation should be present, and they either sat on the verandah or helped to strip the tree of its fruit. Krishnayya Garu, our Native missionary, opened with prayer (in Hindustani), followed by a few words of good advice to the masters and children, which were listened to attentively. I wish you could have seen the expectancy and joy depicted on each countenance. Especially would I thank you for your prayers, for that is the truest help you can give us.

I will venture to copy from my diary an account of the last day I visited our Zenanas before coming away for my holiday.

The last day before Miss Symonds holidays was, to say the least, fully occupied. A page from her diary, giving visits in detail, is almost distracting, so rapidly does the central figure in the picture fly hither and thither, inspecting five schools, visiting a dying Christian, distributing the much-appreciated Christmas-cards to children who sit quietly, giving prizes to girls who have earned them. The final incident, however, shall be printed in full:—

On to Eitwarpett (Sunday Town) to see Khadur Bee, but felt grieved because the mother said she had never heard of Jesus. I told her a little of His great Love, and she listened most attentively. It makes one feel the need of the Holy Spirit speaking through one, when the message is delivered for the first, and perhaps for the last time,

to these waiting souls. Then such numbers of children crowded round me that I hurried on to Hafiza Bes, a beggar's little child, but the mother was absent then, so, finding a pleasant-looking Mohammedan man sitting near another door, I addressed my conversation to him:—

"You do not believe in Jesus?"

He said, "No."

I told him that I had come to talk about His Love to little children, many of whom were gathered round me, also some women, and a big brother behind; he offered no opposition, even agreeing with me that all hearts are born in sin.

On rising to go, saying it was getting so late, and I had a long walk, a woman, whom I had not noticed in the background, stood up, shouting to the man with whom I had been talking, "I shall join that religion."

I said, "What do you say?"

She repeated, "I shall join your religion."

Then she added eagerly, "I like those words you have been saying. I have never heard anything like them before; if you come again soon

I will listen to you." But I had to tell her that I could not come again for more than two months at least, as I was going away to the hills. I asked her name, and promised to pray for her, and she seemed delighted, saying, "Oh, will you?"

Poor woman, she does not know that most likely it would mean death to her to come out boldly and confess Christ before men in Ellore. Even this confession before these two men sent a thrill of joy through my heart. Oh! what joy it must be to be the means of winning one soul out of Heathen darkness for Him, and Mohammedanism is worse than Heathenism, I think. For even this spark of encouragement I thank God and take courage.

June 29th, 1894.

OOTACAMUND.

The Nilgiri Mission.

BY MISS LING.

THE past year has seen many changes in this Mission, some which have occasioned us joy and others sorrow, but all alike sent or allowed by a loving Heavenly Father, Who is working out His own gracious purposes with regard to us and the extension of His Kingdom on these hills.

First in order we had the joy of welcoming our new fellow-worker, Miss Hopwood, who, with her mother, reached Ootacamund the end of last

year. After spending a month with us they settled in their own house on the other side of Ootacamund, and Miss Hopwood set to work in good earnest to learn Hindustani, and has already been able to do something in the Mohammedan School. Before the close of 1893, the Rev. A. H. Lash, of the C.M.S., was also sent up by that Society to take charge of their work on the Nilgiris.

We had long prayed that the C.M.S. might see their way to send a Euro-

great missionary to care for and organize the Native Church, numbering between 700 and 800 souls, scattered over a very wide area, and it was with great pleasure that we heard that the Parent Committee of the C.M.S. had consented to do so. Now Mrs. Lash has arrived, and we have been relieved of much work which did not properly belong to us, and have been set free to further develop the work amongst the women and children as funds shall permit.

Coonoor and the late Miss Wallinger.

Miss Wallinger, after her return with her niece, Miss Ivy Wallinger, from England in the autumn, had settled in Coonoor, paying us short visits occasionally on her way through Ootacamund to and from the Wynad. On February 23rd, Miss Ivy Wallinger, who had only come out on a visit, returned to England, and Miss Lambert went down to Coonoor to stay with Miss Wallinger for a few days. Letters came to us saying that Miss Wallinger was not very well, and that she thought of returning to Ootacamund with Miss Lambert when she came back; but there was nothing to lead us to suppose that her illness was anything serious. On Saturday afternoon, March 3rd, a telegram summoned me to Coonoor. I hurried off with all possible speed, but only got there to be told my dear friend and fellow-worker had passed away—quarters of an hour before my death.

The blow to us was terrible, but one but rejoice for her, called away

so quickly and so quietly to the presence of the Master she loved and served. Thus twice in my missionary life, though separated by an interval of ten years, I have been called upon to relinquish, for God's higher service above, those whom I had learned to lean upon and look to here below. Thus, doubtless, God trains us to look only to Him.

After recovering from the suddenness of the shock that had come upon us, a natural, though, I confess, faithless, anxiety began to arise as to what was to become of all the children whom Miss Wallinger had paid for at various Mission boarding-schools, many of whom were converts from Heathenism, and could not therefore be thrown back upon their parents; others were orphans, the children of Christian parents, who had no one else to look to. Then there was the work amongst the Todas, which we had been enlarging very much the last year, and thereby increasing the expenditure. In this Miss Wallinger had always taken a great interest, and had been ever ready to come to our aid when any difficulty for funds arose.

A Bible-woman had also recently been engaged by Miss Wallinger at Gudalur in the Wynad, she herself providing the funds. No provision was left for carrying this on, but I felt sure help would come, and I was very unwilling to cut our last link with the Wynad, a district for which Miss Wallinger had laboured and prayed so much, and which I should feel it a sacred privilege to still visit sometimes

for her sake. The very week I was debating this question in my mind, a M. O. came from England enabling me to keep the Bible-woman on for the present. Will some one undertake to provide her salary?—8*l.* per annum, at the present rate of exchange, would be sufficient. Besides teaching Hindu and Mohammedan women in their own homes, she visits the village of one of the hill tribes near Gudalur, the Khotas, who stand much in need of Christian teaching.

All the six children who had been placed by Miss Wallinger in various schools have been adopted, that is to say, friends in England have promised to pay their schooling, and though the money has not yet actually arrived, I have no doubt it will come before long.

The Tinnevely Missionary Association, a union in connexion with the Native Church in that district, has undertaken to pay the salaries of the two teachers employed amongst the Todas, thus leaving us only the expenses for the salary of the assistant-master, and men to collect the children, and to meet other expenses. We are very thankful for this help, both because of the missionary spirit manifested in the Tinnevely Church, and because it has relieved us somewhat of a financial crisis. Will not the Church at home show itself equally eager to send the Gospel to this remnant of a fine race, whom nothing but Christianity can save both for this world and the next?

I feel my faithlessness has been wonderfully rebuked, and I can indeed

say, "Hitherto has the Lord helped us."

Now to look at the different branches of the work somewhat in detail.

The Hobart School.

This school for Tamil-speaking girls of all classes continues to be the largest in numbers and point of efficiency. There are 115 on the rolls, of whom 68 were presented for the Government examination before the inspectress, and 49 passed. A class of six girls has yet to appear before the Upper Primary School Board in December.

There have been changes again in the staff during the past year, all the teachers except one being new. If we could get really satisfactory teachers, and keep them longer, no doubt the school would improve vastly.

The Bible examination was conducted by Mrs. Walker, who examined every class very thoroughly, from the little ones in the Infant Standard, who know little beyond texts and hymns, to the big Christian girls in the Sixth Standard, who had been studying 1 and 2 Kings and St. Mark's Gospel, besides learning many whole chapters and Psalms by heart.

It is a sad fact, but one common in many schools besides mine, that few Hindu girls stay after the Third Standard; it is only the presence of the Native Christian girls that makes it worth while to keep open the upper classes at all.

The hostel attached to this school, towards which the C.E.Z.M. Committee have this year given us a grant

of Rs. 20 per mensem, is growing in numbers and, I trust, in usefulness. We have now twenty-four girls in it, and some young unmarried teachers employed in the Hobart and Moham-medan Schools, whom we should not otherwise have been able to call up from Tinnevely, make their home here also. It also enabled us to receive from Tinnevely, on a visit, a Brahmin widow, in whom I have been interested for over ten years. She came and stayed with us for three weeks, mixing freely with our Christian girls and teachers, attending family prayers and the Tamil services at church, and then left us with the desire to be a Christian stronger than ever. Fear of man and want of a complete trust in God are still hindering her from being baptized.

Our little girls, converts from Heathenism, who, before we had a hostel of our own to receive them, had been placed in various schools, now find here a home to come to in their holidays. We are most thankful for our roomy compound, with so many detached buildings where we can receive both European and Native

friends, and trust it may be increasingly useful year by year.

The Kinloch School.

This school has, I am sorry to say, gone down considerably the last few years, and the master and mistress

placed here in 1893 have not yet worked it up as I hoped they would. The poverty of the children is a very great hindrance to their attending school regularly. The mothers almost all go out to work, either to the jungle to chop firewood for sale, or to cut grass for cattle, and the children have early to take their share of cooking, minding the baby, or carrying dinner to their fathers. And even when an enthusiastic little scholar tries to solve the difficulty by bringing the baby to school, she finds it hard to write her dictation without



A Hardworking Mother.

mistakes, or get her multiplication sum right, with a baby riding astride on her hips, and who screams and refuses to be comforted. But Mrs. Walker says of the two Tamil schools, that if the Kinloch children have covered less ground, they know what they have learned better

than the pupils of the Hobart School.

With regard to Government examinations, twenty-six were presented and sixteen passed. A class consisting of three girls has yet to appear before the Upper Primary School Board.

Mohammedan School.

If I were to write an account of all the reasons why children have been taken away from this school throughout the year, it would give our friends at home an amusing if sad insight into the bigotry and superstition of the Mohammedan community in Ootacamund.

Here are some of the charges against us:—

A bell was introduced: this was only another name for getting in the thin edge of the wedge of idolatry; for are not bells used in Hindu temples, and therefore to be abhorred of the faithful?

The English lady in charge of the school had stood up, and said, with the blasphemy worthy of an infidel, "I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt have none other gods but me."

In the course of an object-lesson, the children had been told that the turkey was good for food. One indignant mother at once withdrew her offspring from such contaminating teaching, exclaiming, "To-day they tell you to eat turkey, to-morrow they will tell you to eat pork."

Other ignorant mothers, who cannot read a letter themselves, every now and then undertake to proclaim that their children learn nothing, and

take them away and send them to the mosque school. There the method of education is for the whole class to sit on the floor and shout out their Arabic lessons in chorus after the teacher, swaying themselves backwards and forwards till they know their lesson by heart, and this without change from morning till night. Needless to say the children find our school, with its variety of lessons, more entertaining, and they generally find their way back to us after a while.

In this school twenty-six children were presented for the Government examination this year, of whom seventeen passed. Miss Smith of Bangalore, who was on a visit to Ootacamund, kindly examined them in Scripture.

Zenana Visiting amongst Mohammedan Women.

This has been chiefly carried on by Miss Lambert in Ootacamund. We have had seventeen houses open to us since January, and these are still being visited. Opposition is gradually giving way, and many of the women listen with pleasure while the Bible is read to them. Some argue fiercely, and in some instances houses have been closed after a first visit, through the opposition of the men of the house. One girl, who has since been married and gone away to another place, frequently confessed that Jesus alone could save her.

Zenana Work amongst Hindus.

We have now eight Bible-women. Of these four work in Ootacamund itself

one in a village close by, two in Coonoor, one in the Wellington bazaar, and one in the Wynaad. The work of those in Ootacamund and its neighbourhood has been entirely superintended by Miss Synge, to whom they bring in reports of their work once a week, and she goes round with them in turn to visit their different pupils. Those working at a distance are visited either by Miss Synge or myself three or four times a year. As yet we have seen no women coming out and being baptized as a visible result of this, but the seed is being sown in many hearts and homes, and we confidently look forward to reaping some day.

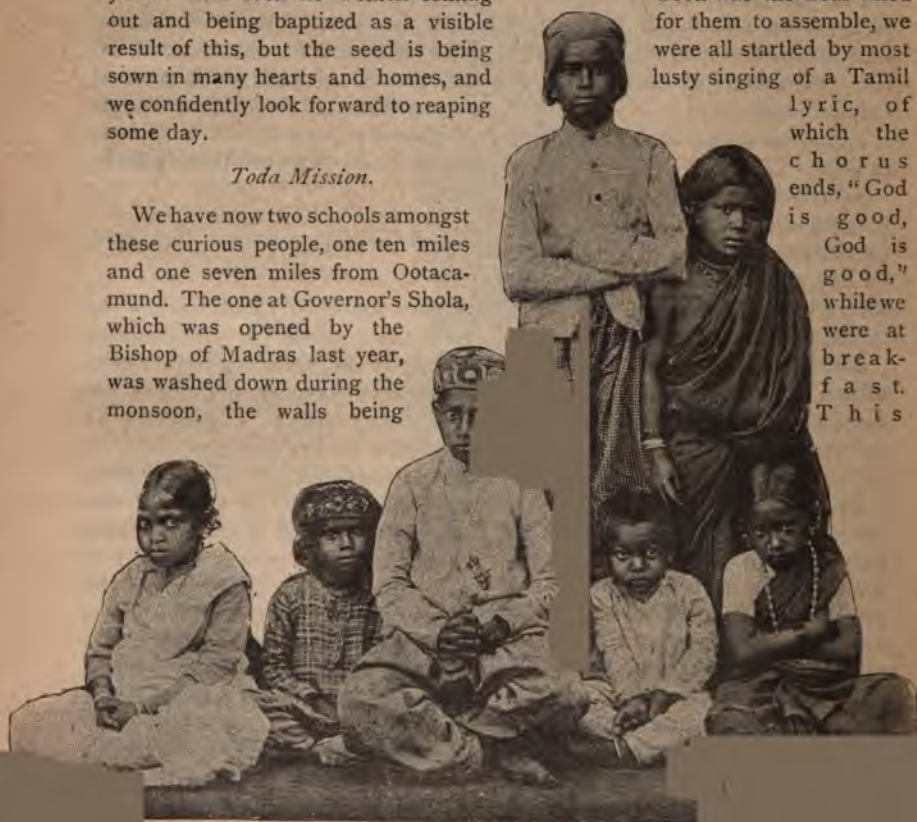
Toda Mission.

We have now two schools amongst these curious people, one ten miles and one seven miles from Ootacamund. The one at Governor's Shola, which was opened by the Bishop of Madras last year, was washed down during the monsoon, the walls being

only mud; it has since been more substantially built of stone, and also enlarged to make room for the increasing number of children who attend it. A Toda, who learned formerly in a German Mission-school, has been appointed assistant teacher.

At Christmas the children attending both these schools came all the way to Ootacamund to receive their prizes and see a magic-lantern. Though they had a long distance to walk, and noon was the hour fixed for them to assemble, we were all startled by most lusty singing of a Tamil

lyric, of which the chorus ends, "God is good, God is good," while we were at breakfast. This



SOME OF MISS LING'S SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

announced the arrival of the first detachment. When the second school, which had a longer distance to come, had also appeared on the scene, and a large number of parents and friends, we took them into a darkened room to show them pictures from a magic-lantern. We had some difficulty in getting them to enter, as it was popularly supposed that the decapitation ceremony, which every class of the Native community in Ootacamund persists in believing is part of the Christian Christmas festivities, was about to take place. As they all came out again with their heads on their shoulders, they probably thought that these horrible orgies are reserved for more quiet and select audiences.

The fame of that magic-lantern spread far and wide, and an old Toda turned up a few days afterwards, asking me to show him also heaven and hell. The children, girls as well as boys, each received a strong drill jacket and a waist-cloth; the older people who attend Sunday-school, one of their own stout sheets with a red border, in which they envelop themselves day as well as night. They all received a liberal supply of oranges, cakes of native sugar (but, alas! only looking like chocolate), parched rice and Bengal grain mixed, and pieces of cocoanut, tying them all up in their cloths; then, after a photo had been taken, a final lyric sung, and all had reverently stood for prayer, they commenced their long tramp home to their different *munds*. Some of the grown-up people were not quite sure yet there had not been some real magic about

the entertainment, and as one of the little girls took fever a few days afterwards, it was at once put down to this. She was very ill, and they thought she would not recover: she called her father, and pointing to the jacket she had received as a prize, told him after she was dead to give it to some other child, who would go to school instead of her.

At present it is only sowing-time, but we begin to see some improvements which make us hopeful that the Gospel will eventually completely change these people and make them Christ's own.

A desire to work for their living is spreading amongst them, which is a healthy sign. The Toda who taught me the language is now a *peon* in the Forest Department; one of the elder boys from the Pykara School has come in to Ooty, and drives the bullock-cart which fetches the Mohammedan girls to school. He lives with the Mohammedan teacher, and goes to school himself as regularly as his work allows.

This year, in the dry weather, when the Todas went away to distant *munds* to find pasture for their buffaloes, they left their children who were attending school in one of the nearer *munds* that their lessons might not be interrupted.

It is not an unusual thing now to see a fair-complexioned, shaggy-headed Toda at our Tamil service on Sunday. Sometimes it is Keycood, the bullock-driver, at another the assistant teacher from Governor's Shola School, who has come in with

the Christian schoolmaster to church. One Sunday our Tamil Christians looked very astonished to see a Toda woman, curls and all, come to church with her husband. She had had her eyes successfully operated on in the Ooty hospital; she went in blind and came out seeing, and in a dim, blind sort of way, she attributed the cure to Jesus Christ, and came to give thanks accordingly.

Things were going on in a very encouraging way when suddenly an outbreak of small-pox took place, and as it began in our school, the people at once attributed it to the presence of a demon, and for a long time, no one would send their children to school. Our kind friend, Dr. Soltau, however, came out with me to the infected *munds*, and the help we were able to give them in their time of trouble has, I hope, made them feel us more their friends than before. Through God's goodness and the Todas' own wise quarantine regulations, the disease did not spread beyond the two *munds* where it first appeared. Five deaths

occurred, including that of one of our little school-children; but after two months we were able to re-open school. At first very few children came, but gradually the panic has subsided and they are attending as before.

I must not close without thanking the many kind friends and supporters who help us to carry on this work. We look eagerly for the annual box from home. Our Christmas sale the last two years has been devoted to the Christian Girls' Boarding-school. Things sell well in Ootacamund if they are really good and fresh, especially children's clothing. Then we have about 250 children in our five schools to be provided with prizes, besides the Zenana pupils, and a steady outgoing of Rs. 140 per *men.*, for which we have no steady income. Is it to be advancement or retrenchment? Where God has set before us so many open doors, surely His people will provide us with the necessary means to "go forward."

July 27th, 1894.

Correspondence.

(The Editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of Correspondents.)

TO FRIENDS, AND SUPPORTERS OF BEDS IN THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT HOSPITAL, PESHAWUR CITY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—As I am hoping to return to Peshawur shortly and be in the charge of the Medical Mission after such a long absence, may I beg of you each kindly to send me a postcard giving the following information:—

The name of the bed supported.

The name and address of the Secretary with whom to communicate.

The date and day of the week of any working party which may be held annually for the Duchess of Connaught Hospital.

I am anxious that in future all supporters should be kept up to date with information, and therefore hope to write a "diary letter" to circulate amongst them.

As the new hospital will (D.V.) be opened very shortly after my return, and we shall have between forty and fifty beds, we shall be glad of new supporters, whom I would ask also to communicate with me.

My address until October 26th will be

3, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

May the Lord bless you all abundantly in your work for Him.

Yours, in His Name,

September 11th, 1894.

ELEANOR L. MITCHESON.

Foreign Notes.

NORTH INDIA MISSION.

CALCUTTA.—*The Normal School.*

Miss Hunt writes on July 23rd, 1894 :—

I send you a copy of a letter I received this morning from the father of one of our Central School children. It speaks for itself. The dear child showed every sign of being a believer in Jesus Christ while with us in the school.

"Calcutta, July 23rd, 1894.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am glad to inform you that my son-in-law, Dr. S. P. Sarbadhikari, is desirous to present annually a silver medal to the most successful girl of your Central School, who should pass the minor or other scholarships examination, as a gift in commemoration of the memory of his lamented wife, my daughter, Nero-

jenee. He further wishes to present your said school, where his wife was educated, with an enlarged bromide portrait of the departed girl, to be, by your permission, hung up in your school hall.

"If you kindly accede to these proposals, please drop a line in reply.

"Yours sincerely,

" — — —."

I need not say we have gladly accepted the gift. We have always had one or more children from that house in the Central School ever since I first came to Calcutta; the youngest daughter is with us now.

Miss Hunt writes on July 28th, 1894 :—

Some years ago, before I went home for my furlough, a Hindu widow sent for me and told me that she had been a child in our Central School, and had been taught in her house by Miss

Jones, and that she wanted to be visited again. I went once or twice, and then she told me that she wanted to be helped to open a girls' school.

At that time I had nothing to do

with the outside city work, so I told Miss Highton about her, and some time afterwards she did open a school, and Miss Highton arranged for one of the ladies to visit it every week and give the Bible-lessons there.

The other day I was told by one of the ladies connected with the Free Church of Scotland that they had just baptized a young man and his child-wife in their Mission, and that the little wife had been the means of her husband's conversion, and also that she had been educated in one of our schools. I went to see the dear girl, and found that she had been taught in the Hindu widows' school, and by God's grace, the weekly Bible lesson

had been used to bring her to Christ. She had an uncle who was a believer in Christ, though he never had the courage to be baptized. On his death-bed he called his family about him and told them to follow Christ. This is the second of those present who has been brought into the Fold.

His words made a great impression on the tiny child, as she must have been then, and prepared her heart to receive the Truth when she heard it at school. This young wife is now about twelve; she left school to be married three years ago.

How wonderful are the ways of God! "Truly we know not whether shall prosper, either this or that"!

KRISHNAGAR.—Witnesses for Christ in a remote Village.

Miss Collisson writes on July 28th, 1894:—

We took the collector's wife to some distant village work the other day. She was much interested. In a Mussulman village we came upon a superior woman who is earnestly wishing to become a Christian. She has so influenced her husband that he too seems very hopeful. This woman is an old pupil, and has been taught from time to time by several of us. She used to argue, but has lately quite changed and become an earnest seeker after Truth. We had a good time together over 1 Corinthians xv., and the passages in Thessalonians about the Lord's Coming and the Resurrection. She seemed to enter into it with real joy. Her husband appeared and sat down beside us, and instead of fearing him, she at once related to

him eagerly all that we had been reading. He listened with interest, and asked me if he might come and see our "*Sahib*," Mr. Butler.

We took Mrs. Garrett to this pupil the other day, and she received us very warmly; her husband, too, appeared, looking very ill. I asked him what was the matter, and he told me that the village people were very angry with him, because he had told me that he had become a Christian, and two months ago, just after I had left, he and the other men of the place had a great argument on Christianity and Mohammedanism, and it ended by their attacking him and giving him a dreadful beating. He had to go to the hospital for a month after it. He sent for us to come and see him; the

message, however, never reached us. He showed us his poor arm, still raw, and his hand all swollen and useless.

All the village people gathered round to hear us read, and speak, and sing. He said, "They are all listening to you, but they are enemies to me; their hearts are very hard." He boldly repeated all that we were saying or reading, and often his face lighted up when anything particularly touched him. He and his wife sat

together, and seem in full sympathy with each other—a most unusual couple. I am sure they are truly testifying in the village, and much prayer is going up for them that in God's time they may come out for baptism. It may be His will that they should not yet be separated from their people, but give their testimony. Mr. Butler tried to find his way there a few days ago, but he got lost, and has not yet seen them.

Miss Valpy writes on July 24th, 1894 :—

It has been possible lately to develop the work in villages near Krishnagar, where hitherto not much has been done.

Yesterday, Miss Mackenzie and I, with two Bible-women, went to Doh-guessy, where Miss Phailbus has been for medical visits. The parents of a very dear Mohammedan pupil in Krishnagar live there, and for over an hour the mother and other women listened most beautifully. When the old father came in and sat down to smoke in the verandah where we were all squatting, it was funny to see two of the women retire inside the little

mud house, whence one of them peeped out at me, and listened eagerly, not willing to lose one word.

Thence we went on to a Gwalior's house, where eighteen gathered. Two young men were present, but no one seemed to mind them, except one young woman, who had to watch and listen from behind a round corn-house, a little on one side. I suppose she was the wife of one of the men, and therefore, we should say, she ought to have had the right to come and sit beside her husband.

Oh, how thankful one is not to be a Bengali woman !

TRAVANCORE AND COCHIN MISSION.

TREVANDRUM.

In our September Number we mentioned the serious illness of Miss Chettle at Mavelicara. Miss Blandford writes on July 29th of her arrival at Trevandrum, with Miss Crooke and Miss D'Albedhyll who have nursed her. Miss Blandford says, "Miss Chettle seems very pleased to be here in her old home, and I am so happy to have her under our roof." It is pleasant to think of an "old home" in India, and a loving heart open to receive the sick missionary. We grieve to have to add that the latest accounts, dated August 18th, give scarcely any hope of recovery.

TRICHUR.

"All about Trichur."

Trichur is the capital of Cochin, and there the Misses Coleman have worked since 1881 without any break. Miss Waitt is the C.E.Z.M.S. missionary whom, last year, the Y.W.C.A. chose to adopt as their own. When feeling almost overwhelmed with the darkness of the Heathenism around her, she has remembered the many prayers for her in England, and writes gratefully of being chosen as the representative of the Y.W.C.A.

Miss Waitt writes on July 30th, 1894:—

You ask me to tell you all about Trichur. Physically, it is a beautiful place, differing from Trevandrum inasmuch as there are fewer palm-trees, and one can see the country better. The bamboo grows here instead, and looks very feathery and graceful. One gets lovely peeps of the hills, too, which are refreshing, as the place itself is very flat. Just now all is green and fresh with the rains; indeed, I do not think the weather ever gets wholly dry here, but more often it is wholly damp. To-day, for instance, one feels very much as if in one of the Kew conservatories. But this is a beautifully dry bungalow, built on solid rock, and being an upstairs one, it is not as damp as most houses.

From a spiritual point of view, Trichur is a veritable stronghold of the Enemy. But, as you know, the Misses Coleman have done a wonderful work here. Many high-caste women converts are living in our compound, who have come to be

Bible-women, and are now working for the Master. Others who come from the lower castes, and wish to become Christians, are taken in and put into the Industrial School to learn mat-making, and some beat paddy, &c., at first. There are some twenty women with their children living in or around this compound.

I am at present in Trichur. I stayed here for two months after leaving Trevandrum in February; then from the end of April till the end of June, Miss Crooke and I were at Ooty, and on our return Miss Crooke was at once summoned to nurse Miss Chettle at Mavelicara, and I was left here with the Misses Coleman, whom I saw for the first time. I expect you have heard of the sorry time they have been having at Mavelicara; but the last two days we have been very joyful and full of praise to God, because of the news that, owing to a break in the rains, and Miss Chettle seeming a shade better, they have been able to start for Trevandrum.

Needs and Wants.

Needs.

At the present time, there is a general plea for medical missionaries. Thousands of women are dying without comfort for body and soul.

Medical and Zenana missionaries are urgently needed for Quetta. (See Aug. Number, p. 344.)

A medical lady is needed for Dera Ismail Khan, and a Zenana missionary for Dera Ghazi Khan, in the Punjab Mission.

Two Zenana missionaries are needed for Kashmir.

We trust our needs in the Mission-field will be always regarded as subjects for prayer.

Wants.

Wanted.—Foreign stamps, both rare and common. Hong Kong and Australian ones specially in demand; Russian, Swedish, and Spanish will be also gratefully received by Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., to be sold for the benefit of the C.E.Z.M.S.

Foreign Postage Stamps (except the common Continental and United States) and collections, for which 20 per cent. more than dealers offer will be given. All proceeds to be given to the C.E.Z.M.S. Address, I. W., 19, Kensington Crescent, London, W. Please do not send any English, French, or German stamps.

Left-off Clothing.—Mrs. Fox, the Grove, Lymm, Cheshire, will be much obliged for cast-off articles of clothing, to alter and renovate for a sale amongst the working classes. Proceeds to be given to the C.E.Z.M.S. Mrs. Fox realised 50*l.* from a sale of this kind last November. (See April Number, p. 186.) All kind donors are asked to prepay carriage of parcels by L. & N.W. Railway, and to put the sender's name inside the parcel. Men's and boys' suits and coats are most in demand.

Miss Hessie Newcombe will be grateful for Kindergarten toys, &c., for her schools in Ku-cheng. She asks that any readers able to supply these kind gifts will send them direct to China, addressed to Miss H. Newcombe, The Olives, Foo-chow, China. The best means of sending small parcels to China is by Parcel Post.

The Editor's Work Basket.

The following places of business are recommended for buying nankeen dolls by the dozen to be sent to India as prizes in Mission schools and Zenanas: William Farquharson, 17, Brushfield Street, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.; James Farquharson, 63, Houndsditch; William Reddan, Old Compton Street, Soho; James Wisbey and Co., 77, 78, 79, Houndsditch. Light-haired dolls are to be avoided, as the Indian women and children think they represent old women, and biscuit china is apt to turn black with the climate. To suit the Oriental taste, dolls should be dressed in the brightest colours; plain white is not acceptable, as it is the dress of the widows.

Materials for Fancy Work.—Mrs. James Peck, Linden House, Eye, Suffolk,

has, year by year, kindly supplied needlework, prepared and begun for the pupils of our missionaries in India. Any help in carrying out this valuable undertaking will be gladly received. Canvas and wools are specially in requisition.

Mrs. Morris, The Vicarage, Kirk Michael, Isle of Man, desires to acknowledge with very many thanks, a parcel of materials and wools from "A Friend," Hove, B.O., and also a small parcel of wools for shawls from H. S. M., to send out to Kashmir.

Notices of Books.

MORE STORIES FROM MOTHER'S NOTE-BOOK. By LUCY I. TONGE.
Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. Foolscap 4to, 72 pages, with numerous illustrations. Published at 1s. 6d. Post-free.

This book is now in the press, and will, we hope, be ready in October. *Stories from Mother's Note-Book* was a success, and *More Stories* from the same Note-Book have been asked for; we trust they will be equally well received. The Rev. George Everard has written an Introduction in which he mentions some of his own experiences in India; he says,—“In reading this book I have been transported over again to the scenes which so greatly interested me, and I can bear witness to the accuracy of the descriptions here given.”

THE COMPLETE INDIAN HOUSEKEEPER AND COOK. By TWO TWENTY YEARS' RESIDENTS.

We hear with satisfaction that this book has entered on its third edition. The second obtained many favourable reviews. We trust that its candid advice and friendly scolding for missionaries who do not take practical and sensible means of preserving their health in India will be well read and well digested. Price 4s. 6d. post-free. Apply to G. G. Glenwood, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.

A BRIEF RECORD: WHAT WE HAVE DONE, AND WHAT WE HOPE TO DO. ST. GILES' CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Report gives a glimpse into work that has been carried on for thirty-four years for a class in our great city now familiarly known as the Submerged Tenth. In our zeal for the Heathen we must not forget those who carry on general missions in the dark places near at hand, with active relief amongst the poor, and Sunday-schools and Bands of Hope for neglected children, and who regularly every morning, at eight o'clock, stand at the gates of Holloway, Pentonville, and Wandsworth Prisons, to stretch out a kindly hand to the men and women discharged from the gloomy cells, and invite them to breakfast, and help them to live a new life. Last year St. Giles' Mission was hampered by liabilities to the extent of 1500*l.*; by strenuous efforts they have this year been enabled to 500*l.* We trust that the Treasurer, F. A. Bevan, Esq., 54, Lombard Street, E.C., will soon be able to report a balance instead of a deficit.

Notices.

MAGIC-LANTERN SLIDES.

We have lately enlarged our stock of magic-lantern slides illustrating our Missions. The following sets are ready :—

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. India and Ceylon (generally). | 4. South India and Ceylon. |
| 2. North India. | 5. China. |
| 3. The Punjab. | |

Applications for magic-lantern lectures, or for the loan of slides, to be made to the Central Secretary, C.E.Z M.S. Office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

A Meeting for praise and prayer will be held (D.V.) in the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., on Tuesday, October 23rd, at 3.30. The Monthly Prayer-Meeting at 9, Salisbury Square will be (D.V.) resumed on Tuesday, November 13th, at 3.30.

It is proposed to have an "At Home" at the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, on Tuesday, October 9th, from 4 to 6, in order to give an opportunity of meeting to missionaries and their friends.

REQUESTS FOR PRAISE.

For the baptism of a young man and his child-wife, who was educated in one of the schools connected with the Normal School, Calcutta. The baptism took place under the Free Church Mission.

Baranagore.—Miss Edith Highton asks that those who have been praying for Shoroli will unite in thanksgiving that she has been spared long suffering, and has passed away in great peace, as a little child, to her heavenly home; and that they will also praise God for her holy and consistent life, "for," Miss E. Highton adds, "I can truly say, from the day of her baptism until the end, she never gave me a moment's anxiety."

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

That a blessing may rest on our Valedictory Meeting.

That our outgoing band of missionaries may be kept in body and soul under the shadow of the Almighty, and that they may be granted a safe voyage and journeying, mercies.

From Baranagore, August 21st, 1894.—Prayer is asked for a young woman who has come out for baptism, that she may be indeed taught of the Holy Spirit, and that the difficulties in her path may be removed; also that those who are in charge may have a right judgment in all things. Prayer is also asked for another woman who is longing for baptism, but who is praying and waiting for her husband to come with her.



More Stories from Mother's Note-books.

By LUCY I. TENGE (U.S.O.).

CHAPTER XI.—FROM JABALPUR TO BOMBAY.

MISS BRANCH took me to see three new babies who had been born since we were last in Jabalpur. The first was a little sister of the child who brought her dolls to call on me. Another was a new baby sister for Sarah, the little girl of four, who did such wonders in school in six months. In the third house, the little mother looked more fit to nurse a doll than a baby; she was so young that she did not know how to take care of her dirty, miserable child, and soon after the day we saw it the poor little thing died.

We came home to see another baby—the child of Aunt Fan's *syce*; it had been screaming all day. Miss Branch and I gave it a little dose and soothed it, and then popped it down on Aunt Fan's bed that she might have a look at it.

The last night had come, but it was not easy to sleep much. February and March is the season for weddings in India. The old *ayah* was away at a marriage feast, or what is called a *tamasha*, and as Aunt Fan was restless, we heard guns and *tom-toms* all night. There was also a good deal of thunder. You need be in India to understand the joyful sound of rain; all the ground is dry, dusty, and thirsty; your dresses are dusty, so are your books and everything you touch; you seem to taste dust. Then comes the rain. About February there are what are called “mango-showers,” because they are showers which come for a day or two just as the mango-

fruit is forming. Perhaps this rain is all there will be till July. When you open the doors again after the mango-showers, the peculiar, pleasant, refreshing smell comes in that you have in England when the water-carts have been down the road on a hot summer day.

Good-bye is a hard word in India. Aunt Fan had looked forward to our visit as the last bit of England, and though it is over now, we each feel richer, and have a fresh happy memory for which to thank God. We are sure that the text Aunt Fan gave me will be true for her, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him."

God's Indian world had been very much freshened by the showers, and was full of brightness in the early morning. There is a glow in Eastern skies you see nowhere else. The sun as it rose showed all the beauty of the graceful, waving bamboos, and brightened up the cactus hedges, the trees of large scarlet blossom, and the strange birds of curious plumage. The words came into my mind, "He shall come down . . . as showers that water the earth." When hard, unlovely Indian hearts love the Lord Jesus Christ, and have His Holy Spirit, they will become beautiful, and praise Him just as the freshened earth does after the rain.

The long day wore away at last, and then the night, and when the next morning came I was still in the train and looking again at the rosy sunrise, this time on the Northern Ghats. We are nearly at the end of February; just the time of year when the trees are greenest and the crimson and white bunches of flowers look their best, especially when seen in early daylight—the prettiest time of the day.

All this beauty was a pleasant ending to railway travelling in India. Dear father was waiting to welcome me at Bombay. Since leaving it six weeks ago I had travelled 3309 miles by rail. If I had been as many miles as this at home, how many times could I have gone from London to Edinburgh?

A hot bath, a waving *punkah*, and fruit for breakfast were refreshing, but much more so were the love and pleasant cheerfulness with which we were welcomed. "Now you must rest," said the dear, motherly Mrs. Fallon; but we said, "The greatest rest would be to sort over our luggage"; so she let us strew our goods over her room, and set her servants to sew up parcels and run about for our convenience, till we felt we must have known her many years instead of only a few days. We had a great deal to do, and had to be quick, for Miss Fallon had arranged to take me to a party after *tiffin*.

As this is the grandest party I am ever likely to be at, you must hear all about it. Miss Fallon and I dressed in our smartest clothes, but we looked like sparrows amongst peacocks, by the side of all the wonderful garments we saw that afternoon. We comforted ourselves that nothing could look really *odd* where there was every variety of Persian, Turkish, Indian, Arabian, and Algerian dress.

The occasion of the party was the betrothal of a Mohammedan Persian lady of very high rank, one of Miss Fallon's pupils. When we arrived at the house we found the road lined with carriages, the coachmen dressed in pink, blue, yellow, and red, and the horses decorated in the most lively manner, with their manes dyed, and bright-coloured harness. Some boys were frolicking before the door—children belonging to the house and little guests. I cannot describe all their dresses. One of them, I remember, had a green satin cap embroidered with gold, a fringe of gold coins all the way round it, a satin and gold tunic, and an ornament of several chains of gold coins. I could not understand how a child so laden with riches could be trusted to play in the streets. He looked a very suitable little boy to be stolen by gipsies, but perhaps there are no gipsies in Bombay.

A grandly-dressed man opened our carriage-door, and then in the porch was what was called "a Europe band," supposed to be like the German band that you hear play on the pier at the seaside, but really only several out-of-tune instruments playing discords.

We climbed the stairs, and at the first storey, looked through the open door. The great men of Bombay were sitting on the floor round the room, with turbaned heads and large *hookahs*, just such *hookahs* as you see now and then in Turkish pictures.

Our next sight was much more splendid, when we passed through the landing, on the top storey, to the Zenana. Cushions or chairs were against the wall, and below there was a long stuffed seat, called a *divan*. On this seat there were, during the afternoon, one hundred ladies or more. I could not describe the blaze of jewels, the silks and satins, the flowers and the paint! The eyes of the ladies were blackened all round, there was a streak across the forehead, and a jewelled star in the middle; whilst finger-nails and cheeks were dyed pink or red.

The ladies' skirts had twenty yards of silk or stiff satin in each of them; they were very short, and stuck out in an absurd fashion. Can you fancy what one of these skirts looked like, worked all over in cross-stitch with

birds of paradise; or another, bright crimson satin worked with roses; or shaded blue and gold; or red and green? A jacket would be worn of quite a different colour from the skirt, generally with a lovely golden bordering, and then a gauze *chuddar*, or, perhaps, a Parsee handkerchief.

I wish you could have seen the strings of pearls hanging in the hair, and the rows of precious stones across the foreheads of the women. They were weighed down with jewels, even wearing anklets over their silk stockings, which were of every smart colour, and worked in silk with flowers and birds up the fronts.

There were a good many children who were dressed quite as grandly as their mothers were. They must have been very uncomfortable, poor little dears!

There was very little going on. The ladies had two or three *hookahs* mounted in silver, and would smoke a little now and then, or would get up and change places, and be very noisy over it, much as you would be in playing "Post." In one part of the room were musicians, who sang wild songs, whilst a woman, dressed in striped yellow and black trousers, and pink and green, played a *tom-tom*. Another woman, with "rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes," or rather round her ankles, kept up a monotonous dance, or what looked more like a calisthenic exercise; she waved her arms, jogged a few steps on one side, and then on the other, changed feet a dozen times, and began again.

(*To be continued.*)

INDIAN WIDOWS' UNION.

The Dépôt for the work done by the Indian widows is now at Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury. Miss Sandys is constantly receiving parcels of the work from Amritsar and Peshawar, and will be glad to send samples of it to friends.

Miss MacGregor, Hon. Sec. of I.W.U., 30, Clanricade Gardens, will give information or forward kind gifts of *kurtas*, spectacles, &c., to India for widows connected with our industrial classes.

Prize Competition.

THE following prizes are offered for the best answers to Scripture and Missionary Acrostics and Puzzles, which will be printed alternately in each number of this magazine throughout the year :—

For answers in both subjects : First Prize, 15s. ; Second, 10s.

For Scripture only, 5s.

For Missionary Questions only, 5s.

This competition is open to all readers, but answers must be accompanied by a statement whether the competitor is over or under twenty-one years of age, and the name, address, and calling (if any) must be given, as should several answers be of equal merit, these conditions will be considered in awarding the prize. The only help in answering Scripture questions must be a Reference Bible, and answers must be sent in, marked Prize Competition, to the Editor of INDIA'S WOMEN, 9, Salisbury Square, before the first day of the month following that in which questions are given.

ANSWER TO AUGUST MISSIONARY ENIGMA.

(1) Trevandrum.

(2) San Yong.

(3) Saurian.

(4) Kashmir.

(5) Narowal.

(6) Alwaye.

Answers have been received from :—

C. M. R. B.

E. M. C.

G. M. F.

J. K. F.

E. L.

H. L.

L. W. M.

M. S. N.

C. M. P.

M. E. P.

J. R.

E. W.

M. C. W.

MISSIONARY ACROSTIC.

A bond which ages past have forged ;

Time-honoured, yet deplored

By Hindus versed in Western lore,

Who scorn to bow the knee before

The gods their sires adored.

- (1) A hill station where a late C.E.Z. missionary spent the last two years of her life.
- (2) A language much used in North India and usually written in the Persic character.
- (3) A people to whom belongs a district with a name meaning the Skirt of the Mountains.
- (4) The capital of a Native State where our missionaries live, surrounded by a Christian community, brought through their means from the ranks of Heathenism.
- (5) A C.E.Z. missionary who has established an industrial school for poor Mohammedan ladies in South-Western India.
- (6) A station which is the home of the royal family of a Native State of South India.

The answers can be found from INDIA'S WOMEN published since January, 1892.

Notice.

* * * All Communications, Contributions, Books for Review, &c., &c., are to be addressed to The Editor, C.E.Z.M.S., 9, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Articles for the forthcoming issue must be received by the 15th of the second previous month; short notices by the 5th of previous month.



A GROVE IN CEYLON

INDIA'S WOMEN.



Leave Taking.

WINDS and waves fulfil the Word of Him Who has them at command ; but if ever the mighty voice of many waters rises as a Psalm of Praise, it may well be when they bear Light-bearers to the Lands of Darkness. How many messengers of Christ will swell the ranks of His conquering army this autumn, it is impossible to ascertain. We may count with gladness the great band of C.M.S. and other missionaries leaving our shores, but the list would be incomplete without the number sailing from the great continents of America and Australia.

We have bidden farewell to thirty-five ladies of our own Society. A large proportion are now on their way to India ; some few will probably have landed by the time this magazine is read, for they longed to relieve overburdened fellow-labourers, and started before our Valedictory Meeting took place on October 10th. Three of them received their Instructions at the General Committee on September 26th (see p. 499). By the kindness of the Rev. Canon Acheson, our Annual Communion

Service for outgoing missionaries and their friends was held in All Souls' Church, Regent Street, on the morning of the 10th at 11.30, when 130 were present. Canon Acheson addressed some helpful words to the missionaries on *Psa. cxxxviii. 8*, giving them this verse as a prayer for their pupils, and to the workers generally on *St. John xv. 9*, reminding them of their "wellspring of strength and encouragement."

The Valedictory Meeting took place in Queen's Hall, Regent Street. The Rev. E. B. Hartley presided at the organ. After a short voluntary, "How lovely are the messengers," the singing of hymns began at two o'clock, and continued whilst the audience assembled, until Sir Charles U. Aitchison took the Chair at 2.30. Amongst the friends of the Society who were present, in addition to C.E.Z.M.S. Secretaries, we recognised the Venerable Archdeacon Richardson, the Revs. Canon Acheson, A. Eliwn, P. Ireland Jones, G. S. Karney, G. R. Thornton; G. Arbuthnot, E. Hooper, E. Stock, Esqs.; Dr. Weaver. The ready and efficient help of gentlemen who acted as stewards, and of ladies who formed or organised the choir, and certainly not least, of our kind organist, whose valuable time was given beforehand to choir practices, contributed to the quiet and sacred tone which pervaded the meeting. This labour of love cannot lose the reward which they will most value—the acceptance of their Master. A letter was read from the Rev. F. E. Wigram expressing his regret that urgent duty at the C.M.S. House prevented him from being present.

The meeting was opened by the Rev. G. R. Thornton, who read passages telling of the commission of the risen Saviour, from *St. Matt. xxviii.* and *1 Cor. xv.*, and offered prayer.

The Chairman said:—

This is now the sixth Valedictory Meeting of our Society at which I have presided. These annual gatherings of ours are milestones on the road of life, reminding us how far the journey has gone, how the day is far spent for the youngest and most vigorous of us, and exhorting us to work while it is yet day.

Year after year, we hear the same cry of the perishing for help. Year

after year, we have the same tale of open doors which, for want of agents or of funds, we are unable to enter, of opportunities presented of which we cannot avail ourselves, of cries for help to which we are forced with aching hearts to turn a deaf ear.

We are sending out this year a goodly band of devoted women, both old workers and new. But there is work for double the number if we had

them to send. We want many more trained medical missionaries. We especially want one for Quetta, where the door has been opened in a marvellous way. We want two more Zenana ladies for Kashmir. We want a medical lady and a Zenana lady for Dera Ismail Khan. We are opening a hospital at Batala and shall want a medical lady there. In fact, the work is only limited by the limited means.

In China we have this dreadful war, which for a time threatens to check Mission work, though doubtless it will in due time be overruled for the furtherance of the Gospel. But in India the time never was more favourable for the spread of Christian truth than it is at this moment. Of late years there has been a great shaking of the dry bones, a questioning, inquiring, and groping after truth. And although we have in England the sad spectacle of an Englishwoman, brought up in the Christian faith, professing herself a Hindu, the Hindus are themselves losing their old belief. They are discovering that it fails to satisfy the soul of man, and they are earnestly searching for something better. As one of their own writers has said, the name of Jesus is oftener on the lips of some than the name of Ram.

In these days we need ladies of devoted personal consecration. The day of miracles is gone; but it was not on miraculous gifts the Apostles relied. The day of the gift of tongues is gone; but the ancient world was not converted by the gift of tongues. But, thanks be to God, the day of the

baptism of the Holy Spirit is not gone; and it is through Him alone the world is to be convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. If we have no miraculous gifts, we have many other advantages which the Apostles did not possess. The furthest ends of the earth are nearer to us now than Rome was to Jerusalem. And through the open Bible now circulated in more than three hundred languages, the Heathen World is prepared for the evangelist in a way that was not known to St. Paul.

We have all needful appliances if only we have the faith to use them aright. What we need is the baptism of the Holy Ghost in answer to continuous, believing prayer in the church, in the homes, and in the closets of Christian people. We are thankful for a highly educated agency; we want the very best we can get. We want the most complete medical training; we want the very best linguistic talent; we want the highest literary ability; we want the most attractive social qualities; we want indeed to press the best of everything into the service of the Master. But all these are spurious coins if they have not the true mint mark, the deep stamp of intense spirituality. If there be not the baptism of fire from the Holy Ghost, the best earthly qualities are but dross.

And there must be this baptism, not only on our missionaries, but on those to whom they are sent. I sometimes think we are too one-sided when we pray that our missionaries may be endowed with spiritual gifts

and forget to ask that the Holy Ghost may fall on all them that hear the Word, as He fell on Cornelius and his household when Peter was preaching. When speaker and hearer are alike

penetrated by the holy fire, the circuit is completed which lights up the soul with the light of saving truth. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

The following Instructions of the Committee were read by the Clerical Secretary:—

Twice in the song of Deborah are the people of God called upon to bless His Name on account of those who had been led to volunteer for service in the war against their oppressors. The inspired prophetess begins, according to the Revised Version, with the words, "For that the leaders took the lead in Israel: for that the people offered themselves willingly, bless ye the Lord." And again, verse 9, we read, "My heart is toward the governors of Israel that offered themselves willingly among the people: bless ye the Lord." Or, according to the marginal rendering, the volunteers for whom God is blessed in verse 1 are called themselves to join in the song of praise. "Ye that offered yourselves willingly among the people, bless ye the Lord." We do not forget that in that war of old the chief of the oppressors fell by the hand of a woman.

To-day we would bless God for the band of sisters whom He has, we believe, called by His grace and constrained by His love to offer themselves willingly for the nobler work of binding up the broken-hearted, of claiming liberty to the captives, of the opening of the prison to them that are bound." For it is mainly by the hands of women that the deliverance

of India and China from the bondage of superstition and idolatry and from the thralldom of cruel and degrading customs is to be wrought.

Our hearts, too, go out in sympathy towards those whom we are met to commend to the grace and protection of God, and not less toward those—the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters—who are willingly surrendering loved ones for His Name's sake.

Our printed list to-day contains more names than in any preceding year. This is mainly due to the exceptionally large number of missionaries returning after ordinary furlough or sick-leave. Last year the proportion of these to new workers was twelve to twenty-one; this year it is seventeen to eighteen. The Committee are not without hope that ere the year closes the total of our reinforcements will not fall below, even if it does not rise above, the average of twenty which has been maintained during the past three years. In fact, we have just heard from the Secretary of our Australian Auxiliary of three promising candidates who have been accepted out of six who have lately been led to offer for missionary work, mainly in consequence of the earnest appeals of one

of our South Indian missionaries while on a visit to Australia. The Committee there are in correspondence with the Parent Committee with regard to their locations, and are prepared to send them as soon as means are forthcoming.

Of our new missionaries, twelve have had the advantage of a longer or shorter period of training at the "Willows."

In distributing their reinforcements the Committee have this year assigned ten to their *North India* Mission, the claims of which have, during the past two years, been very inadequately responded to. This Mission will also be strengthened by the return of four missionaries. We have also with us to-day a Bengali lady, Mrs. Chowdhry, returning shortly to India after a visit to this country, in the course of which she has rendered valuable aid in Deputation work, as she has long been a voluntary helper to our missionaries, formerly in Burdwan and now at Howrah.

The Committee are thankful that your way, *Miss Gore*, has at length been opened to resume work in India. It was a trial to you to be compelled, through urgent family circumstances, for a time to quit the mission-field. The Committee gratefully acknowledge the readiness with which, as far as home claims and health allowed, you have rendered help in Deputation work in England. In accordance with your expressed wish, you are returning to Zenana work in Bengal rather than to the charge of the Boarding-school in

Santalia. The Committee are asking you for the present to reside at Burdwan, where you were formerly associated in work with Miss E. Mulvany. In her absence, and in prospect of Miss Smith's approaching furlough in the spring, you will be prepared to take the general superintendence of the Zenana and the school work; the village work, together with the charge of the housekeeping, and accounts, being Miss Harding's special sphere.

Miss Hall, who is not able to be with us to-day, has had the Committee's sincere sympathy in the recent death of her sister, on whose account she also was called home from India. They quite understand that it is necessary for her departure to be postponed for a few weeks. In consideration of the strong representations which she and Miss Haitz have made on behalf of the unevangelized millions of Behar, an additional worker has been assigned to our Mission in that province. It has been arranged that, on her return to India, she should occupy and endeavour to develop work around the new centre of Jamalpur. In this work, you, *Miss Chambers*, have been appointed to assist. The Committee thank God that He has inclined your heart and made your way clear to follow your sister into the Mission-field. The Dublin Training Home will now have a representative in North India, as it has already contributed two workers to both the China and the South India Missions. Till Miss Hall arrives you will reside at the old station at Bhagalpur, where you may reckon upon a

warm welcome and wise and sympathetic guidance from Miss Haitz, who will be ready to give to Miss Hall and yourself the benefit of her experience in developing work at Jamalpur.

Miss Hensley has, with the Committee's sanction, already sailed for Australia, whence, after a short visit to her sister in Melbourne, she will proceed to rejoin the Mohammedan Mission in Calcutta.

The hope that six months' change and rest in England would sufficiently restore your health, *Miss Brown*, to justify your return this autumn to the Nuddea Village Mission has not been disappointed. In taking up work again, after your serious illness, you will feel it a duty to your fellow-labourers and the work to exercise special care not unduly to tax your strength. It will be easier to do this, because the Committee have decided to respond to the urgent appeal of Miss Dawe and of the C.M.S. for additional labourers. They have been led to select you, *Miss Frances* and *Miss Mary Leslie*, for this field. As twins you have grown up together, one in your thoughts and tastes and pursuits,—one, too, in spiritual experience, and in the desire to lay all at the Master's feet for His service. Those whom God has so closely knit together the Committee feel they dare not put asunder, albeit so many separate stations are needing reinforcement. Your past experience of sojourn and travelling in unfrequented parts of Spain may have been part of the Master's special training for the work

in which you will ere long be able to take your share. Your headquarters will be at Rhatnapur, and you will look for guidance in your future work from our valued missionary, Miss Dawe.

You, *Miss May* and *Miss Gertrude Davies-Colley*, sisters both in the flesh and in the Lord, whom we welcome as volunteers from the city of Manchester, will be located at Mirat, to strengthen the hands of Miss Stroelin, who at present is the only European missionary in that station. She will hail your arrival with much thankfulness, and you will find in her a wise and experienced leader, whose counsel you will do well to follow in regard to methods of work.

The Committee are appointing you, *Miss Edith Kent*, to work in the Normal School at Calcutta, under the direction of the Lady Superintendent, Miss Hunt. Your special charge will be the Training Class of Native Christian young women. You have had the advantage, during two terms at the Home and Colonial, of gaining practical insight into the best methods of teaching. In entering into the labours of your predecessor, now Mrs. E. T. Sandys, it will be your aim not only to maintain the high standard of efficiency already reached, but above all to co-operate with Miss Hunt in her constant desire that those who will go forth from the school as teachers should carry with them the savour of Christ in purity of motive and aim, in humility of spirit and consistency of walk.

The prospect of reinforcements from Australia for our Telugu Mission has enabled the Committee, at the last moment, to supply the urgent need of a Lady Superintendent for the new Training Home for assistant missionaries at Baranagore, by asking you, *Miss Ashwin*, to undertake this important charge, instead of taking, as originally proposed, the superintendence of schools at Masulipatam. They have every confidence that, in entrusting this work to your hands, you will seek above all things by systematic instruction in God's Word, and by sympathetic and wise personal counsel, to develop in the candidates for missionary work that spiritual tone which will commend and enforce the teaching of their lips. You will find in Miss Highton and Miss Evans friends of earlier years, who will give you a warm welcome; and Miss Evans will gladly place at your service her experience in applying to the conditions of a Training Home in India your knowledge of educational work in England.

Two new workers are assigned to the village centres in the neighbourhood of Calcutta.

It has been pressed upon the Committee that additional help is needed for Howrah, if the Christian women there and at Andul are to receive the regular teaching of which they stand in need. At present the demands of the directly evangelistic work tax to the utmost the energies of our small band of labourers. You, *Miss Connie Dickson*, not the only one whom Scandinavia has contributed to our ranks,

have gained much valuable experience during your three years' residence at the "Willows," of which the Committee trust that Howrah will reap the benefit. You will find Miss Sandys and Miss Rainsford Hannay ready with a cordial welcome to the mission-house.

You, *Miss Scott*, who have, before coming to the "Willows," had varied experience of Christian work in Glasgow, will, on your arrival in India, proceed to Baranagore. For the first few months you will reside with Miss Highton, and on her leaving it is hoped that Miss Evans may be free from her duties at the Training Home to superintend the Zenana and school Bengali work in which you will be preparing to take your share.

You, *Miss Margaret Hall*, are not a stranger to life and work in India, having originally accompanied your brother to Bengal, and having since his marriage taken part in the C.M.S. Girls' School under Miss Neele at Calcutta. At the suggestion and on the recommendation of the C.M.S., the Committee have accepted you for Zenana work at Jabalpur. Not only was the medical opinion in favour of a transfer from Bengal to the drier climate of the Central Provinces, but it was felt that you would find in Zenana visitation, rather than in regular school teaching, a suitable and congenial sphere. Your knowledge of Bengali will be of service at Jabalpur, and it may also be desirable for you to acquire Hindi. You are prepared, the Committee believe, to work loyally under Miss Branch's guidance. In

her you will have a wise and experienced counsellor.

Of ten missionaries who are returning to the Punjab and Sindh, only six are present to-day, and four of the five who have been newly appointed to stations in this Mission.

Our veteran honorary missionary *Miss Clay*, who originated the Punjab Village Mission, and to whose personal efforts and pecuniary support its development is largely due, has already sailed. Failing health obliges her to consider this as a farewell visit to India of only a few months. She goes to introduce to the work at Khutrain *Miss Barthorp*, who has been selected by the Committee of the Keswick Convention, and will be maintained by them as their representative working in connexion with our Society.

Our honorary missionary, *Miss Catchpool*, and *Miss Bartlett* are also on their way to India, the former to resume the superintendence of the work at Narowal, the latter to rejoin the staff of St. Catherine's Hospital.

Miss Werthmüller, after devoting some portion of her furlough to gaining further medical experience at Berne, is taking some weeks of complete and needed rest in her native land before starting, as she hopes to do, early in December direct to Peshawar, so as to be able to lighten the burden of responsibility which awaits Dr. Charlotte Wheeler on resuming during the winter months her medical work.

Committee share your hope, *Fitcheson*, that in the course

of this month you will obtain your diploma. After the strain and close application which a medical course involves, you are entitled to, and will need, the rest which a few weeks' sojourn with your family at the Cape will secure, before taking over the responsible charge of the Hospital at Peshawar. They rejoice with you in the prospect of taking up again the work which, eleven years ago, you were permitted to begin and to carry on, not without encouragement, amid very difficult conditions. Returning with a recognised professional qualification, you will find a larger and more commodious building in which to receive your patients. The Committee are well assured that your paramount aim and purpose is, and will be, that the medical work should be subordinated to, and employed as the handmaid of, the Gospel.

The needs of the Zenana branch of the work at Peshawar, in which, since *Miss Robertson's* return to England, *Miss Phillips* has been labouring alone, have not been forgotten. The Committee very thankfully accepted your offer of service, *Miss Houghton*, believing that in the experience gained in a large Liverpool parish, God had been giving you the needed training for a position which requires, in no ordinary degree, courage combined with tact and patience.

You, *Miss Hobbs*, are returning, strengthened, the Committee trust, by your sojourn in England, to your old station at Jandiala. They cannot forbear mentioning your offer, which they felt they could not wisely sanction,

to curtail your period of rest by some months, in order that Miss Parslee might be set free to take her furlough. It will now be a great relief to Miss Parslee to have you again at her side. When she does leave for England in the spring, the Committee feel they may with confidence ask you to take the responsible superintendence of the work, with the assistance of Miss Judd and Mrs. Partinkar.

You, *Miss Richardson*, the third worker whom Manchester has given us this year, will accompany Miss Hobbs to Jandiala, which you will find, when a sufficient knowledge of the language qualifies you for active service, an encouraging and important centre for village work.

The Committee are glad that you, *Miss Mary Dickson*, are allowed again to proceed to India, after being obliged through illness to spend a full period of furlough in England at an early stage of your missionary career. It will be necessary to take up work cautiously, and as the Committee do not feel justified in throwing upon you an undue weight of responsibility, they have asked Miss Dewar to take the superintendence of the Mission, and they are quite sure that she may rely on being seconded by your loyal and sympathetic co-operation.

You, *Miss Dixie*, in returning to Batala, will sorely miss the honoured fellow-labourer by whose sympathy you have been cheered, by whose wise counsel you have been guided, and whose humble walk with God and whole-hearted consecration of time and talents to His service have been

at once an example and an inspiration. It has been to you a labour of love to forward to the utmost of your power while at home the erection of the new dispensary and nursing ward, in which she took so deep an interest. The Committee warmly approve the efforts you have made during your furlough to gain knowledge and experience which may be of service to you in the dispensary. Until such time as a fully qualified medical lady is available, it is necessary, though very difficult, firmly to resist the importunity of patients who plead for aid which your certificates do not authorise you to render, and to decline to treat cases which can only be safely or legally undertaken by those who have a surgical diploma. You will again have on your return the voluntary help of Miss Rosie Singha, a Punjabi lady, who, after a visit to this country, during which she has been gaining some nursing experience, has just gone back to India.

The Committee hailed it as the answer to many prayers when you, *Miss Mason*, were led, with the consent of the C.M.S., to transfer to us your office of service as an honorary missionary to fill at Batala the place left vacant by the home-call of their revered sister A.L.O.E. They can enter into the feeling which caused you to shrink from entering into the labours of one whose standard of service was so high; but you will not forget that the supply of the same Spirit of Jesus Christ Who wrought effectually in her is at the disposal of

your faith and our prayers. Those prayers will not be wanting on behalf of the friends of our departed sister, to whom your appointment has been a cause of much satisfaction, and you may also rely on the loyal support and co-operation of those already engaged in the Mission, who will naturally look to you as time goes on, and the language and experience are acquired, to take your place as Superintendent.

The Committee cannot bid farewell to you *Miss White* and *Miss Brook*, without gratefully acknowledging your offer to return to Sukkur some months ago, in order to prevent the temporary suspension of the work through *Miss Dawe's* illness, when *Miss Gordon* was left alone. They felt it better in the interests of the work that you, *Miss White*, should complete your period of needed rest; and that you, *Miss Brook*, should wait for the unqualified sanction of our Medical Referee before resuming work in a station where the heat is extreme. You will, with God's blessing, best secure a lengthened period of efficient service by careful attention to diet, by avoiding exposure to the sun, and unduly prolonged hours of work. Nor will you hesitate to take the full period of change recommended in the hottest part of the year. To you, *Miss White*, the general superintendence of the work will be entrusted, while your special department, *Miss Brook*, will lie, as before, in the dispensary, in which you will have *Miss Gordon* as your colleague.

You, *Miss Edith Brenton-Carey*, are

appointed to Karachi. Your aunt, who is now responsible head of the Mission, will gladly welcome you as a fellow-labourer, and will give you the benefit of her counsel in preparing for and taking up the special work which will be allotted to you.

Our *South India Mission* will be reinforced by two new ladies, and two who have already laboured there are about to return.

The Committee cordially rejoice with you, *Miss Oxley*, on being permitted to enter upon a third period of service in Madras. Your connexion with the work dates from 1876. The presence in Madras of other Societies working among the Hindu women renders the extension of your special branch of the work more difficult than that among the Mohammedans. Your aim will be to maintain in efficiency that which exists; and it is the Committee's prayer, as they know it is yours, that the seed sown may in the Master's own time spring up and bear the fruit of open confession of Christ and a walk worthy of Him.

You, *Miss Ewart*, are hoping soon to be free from the business which has required your presence for a time in England, and to take up again, at Bangalore, the work in which as an honorary missionary you have felt it a privilege to have a share.

The Committee are thankful that you do not return alone. They have the sanction of their Medical Referee to the acceptance of your offer of service, *Miss Potter*, as an honorary missionary on condition that you are

appointed to a healthy station, not in the plains. You will be able to fill the gap caused by Miss Denny's marriage. They would leave in Miss Smith's hands the decision of the branch of work to which you can be most usefully assigned.

The Committee are looking forward to the successful close of the medical course to which *Miss Amy Lillingston*, after leaving the "Willows," has been devoting her energies. They trust that by the beginning of next year she will be ready to undertake the charge of the *Gosha* Hospital now in course of erection at Bangalore. Its foundations have been laid with much prayer that it may prove a centre of lasting spiritual blessing as well as of bodily healing to many of our Mohammedans sisters. In this desire we are well persuaded that she also shares. She will be welcomed as the third member of her family who has been connected with the Bangalore Mission.

The present grave condition of affairs in *China*, while it calls for much prayer on behalf of our sisters in the Fuh-Kien Province, has caused the Committee much anxious consideration as to the wisdom of sending forth any new ladies.

Our sister, *Miss HESSIE NEWCOMBE*, who is about to return to *China*, is not with us to-day, it having been arranged, with the approval of her medical man, that she should travel *via* Canada and spend a few weeks *en route* with a brother.

You, *Miss WEDDERSPOON*, are at present our sole reinforcement for the

Fuh-Kien Mission. The Committee have finally decided that it will be well for your departure to be delayed for the present. They have good hope that another new worker may be ready in the course of two or three months. You will go as the representative of a lady in England who regards it as a privilege to be responsible for your maintenance in the field as she has already been for your training. Our Corresponding Secretary and the sisters in Fuh-Kien will give you a warm welcome. He, in consultation with the Ladies' Conference, will determine the station in which your help is most urgently needed.

To their special Instructions the Committee would add a word in grateful recognition of the valuable services rendered by many of their missionaries during their furlough in addressing larger or smaller gatherings throughout the country. The difficulty of meeting the demand, which, year by year, becomes more exacting, for speakers who can bear personal testimony concerning the work, never arises from any unwillingness of the ladies to speak, but from the paucity of those on whom we feel justified in making a call, which may defeat the very object of their sojourn in England. Nothing short of a distinct medical prohibition is sufficient to restrain willing helpers.

It is hardly necessary to remind those who are going forth for the first time that the first year or two abroad must be mainly given to study of the

language. This is the "next thing" to be done by those who would win the hearts of the people. But it must be done wisely. There is a danger of excessive and exclusive devotion to study. Overdoing is undoing. It is well to listen to the advice of older workers as to the hours which, day by day, can profitably be given to books and to the Munshi. A due amount of exercise should be regularly taken, and the hour for exercise should be wisely chosen.

Much may be learnt during the months of silence concerning the ways and prejudices of those to whom you are sent, which may keep you from giving needless offence.

Nor can you help preaching by tone, by gesture, and manner before you say one word with your lips. Many eyes are on the new missionary. She needs "to walk in wisdom towards them that are without," "to walk worthily of the vocation with which she is called; with all lowliness and meekness, forbearing one another in love, endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." It was of two women who laboured with him in the Gospel that St. Paul

wrote: "I beseech Euodias, and beseech Syntyche, that they be of the same mind in the Lord."

Do you say, How can this walk be maintained? Who is sufficient for these things—for the work of an evangelist, for the walk which commends and is consistent with the Gospel? The answer is from the Lord's own lips, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Christ's grace pardoning and cleansing; Christ's strength upholding, enabling in the midst of, and in spite of, conscious weakness; Christ's manifold grace set forth in the Word, revealed and applied by the Spirit, appropriated by faith, is fully sufficient in all circumstances and for all the needs of the life within, the work without, the trials around. If you would be strong, let His joy be your strength; and note the close connexion everywhere in Scripture between prayer and power, between delight in and meditation on the Word, and bearing in abundance fruit which shall remain. To His grace we commit you, "being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun the good work in you, will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ."

The Rev. Preb. Webb-Peploe gave the following valedictory address:—

Before I speak a few words of farewell to our sisters whom we are specially commending to the care of God and to the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, may I offer one word of encouragement to all the friends here, seems to me to rise from the
ions to which we have just

We have heard much concerning Miss Clay and Miss Barthorp, who have started together to take charge of the station at Khutrain, in the Punjab Mission. It is twenty years since, that, conducting a mission at Bewdley in Shropshire, I was permitted to make Miss Clay's acquaintance, and with much pleasure heard of her wish

to go forth as a missionary. Owing to her health she was strictly forbidden to attempt it both by medical men and by her friends. She spoke to me about it, and said, "I have nobody specially dependent upon me; the money God has entrusted to me would seem to be my own; I wish to devote it to His service; and I have counted the cost and am prepared to go forth in His Name." For twenty years she has been permitted to work in the Punjab Village Mission, and now a young child in the faith is going forth under her wing to commence the same work.

I have also a particular interest in Miss Barthorp, because I stand heretoday as the humble representative of the Keswick Convention, through which she has been specially trained for missionary work. There is encouragement in the thought that God has raised up one to devote her life to this work, before the retirement of His servant who for over twenty years He has sustained in it: and surely we must all take courage from the thought that if God has protected Miss Clay and enabled her for twenty years to do good work for Him in the field, we need not be afraid of leaving our younger sisters now in His hand. We have thankfully entrusted one of them into the care of Miss Clay to learn the work she herself has done so well. How much more can we confidently leave them all to Him Who has provided so long for her and for all who have trusted Him!

I am also personally interested in other ladies to whom I have been

asked to offer some special parting words.

God's Holy Word is the only right source of comfort and exhortation. I will ask you therefore to turn to Genesis xxiv. 2. I propose to deal with this striking passage as God's picture-book; and, through it, to set before you the peculiar privilege and responsibility which is being presented to you collectively and individually. You are to take up the position of Abraham's servant Eliezer (if, as we suppose, the elder servant was he) when going forth to seek a bride for his master's son. I should like you to realise in what character you go forth. Eliezer was actually a slave, and it is well for us to take up the thought, "I am truly the slave of Jesus Christ." It is helpful for us to remember that from the moment we become "the Lord's free men" by virtue of Christ's atoning work, we become the Lord's bond-slaves of our own free will; and that, being set free, we become free to serve Him. That is the real, deep meaning of the word "slaves" as used by St. Paul of himself and other Christians. The idea of slavery is painful when it comes before us in the Old Testament, but in the New it becomes the very type of liberty; the true child of God becomes the willing slave of his God, because that God is now his Saviour.

But like Eliezer, who went forth at Abraham's command to carry out a special commission, you go forth not only as "slaves" but as "stewards." You are entrusted by God with all your Master's riches, and with all your Master's power, that you may carry

out your Master's great command and business. He puts all into His servants' hands that they may become in the eyes of the world His really endowed and mightily privileged stewards. It is an awful and blessed responsibility to be the steward of our Heavenly Master and Father in Heaven—to be entrusted with His riches, and thus to have power for His business. We are endowed that we may represent our Lord to the world.

While then the first thought of your heart is, "I am the slave of the Lord, and I am setting forth to-day to do His bidding," you must also realise you are to so represent Him that all may see (exactly as, they saw in Abraham's steward when he arrived in the foreign land) that you are indeed entrusted by your Lord and Master with all His treasure and all His power. There comes before us in this picture the real key to the servant's success. His power consisted in seeking in everything to fulfil his master's wishes. No less than twenty-three times in this one chapter we read that striking word, "Master." Nineteen times the servant repeats, "My master"; three times it is said concerning him, and once he says it again concerning Isaac. It is exceedingly instructive that he should take up this position, and never for a moment seem to lose sight of it. "I am but my master's slave, and I go to represent my master": that thought pervaded all his life, and actuated every single thing *that he did*; and if *you* are to be successful you must go with that

blessed conviction fixed deeply in your souls. "It is for my Master I work; my Master's honour is at stake: His wishes are to be fulfilled, not mine. His praise will be my reward." Of this man Abraham had once said, "This Eliezer of Damascus, my steward, is my heir." This Eliezer, once apparently the heir to the property and power, now that his master has received a son, rejoices to lay aside his own position. He is filled with joy at the thought that the inheritance is to pass to his Master's son, and that he is allowed to seek his bride for him.

Observe, moreover, how he carried out his commission. Wherever he went, this Eliezer had one single message to give; his one thought; and his one desire was to fulfil his master's behest; and his first thought is to pray to his God in heaven to bless and prosper his master and his business. When he appears before strangers, he tells them, "I represent my master, from whom I come." When there is any real hope of obtaining the bride whom he has come to seek, and he is called to speak of the wealth that he possesses, and to make gifts from the riches that he has brought with him, he says, "I only represent my master's wealth; my master's power; and out of my master's riches I give to you." And the one great thought that I would wish to impress upon you is, that you go forth with the very same kind of commission as Abraham's servant; endowed with riches exactly as Eliezer was endowed by his lord; with the very

same purpose, viz. to win a bride for the true spiritual Isaac, Who gave His life upon Mount Moriah for the salvation of the Heathen and of the whole world. You go forth with the same amount of privilege and power, of which Eliezer made such a splendid use, and should live incessantly in communion with God, and in the same holy spirit of expectant prayer which marked the career of Abraham's steward. I know no other case in Scripture in which any man feeling himself to be but a servant or steward so completely entrusted himself to the God of heaven and the God of his master Abraham, as Eliezer the steward from Damascus did. One living thought pervaded his whole being, in addition to the complete sense of obedience to his master, viz. that he may trust the Lord God of Abraham to bless him in the way in which he goes. St. Paul, in speaking to the Galatians, and through them to all Christian churches, says, "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise." You, God's servants, His voluntary slaves, stewards of the manifold grace of God, go forth to represent your Lord with one commission, one message, one blessed certainty of success, if you abide in one happy, holy, sense of dependence upon the Lord God of Abraham Who can never fail those who have been made heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.

And now, before I close, may I ask you to specially remember this?—how, when the man arrives at a certain point in the unknown land—totally unknown

to him, perhaps, for we cannot tell whether he had gone forth with Abraham in his earlier life of wandering,—when Eliezer comes into the country to which he is sent, his first thought is to kneel down by the well of waters, and there to lift up his soul in holy prayer, that he may know the pleasure and will of the great God of his master Abraham, in the assurance that that God will bring the right woman to the place, where he may offer her the message and command of his master.

And *your* first great duty will surely be, when you arrive in an unknown land, to place yourself simply at the feet of your God, and to be quite sure that in the Lord's own time and leisure He will bring the right woman to you at the well of the water of Life, for you to deliver the message your Master has entrusted to you.

Again, when the man sees the woman coming for whom he has so expectantly been asking, and when he finds that the very one whom he would have chosen is already before him, his first action is to lift up his soul and bless the Lord God of Abraham and to thank Him Who has thus prospered him on his way. Ah! my sisters, never forget that God Who gives you the answer to prayer, ought at least to have praise in the presence of the Heathen women. Eliezer could not tell what Rebekah was, or if she indeed was a believer at all. Never forget, in the presence of Heathen women, to lift up your eyes to heaven, and openly to render back your praises to God for the abundant mercies He has shown you, when He brings the women to

His feet through you. Pray that God may give you something of Eliezer's intensity of devotion to the message with which he was entrusted. Rebekah's people, when he enters the house, desire that he should think of himself and eat; but he says, "I will not eat until I have told mine errand." Do not suppose I wish you to abstain from necessary food or to neglect the body; but think first of the commission that God has entrusted to you. Be instant in season and out of season; ceaseless in telling the errand that your God has delivered to you. When the time of temptation comes, and you are inclined to yield to persuasions to linger in the place of rest; when others try to make you delay but a short time, even for "ten days," remember the answer of Eliezer: "Send me away to my master." Again, when they press you, think of his answer: "Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way."

And if I dare apply these words to the close of your commission and of your service, I will ask you to think what a glorious privilege it will be for you if you shall have finished the work that God gives you to do; if you shall have been honourable to the trust committed to you, and have secured some part of the Master's Bride (according to the spiritual meaning of the figure), how glorious it will be in the hour of your departure from this world to be able to say, "Send me away that I may go home to my Master, and I will take to my Master

the one thing that He desires." And when you stand close to the throne of your God, and look into the eyes of the true Isaac (Who has been waiting meditatively in the field, constantly yearning for the arrival of His servant with the completed Bride upon whom His heart has been set), how blessed to be able to lift up your eyes, and as you lead forward the women whom you bring with you to say, "It is my Master." What must the joy have been to Eliezer when Rebecca lifted up her wondering eyes and lighted off her camel to prostrate herself before Isaac. If there is a joy that shall last through eternity, and yet shall be condensed into one single moment, I trow it will be when the true message-givers and stewards, one by one, are able to look up into the true Master's face, as they return to Him with their commission fulfilled.

Unlike Launcelot, faithless to Arthur, taking advantage of his opportunity to become lord of the heart of Guinevere,—not so must it be with us. If we are faithful as Eliezer, and as all the true apostles of Christ should be, we shall say, "Not unto us, but unto Thy name be glory and praise." And as we lay our living crowns at our Master's feet, and lift up our eyes to Him, we shall see the one divine beam of joy spreading over the face of our Master in heaven, and hear Him say to us, all unworthy as we are, "It is enough; well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The Collection at the Meeting was 43*l.* 9*s.* The Offertory at the Service in church was 5*l.*



AT the *General Committee* on *Wednesday, September 26th*, the application that Miss B. Abdullah should be appointed to help in the medical work at St. Catherine's, when Miss Sharp takes furlough next spring, was sanctioned.

An application by Miss Dixie for a grant of 10*l.* for medicines required at the Batala Dispensary was also sanctioned.

The prospectus regarding the commencement of the North India School of Medicine for Christian Women was brought before the notice of the Committee.

At one o'clock the Committee, who were joined by a few friends, took farewell of Miss Catchpool and Miss Bartlett returning, and Miss Barthorp going forth for the first time, to the Punjab. The following Instructions were read by the Clerical Secretary :—

The Committee have invited you to meet them to-day because it has been arranged that you should leave England before the date of the Farewell Meeting at which their Instructions

will be given to their missionaries who are either returning to or entering for the first time on work in India. You, *Miss Catchpool*, urged upon the Committee the importance

of arriving at Narowal at an early date, in order that none of the camping-out season might be lost.

And you, *Miss Bartlett*, were anxious to rejoin Miss Hewlett as soon as possible to relieve her of the extra burden of responsibility which rests on her in consequence of the illness of Miss Frances Sharp. The Committee are glad to take this opportunity of bidding you cordially God-speed in entering on a second period of service in India. They would thank you warmly for the help willingly rendered in Deputation work, and devoutly praise God for the high spiritual tone which, by His grace, you have been enabled to maintain in your appeals on behalf of India's Women. They trust that you have been enabled to secure, especially during the past few weeks, the complete rest for mind and body which is essential in view of the strain and responsibilities of work abroad. It is hardly necessary to trouble you with specific instructions.

You, Miss Catchpool, will resume, on your arrival at Narowal, the general superintendence of the work there. Miss Reuther will be mainly responsible for the medical work, and Miss Middleton will by this time be ready to take some active share in the instruction of the Christian women and in itineration.

You, Miss Bartlett, will gladly take your accustomed part in the manifold branches of work of which St. Catherine's is the centre.

The Committee are glad to become personally acquainted with you, *Miss Barthorp*, and to assure you of a cor-

dial welcome into the ranks of their workers as the chosen representative maintained by the Keswick Convention. It is in accordance with their wishes that you should be associated with Miss Clay in the village work. You will, on arriving in India, reside with her in the house which she has erected and occupies at Khutrain. At present the Committee cannot make any definite arrangement with regard to companionship and permanent location, when, as they fear, after a few months Miss Clay will retire from active service abroad. The matter is having the Committee's prayerful consideration, and it is quite understood that in any proposal regard will be had to the wish of the Keswick Committee that they should be consulted.

The Committee, in commending you to the Master's grace and protection, would remind you of words addressed by Him to His servant St. Paul when oppressed by a sense of utter weakness and insufficiency for the work to which he had been called: "My grace is sufficient for thee"; and by the same Apostle to Timothy, his own son in the faith: "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." The supply is more than enough for all the manifold needs of the soul and of the work; be it yours day by day and hour by hour to maintain unbroken communication with the Source of supply, that by the Spirit, through faith, there may be the continued inflow of that grace, and through you an abundant outflow in holy influence and words of truth and wisdom for the quickening and refreshment of others.

WORK IN THE PROVINCES.

Maidstone.—The meetings held on August 7th and 8th were rendered additionally attractive this year by the presence of a living representative of our Indian sisters. Mrs. Chowdry, a Bengali lady, whose ancestors were of the highest Brahmin caste, has for many years been connected with the C.E.Z.M.S. The workers at home rejoice to come in contact with such fellow-helpers abroad, and they confidently expect that the Master will use her testimony to bring before many minds the darkness and the suffering in her native land as an awful reality. Colonel and Mrs. Urmston invited a large company of friends (including many of the neighbouring clergy) to meet at Ardenlee on the 7th, when the Hon. W. Sugden spoke and Mrs. Chowdry read a paper. In this she stated that the word "zenana" is of Persian, not Bengali, origin, and that the system of seclusion connected with it is foreign to the country. In ancient times kings freely introduced their queens into society, when occasion demanded, and in the old sacred books there is not a single sentence which enjoins the strict seclusion of women or forbids giving them education. In those days there were learned women among them, of whom any country might be proud, and then freedom of choice in the selection of their husbands was allowed. The conquest of India by the Mohammedans tended powerfully to degrade the position of women, and the Zenana system of the present day can be traced back to their rule. It was through the Mohammedans that the women had lost every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the outside world and had become ignorant and superstitious. After describing the Hindu woman as the most religious creature in the world, though like St. Paul having zeal without knowledge, she concluded with an earnest appeal to those who had the light of God's truth to lay to heart their solemn responsibility in His sight, and to help to point these poor deluded ones to the Living Stream which alone can quench their thirst and revive their souls. The interest excited was shown by a considerable increase in the amount collected and by a large outlay on books.

The meeting in the town was held at the Hollingworth Hall the next day, Sir F. Goldsmid presiding. Colonel Urmston, as treasurer, reported that during the year a *conversazione* had taken place and that the Association was making some advance. Mrs. Chowdry again read a very well-written paper, and Miss Sugden related some of her experiences during a twelve years' residence in India.

At Sandford St. Martin, near Oxford, the Hon. W. Sugden also acted as Deputation on August 10th, addressing an appreciative audience assembled at the kind invitation of Mrs. Guest, of Sandford Park. A cup of tea and a ramble in the grounds closed a pleasant afternoon.

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On September 7th, Lady Vernon asked a large number of her friends and neighbours to meet Miss Sugden at Poynton Towers. About ninety-five were present and 12*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* was collected; books were purchased to the amount of 16*s.* 2*d.*, also 2*l.* worth of widows' work.

* * *

On August 8th, Mrs. Shirt attended the Brimington Convention at Chesterfield as the Society's representative. The large tent was crowded in the evening, and it was said many were present on that occasion who then heard for the first time of the needs of India's Women. Later in the month, Mrs. Shirt went into Suffolk, visiting Barmingham, Eye, and Pakefield, where she noted promising signs of advance. In Lancashire, she gave an address at Silverdale Vicarage, where a new start is being made, and it was resolved to try to double the amount subscribed. At Blackburn, she held a public and a drawing-room meeting in one of the parishes. She mentions a telling instance of self-denial. The "mothers" belonging to a large meeting, conducted by the Vicar's wife, who are in the habit of making a yearly excursion together, decided after hearing the address that they would give up their trip this year, and have a 6*d.* tea at home instead, for which they would pay 1*s.*, the profits to go to the C.E.Z.M.S. Might not some of us take a hint from them how to gain some additional funds for our charity purse?

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In Derbyshire, Miss Dixie and Miss Singha went to Derby, Bakewell, Chesterfield, Matlock Bath, and Bonsall. At the latter they had a meeting of villagers, and Miss Singha's appearance in native dress proved attractive.

* * *

Miss Swainson has been bringing the Sarah Tucker Institution before old friends and new. At Dewsbury she spoke at a lay-readers' quarterly meeting, where work among Sunday-schools is specially taken up. The Bishop's chaplain makes it part of his duty to inquire about the mis-

sionary interest in each school of the diocese, and to send a lay-reader to give an address.

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The C.E.Z. annual sale of work took place at South Lopham Rectory, Norfolk, on August 13th. This is the eleventh year in which the effort has been made to raise funds amongst the villagers by this means; it is gratifying to find that the interest is well sustained, the amount realised having increased to 12*l.* 12*s.*

M. E. C.

VALEDICTORY MEETINGS OF OTHER SOCIETIES FOR THE WOMEN OF THE EAST.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE EAST.

This Society, the earliest to begin work amongst the women in India, held its Farewell Meeting on Tuesday, October 9th, in Exeter Hall. The ladies of whom the Committee took leave were the Misses Johnstone and Eyre, who are returning to Hong Kong, Miss Bland returning to the Agra Zenana Mission, and Miss Eger, M.D., to the Mooltan Medical Mission. Miss Baker, a new worker, was going to Hong Kong. The Rev. A. Brooke-Webb presided, and the Rev. Ll. Lloyd, C.M.S., Foochow, addressed the missionaries, taking for his subject the mission of Christ's seventy disciples.

ZENANA, BIBLE, AND MEDICAL MISSION.

On Tuesday afternoon, October 16th, the Zenana, Bible, and Medical Mission bade farewell to thirteen missionaries in St. Martin's Town Hall, twelve of whom were new. These ladies were Miss Baumann, for Jaunpur; Miss Cornall, L.R.C.P. & S. Edin., who is going to the Lucknow Hospital; Misses Catt, Hayward, and Kenward, for Gorakhpur; Miss Crawford Hill, for Lahore; Miss Harris, for Bombay; Miss M. Smith, for Benares; Misses M. Hill and Price, for Jaunpur; and Misses Sims, Thompson, and Willison, for Malegaon (Western India). Mr. T. A. Denny took the chair, and the Rev. Prebendary Webb-Peploe gave the valedictory address.

C.E.Z.M.S. TRAVANCORE MISSION.

By the wish of the Committee, Miss Blandford has abandoned her plan mentioned in *INDIA'S WOMEN*, Sept., p. 389, of spending three months in the Bombay Presidency in order to pass an examination in Marathi.



ANOTHER page tells of the blow which has fallen upon our Mission in Tinnevely. Miss Munro, one earnest worker whose Annual Letter is printed in this Number, is at rest. News of this character has a tendency to drive every other thought into the background. But it is the sorrow-stricken fellow-missionaries who now need our thought and sympathy. The danger of cholera in India, the disturbance of war in China, unknown possibilities everywhere, call us to bear them on our hearts before Him in Whose Hands they are safe and may be kept in perfect peace.

We are bold to expect a ready acceptance of an apology to missionaries abroad whose Annual Letters are waiting for the next Number ; for they will not grudge the space given to an account of taking leave of thirty-five missionaries. Compared with the urgent entreaties for reinforcements, this number is very small ; there is scarcely a station where the workers are not begging for help to extend, if not simply to maintain, the work. The Letters from Abroad need little introduction. Miss C. Blyth is now the superintendent of the South Tinnevely Mission, for we have lost Miss Gehrich, through her marriage with the Rev. A. H. Lash, C.M.S. Dummagudem, the headquarters of a Mission to the Kois, a hill tribe, belongs to the Telugu Mission. Our Island Mission, Ceylon, tells its own story.

TINNEVELLY.

In and around Palamcottah.

BY MISS C. BLYTH.

SINCE my last Annual Letter to INDIA'S WOMEN, our work has seen many changes; but I must confine myself to what has happened since my return, after furlough, at the end of November, with Miss Max as my new fellow-worker. Six weeks afterwards, we had to part with Miss Fitton (now Mrs. A. N. C. Storrs) in her character as Zenana worker. Though her time with us was short, we could not fail to miss her sweet unselfishness in the home life. We were anticipating Miss Gehrich's return, but now we hear we are to lose her also on her marriage with the Rev. A. H. Lash, C.M.S. It is a real sorrow to our Tamil fellow-workers to lose her, as well as to ourselves, though we would wish her God-speed in her new position. In the autumn, too, we shall have to say "good-bye" for a time to Miss Kember, who will join her parents, now on furlough in England—I am afraid some of the teachers and pupils will be tempted to grudge her the holiday.

It is twenty years since first the Bible-women's work was started by Mrs. Lewis, and now the part which is apportioned to me and my fellow-workers is carried on in Palamcottah, Tinnevelly Town, and the adjacent villages to about the distance of five miles, and from Palamcottah directly south to the distance of twenty-four

miles. The work seems to divide itself into three parts, teachers or Bible-women, pupils, and converts.

Our Teachers or Bible-women.

Now we have our band of twenty-four workers complete. The beginning of the year opened sadly in one respect: a teacher who had been here for fourteen years had to be dismissed, chiefly for neglect of duty. It was not an easy task to send away one of the old workers who had been with Mrs. Lewis, but we felt her influence for good was at an end. For some time no one could be found in her place, but an offer for service came at last from a helper who seems most suitable, and who, we believe, is going forth daily with a desire to do her Master's Will. One who has been in the learner's place for the last two years has just begun teaching.

Feeling strongly that we had made no effort to reach the Hindustani-speaking Mohammedans, either in the town of Tinnevelly or in Palamcottah, we placed a young widow for training under Miss Swainson's care at the Sarah Tucker Institution, where she learnt to read Hindustani. We hope she will learn to speak it too. An old woman, whom we laughingly call her chaperone, goes with her as companion from house to house.

We know that we may meet with

much trial in this work, for the name of Christ is enough to close the doors of these Southern Mohammedans against us. They are a contrast to the Hindu women, who allow us to speak openly to them, not only of our God, but of their idols.

Our other teachers remain the same. Only two of our staff give up their whole time to preaching and singing in villages and towns. Perhaps they *see* most fruit, because they come more into contact with low-caste people. The others combine the characters of Bible-women and Zenana teachers; they go only into the high-caste houses, where the women would not, as a rule, get opportunities of hearing the "good news." They have their fixed, simple lessons, and take every opportunity of telling of the One True God, often speaking daily to from eight to fifteen women (besides their pupils), who will gather round them in the houses.

The character of the teachers is as varied as that of their pupils. There is the pastor's widow who yearns over the Hindus, and, in her anxiety to win them, almost approaches to scolding them, and whose pupils are well prepared, whether her work is often inspected or not. There is the young, bright teacher, who has a pride in her teaching, and who has pupils learning English in addition to other lessons,

and who would feel disgraced if every lesson was not correctly said. There is the mother of big lads, who sits gently down by her pupils' side, often sharing their books, whose chief merit is her Scripture knowledge, and her chief defect her method of imparting reading. There is the fiery little teacher, whose Bible stories are told with dramatic force and skill, who has difficulty in settling down to the prose of routine lessons. There is the teacher whose position is good but education defective, and yet whose method of teaching is such, that the pupil outsteps her and yet continues to go on learning. There is the teacher with whose pupils no fault can be found, whose gentle, loving manner wins them, and who is content to sit by a young girl with cholera (though she has little ones at home) to cheer and strengthen her in her faith, that she might withstand her parents' efforts to perform Heathen ceremonies over her. The scolding teacher, who utters her reproach in loud tones, "I have taught you all this, and now you know nothing," is, we believe, fast disappearing; not that the type of "know nothing" pupil has disappeared, but experience has proved the value of patience. Often have we been struck with the gentleness of some of the teachers over the most terribly dull pupil.

Part of Miss Blyth's paper is reserved for want of space. She has warmly acknowledged the help she has received from Miss Kember, the daughter of the Rev. T. and Mrs. Kember of the C.M.S., who has devoted four afternoons in the week to visiting in the Zenanas. A bright letter from Miss Kember herself is very welcome:—

Within the Homes.

BY MISS KEMBER.

Weddings and their Results.

This is the auspicious month for Tamil weddings. Weddings affect our work in other ways besides carrying off the pupils. The other day, when Miss Blyth and I went with one of the Bible-women to visit in the Police Lines, only *two* girls were able to see us ; all the rest were either being married or attending marriage festivities. Fortunately, it is not the unhealthy time of the year, so we have no interruptions on the score of sickness.

We usually start out about 2.30, taking the Bible-woman with us in the bullock *bandy*, and have time till about six o'clock to see from five to eight pupils. We have some quite old friends amongst the pupils, but we often feel that it is almost impossible to get to know the unmarried girls, as they leave us soon for other places at their marriage.

Yesterday afternoon we went to see some favourite Brahmin pupils whom I have been visiting every Monday. They are most attractive and affectionate girls. All four of them will come out to meet us directly they see the *bandy* stopping in front of the house, and welcome us in, taking our hands and touching us as no other Brahmins will do. Yesterday was the fifth and last day concluding the marriage ceremonies of the youngest daughter, a dear little maid of eleven. We were invited to come in and see it all, so we were taken to a room in

the centre of which a mat was spread, and there the little bride, dressed in a pretty purple silk cloth with a great many gold ornaments on her head, neck, and arms, sat opposite to her husband, a youth of about seventeen. Then one and another of the women around sang songs suitable to the occasion. Presently the mother-in-law took her place by the bride, and gave into her hand, from a brass tray, first sandal-wood, then red ochre, with which she smeared the bridegroom's cheeks, chest, and feet. Then taking a crisp, wafer-like biscuit in each hand, she waved first the right and then the left hand round the bridegroom's head, clapped her hands together, and threw down the broken pieces of the biscuit. After this, the bride stood with a brass tray of betel-nut and leaf in her hand, while she made a promise of faithfulness to her husband in Sanscrit. She could not be induced to say it without help, so her elder sister began it, and said it with her. After this, the bridegroom went through the same ceremonies to his little bride, with the exception of repeating the promise in Sanscrit. We remarked on this, and asked if the husband made no promise at all to the wife, but the people near made the excuse that he did not know Sanscrit !

The next thing was a game of ball. Meenatchi had made a woollen ball which we had tied and cut for her just before the ceremonies began, not

knowing the part it was to play! Now it was produced and rolled to and fro between the husband and wife, occasionally being put in the middle, and then the object was to see who would get it first. The little bride managed to secure it twice very cleverly. This game is supposed to show who will gain the upper hand. We were obliged to come away just then, but were very glad to have had the opportunity of witnessing what we had.

An Eastern Blue Stocking.

Another Brahmin pupil in the same place is Maha Sutchini, a most intelligent girl. She was anxious to learn English, so Miss Blyth asked me to teach her. I was hardly prepared for such a learned pupil; she knows Sanscrit, and a great deal of Tamil literature, and began by questioning me as to what I knew and what examinations I had passed! I have been able, besides the English lesson, to tell her of the Creation, the Fall of Man, and the Birth of Jesus, and she has generally listened attentively, but she is capricious, and likes, when she can, to supplement the Bible stories with stories of her Heathen gods and goddesses.

Her mother often sits just within the door of the house and holds a loud conversation with me. The subjects are chiefly the colour of my hair, which, being fair, she concludes, is *white*, and therefore that my age must be advanced; or my dress and the manners and customs of English people. Maha Sutchini has just been

married, but we hope that it will not affect her learning.

Girls of Humble Caste.

A farewell visit to two girls of the Carpenter caste who have just been married, was paid a few days ago. A number of Christian women, including Bible-women and schoolmistresses, some of quite lower caste, had assembled also at the house for singing and prayer. It appears that it has been the custom for these Heathen girls to pray with the Bible-woman who visits them, and it originated from Miss Blyth's asking one of them one day if she ever prayed. She afterwards said to the Bible-woman, "You must please teach me how to pray."

We have many other pupils, but not all of high caste; nevertheless, we are generally warmly welcomed in whatever caste house we go. Some who are *not* pupils, but who are anxious to learn, inquire furtively of the Bible-women what our dispositions are like; but, as a rule, after the first visit they lose their shyness and treat us as their friends, which we long for them to do.

Another little piece of work I have is an English class for an hour twice a week for those of the Bible-women who can learn it. They in their turn teach English to any Heathen pupil who may be anxious to learn, besides being of use as interpreters to any new worker just learning the language. On Sundays, while Miss Max and I are engaged with classes in the Christian girls' Sunday-school, Miss Blyth

superintends a class for low-caste uneducated women, taken by one or another of the Bible-women. This has been recently started, and it is very cheering to see how glad and

proud these poor women seem to be to come, and how the word spoken sinks into their minds, and they remember what they learn.

Palamcottah, July 10th, 1894.

THE TINNEVELLY VILLAGE MISSION.

BY MISS MUNRO.

DURING the year 1893-4 we have gone over very much the same ground as in former years, visiting more especially those villages where our Bible-women are stationed, and inspecting the progress of each pupil. The work of the Bible-women has gone on well and regularly, and there have been comparatively few stoppages of work from sickness or trouble in their families: 488 women and girls have been altogether visited by them throughout the year, and have made fair progress in their studies. About 200 of these are now going through St. Matthew's Gospel as a Bible-lesson. To each pupil who masters the difficulty of learning to read, we present a Gospel. The majority of people in the villages look upon the Bible-woman's work as the recognised mode of instruction for their women. "Send us a Bible-woman" is the usual request at each new village we visit, and although we know that it is chiefly secular education that they desire, still it speaks well for the spreading of Christianity, that its workers commend themselves to Hindu families, and are looked upon as friends, even when they be-

long to castes considered socially inferior.

Brahmins and their Social Distinctions.

There is an increase of learners in the Brahmin community. Usually, this caste very much dislikes persons of a different caste to enter their houses, or to come near the women, who, being the *cooks* of the household, must be carefully guarded from any ceremonial defilement. They will admit Bible-women of the *Vellalla* or *Marava* castes. The latter is the *Thief* caste, but I regret to say that in Brahmin estimation, European ladies rank below them, as they will not admit us further than their verandahs.

At the request of a Brahmin official, a man well inclined to Christianity, a Bible-woman of the *Marava* caste was stationed at Surandai. Though not very learned, she is an earnest, good woman, and has been very successful in gathering a nice class of Brahmin girls. When I went to see them, I was received on the verandah of the *Culcherry* (court-house), where I taught six very bright little girls, and

afterwards showed them Scripture pictures, with which they were much delighted. Four married pupils would not come out to see me, nor allow me to visit them. I regret to say that the official who helped us so much in establishing our work, has lately died of cholera. In Srivaikundam, we have ten Brahmin pupils, and the same difficulty is experienced in gaining access to them. Their parents place at my disposal a room in a Hindu boys' school, where the little girls assemble to meet me.

From Zenbrasi, where there are a number of educated Brahmin men, we have a petition of over a year's standing for a Bible-woman. Unfortunately, we have not been able to find a woman of a suitable caste willing to go and live there. In Perankulam also, and Cheekling Kramam, our Bible-women have some Brahmin pupils.

We have not been left without encouraging signs that the Spirit of God blesses the teaching of His Word to our pupils, and that some, at least, of them feel the compelling power of Christ's love. Our Shencotta Bible-woman writes of a young married woman as follows :—

"She used to be present when I was teaching another pupil. One day she asked me to come to her house and teach her to read and understand the Bible. At first her husband was against her being taught, but she so entreated him that he consented. After a time, she formed the plan of going to Palamcottah that she might attend the Church services, which she could not do in her native place. She

appeared to have real faith in Jesus, and I was very happy about her ; but the Almighty, in His wisdom, was pleased to call her to Himself. She was attacked by cholera, and died after a few hours' illness. I believe Jesus has taken her to Himself."

Hopeful Prospects.

Another married woman in Surandei, who has been a pupil of the Zenana Mission for some years, seeks for baptism. She is well-instructed, and appears very sincere. Her husband, too, is well-affected towards Christianity, and offers no opposition to her wish. We have advised her to pray that he may be led to join her in this confession.

A dear young girl at Perankulam is apparently a sincere believer, and is most eager to be baptized. Her parents allow her to go to church sometimes with the Bible-woman. When Mr. Hall conducted services at Perankulam, she attended them, and joined in prayer with the other women. We trust she may continue steadfast and faithful, notwithstanding the difficulties with which she is at present surrounded, and that all hindrances may be taken away from her entering the Christian fold.

Aid from Australia.

Last year our work suffered for a time from pecuniary embarrassment incident on the Australian losses. By these eight of our Bible-women were suddenly left without supporters. However, I thankfully report that all these eight women have most kindly

been taken over by English supporters; and this ready aid has enabled us to maintain our work in each station. Our two Bible-women in North Tinnevelly, Gewarntnam and Ponamal, have been handed over to the superintendence of the Misses Turner, who now work in that district. It is my desire now to fill their places by the appointment of teachers to villages in the south and west.

Our Australian friends still support three Bible-women, and we hope, when the financial difficulties in that country are over, they will again kindly take up the work they have been interested in for so many years.

Reinforcements.

We were very glad to welcome Miss Woodward last December to take over Miss Thomas' work. I fear I cannot expect much of her company in the district this year, as it is important she should stay at headquarters and devote herself to the study of Tamil, which she is at present doing.

Needs and Wants.

Let me remind our kind, interested friends who sent us presents last year, and others, that our numerous pupils all look for a little present every year to stimulate their zeal in learning. Pairs of scissors are much in demand, as well as the usual dolls and boxes. Spectacles, mostly for long sight, for Bible-women and older pupils are very acceptable, and Scripture pictures we always require for teaching in the villages, and are at present in great want of some new ones. I have

applied through the medium of INDIA'S WOMEN for a magic-lantern, but as yet without success. To those engaged in work like ours it is almost an essential, as it would, I think, enable us to gather larger audiences of simple, ignorant people, and keep their interest and attention for a longer time. I shall be very grateful to any friends who will assist me in obtaining one.

We generally try to be in Christian stations on Sundays, so as to attend the services, and have some time with the Christian women. It is the only day on which we can assemble the field-workers, and they, as they can seldom read, are in most need of instruction. We have also very nice classes of the educated women, who are generally members of the Bible-reading Union.

Amongst Heathen Villages.

We also try to visit as many purely Heathen villages as possible, both high and low caste, and have generally the largest number of hearers in the latter. In January last, Miss Thomas and I went to the neighbourhood of Nullur and Courtallam, and had a most interesting time of itinerating. In one village a Bible-woman was speaking very powerfully to a crowd of *Shanar* women, who had come out into the street to hear, the men standing in the background; a cry of "fire" was raised by some mischievous person, but it had little effect, and none of the audience left.

Another morning, Pakkiam, Bible-woman of Nullur, and I had a good

hearing among the *Pollars*, who are considered low caste. It was a real sacrifice on Pakkiam's part to go, as she is a *Vellalla* woman, and not without caste feeling; but in this case, as in many others, Christianity triumphed. The poor people gathered round us, very eager and curious, and, it must be admitted, very dirty and degraded-looking. This is not altogether their own fault, as the higher castes will not allow them to come to their tanks when their own supply fails, and there are as yet few schools for their children. At a village near Courtallam we had another large gathering of these poor people. Some of the men were inclined to argue in favour of Hinduism with a catechist who was preaching to them, but they were silenced when the catechist said, "You know you are not allowed to bathe at Courtallam (or Holy Place). Hinduism has nothing to offer you."

The Cholera.

At this time, cholera was very prevalent in the district, and we were daily saddened and solemnised by hearing of the death of people whom we knew—one, a catechist, who had helped us last August.

A want that we experience in going about the villages is that of well-educated Bible-women, capable of preaching to their Heathen country-women. There are many women, whose piety would render them suitable for this work; but without training, they

are too shy to engage in it. The Christian widows do not, as a rule, remarry, and would be invaluable workers with a little training. Many of them are working as Bible-women now. Still more and better work might be accomplished by them, I believe, if the Christian women, who are going out to proclaim the Gospel message, could live together and study the Bible together for a time, under the superintendence of an English lady.

There is a distinct and very needful work to be done in this department, which none of us here at present has time to undertake; but we trust that the way may be opened up to doing so before long. Last year we were only able to train one Bible-woman—a widow named Nuthamal, who had made a brave stand for her religion some years ago when her husband and her own relations wished her to relapse with them into Heathenism. Her education had been rather neglected, but Miss Askwith kindly received her into the Sarah Tucker Institution for some months, the Indian Widows' Union generously defraying her expenses whilst training. She is now working



*Bullock bandy used by our missionaries in Tinnevely.
A sketch by Miss Turner.*

very happily at Shermadivi, where her history is known.

Let me ask our readers to help by their prayers these "women who labour in the Gospel," who are the

"weak things of the world," but who may still, by the indwelling of God's Spirit, be made strong weapons for the "casting down of strongholds."

July 7th, 1894.

DUMMAGUDEM.

A Station on the Gonds.

BY MISS GRAHAM.

RESUMED work here at the end of November, and found no lack of occupation, for the cold season is, on the whole, the most trying to the people, and the amount of sickness greater than at other times. For the six months, December to the end of May, there have been about 3380 fresh cases, and 4981 new and repeated applications inclusive.

Sorrow without Hope.

It makes one very sad to see so many of the people one has known for years, drawing nearer and nearer to eternity and still Heathen. The other day when I was in my room, I heard someone outside, in a sad voice, wondering where I was. It was an old woman, whose son, the light of her life, died in the jungle some years ago. He had been a patient of mine in a previous illness, and when she saw me after his death her moan was, "If you had been (with him), he would have lived."

She was left with a widowed daughter, and in England I used to wonder sometimes whether she was still alive. After I returned I found that she had been still further be-

reaved, her daughter had also been taken. In describing the circumstances to me, the old woman told me how her daughter, just before the short attack of illness which carried her off, had worshipped Muttyāamma, the village goddess. The poor old mother is left alone, and her sad heart, so far, has not opened to receive Him Who could be far more to her than all that she has lost.

Another family makes one sad. When I went away it consisted of three—father, mother, and widowed daughter, who had all been dispensary patients at various times. Now there are only two, father and daughter. The old man told me once, that for more than twenty years he had been thinking about becoming a Christian, but he has never gone any farther, and meanwhile he is becoming visibly feebler.

Hopeful Patients.

It is cheering to turn in thought to a humble-minded Christian man, at present on the sick-list. Lately he was in a very critical condition and suffering much, but very patient. It was a comfort to know that if he was

called to pass through death, it would be to him the gate of Life. However, he has not been called to pass through it yet, and is very much better. His wife told Mrs. Cain that he had begun to improve from the time that she had left him in the Lord's hands. Last time I called to see him I found him sitting up, finishing a meal which had apparently consisted of curry and rice.

One patient who often comes to the dispensary is a poor leper who came from a considerable distance, and he stays near because he gets relief. He made his appearance first before I went to England, and was one of the number whom Mrs. Cain used to call my "legacies." He has returned to his own part of the country more than once, but has always come back again, and seems now to have permanently taken up his abode in the neighbourhood. He is not very bright in intellect, poor fellow, but I hope he has found the Saviour, and that by-and-bye, when this affliction is laid aside, it will be replaced by the eternal weight of glory.

Among the houses I have had occasion to visit lately, one was that of a goldsmith in the village, my patient being his sister, who had come from a distance and was staying with him. As we all sat in the veran'ah,

and I spoke to them of Jesus and read to them from the New Testament which they had in the house, who would have thought that the man's time was to be so short? About ten days after he was taken suddenly ill in the night, and when Mrs. Cain saw him the next morning he was utterly unconscious and helpless, and died two or three hours after. A few days ago the sister, my patient, came up to the dispensary, and her heart seemed opened to the way of salvation. She seemed to have come just to the line of decision—would she touch the Saviour, or would she draw back?

It is a solemn moment when a soul seems trembling in the balance. She came up again this morning, and I almost feared to see her lest I should find that after all it had only been a passing impression, but my faithlessness was rebuked. It was wonderful to see her receptiveness and simplicity; may the Lord grant that she may be one of His jewels. We are longing very much for a time of reaping amongst the many who have heard the Gospel in this place. Pray that the Lord of the Harvest, Who has sent forth some labourers into this field, may send us an abundant outpouring of His Holy Spirit to His own glory and the salvation of souls.

June 23rd, 1894.

CEYLON MISSION.

PERHAPS no work can claim the distinction of being started in spite of more predictions of failure than the Clarence Memorial School, Kandy. How could Buddhist parents of royal blood be expected to run

counter to all traditions and expose their aristocratic children to foreign and Christian influence? asked Experience and Foresight. Whether the founders, the Rev. J. and Mrs. Ireland Jones, could answer the question or not, they determined to persevere. Those who have followed the history of the Mission from the beginning, know that our two first lady missionaries to Ceylon, Miss Bellerby and Miss James, sailed together to open the school in the autumn of 1889, accompanied by Miss Denyer, an honorary missionary who went out independently of any Society to work in Kandyan villages, and who has lately joined the C.M.S. Miss Malden joined Miss Bellerby in 1892, after the marriage of Miss James, and Miss Scovell went to Kandy at the same time for village work. The growth has been rapid and steady from the beginning. Our missionaries have acknowledged the unfailing help and sympathy they have received from Miss Denyer. At the present time, Miss Bellerby is at home on sick-leave, and Miss Malden, who is in charge of the boarding-school during her absence, writes very happily of the number of girls having risen to eighteen. Some three or four were baptized by their father's desire before entering school, and they have since then been confirmed.

The Clarence Memorial School, Kandy.

BY THE MISSIONARY IN CHARGE.

The Children's first Introduction to Father Christmas.

At Christmas the children were examined by the Rev. J. Carter, of Trinity College, Kandy, and he expressed himself well satisfied with the result. The prizes were kindly given away by Lady Havelock, and afterwards the gifts from our annual Christmas-tree were distributed. Eleven children spent Christmas Day with us, and for the first time in their lives knew the happiness of a real Christmas. They joined in the Christmas hymns and carols, and had a visit from Father Christmas himself in the evening, with a snow-ball full of presents. A playground

has been made for them in one of the only level parts of the garden, and many a merry game fills those light young hearts, ever the same in East and West. Patty is still the youngest, and the pet of us all. She is only six, and we hear that a younger sister of hers is to come to us before long. As it is, we have eight children between the ages of six and nine, and a merry party they are.

It is very amusing to hear their attempts to sing. When the elder class have had their lesson, the little ones gather round the "baby organ." A note is struck and held for some seconds, then they are bidden to sing it. All that is produced is a curious

...and it is not till after
...that all can
...be reached.

...the health of the children as a
...good. We have had
...illness, and a few
...The difficulty of
...infection from spread-
...is very plainly our
...in a room where we
...or infectious
...it has not been for the
...of our party at the
...have had nowhere
...children, for the
...is usually occupied.
...needing one or two
...the school side of the
...our accommodation is
...and will be more so
...of pupils goes on in-

...we had the trial of part-
...Miss Bellerby, whose health
...her to go home for a few
...Children and all felt it
...we trust that the rest will
...her, and that when she
...be with full health and

...Miss Scovell is kindly help-
...with the teaching during
...Bellerby's absence. But though
...way, three new children have
...sent to us. Of these, one
...here before; one is a cousin
...pupil; and the third comes
...family where Miss Bellerby
...James visited much, but
...presently little result. She is
...example of "fruit after many

days." I think this shows that we are certainly gaining the confidence of the parents. We have promises of several more pupils. Of those who have left us it is difficult to write freely, but we have reason to hope that they are keeping faithful. Julia, when we last saw her, was looking very bright and happy. One dear child who has lately left us needs our special prayers; for the obstacles in the way of her living as a Christian are greater than can be imagined. Try to realise what it must be to live in a home without any Christian influence near, or any outside help, and where Sundays and week-days are alike.

Kind Gifts.

We do most warmly thank the many kind friends, especially those in Brighton, Crowborough, Southport, and Birmingham, who have supported us by their prayers and sympathy, and sent us also gifts for the school. It has been impossible to write to them all, much as we should have liked, but we valued none the less their loving expressions of sympathy. May we suggest that any games for the children, such as battledore and shuttlecock, or any pieces of embroidery or outlined-crewel work, with materials to finish, would be most gladly received by us? Anything sent to Mrs. Bellerby, 7, Heworth Green, York, or to Mrs. Malden, Batheaston, Crowborough, Sussex, will always be forwarded to us. We should be very thankful for any articles for our annual sale of work. Children's dresses and pinafores, shawls, afternoon tea-cloths,

cosies, &c., always sell very well, and we should be very glad if any of the kind friends could give us any help,

as we are greatly needing funds for a new schoolroom and bedroom, especially the latter, which is very small.

Village Homes round Kandy.

By MISS SCOVELL.

"Another year of proving
Thy presence 'all the days.'"

As I sit, pen in hand, near the open window of my bedroom, and look out at the waving bamboos and plantain-trees, and the peep of distant hills, and think of this beautiful country and then of all its Heathen darkness and sin, an unutterable yearning rises in my heart so to write to my friends at home that they may pray and work for the Buddhists of Ceylon as they have never done before, that someone may come out to tell them of Jesus Christ. Whilst I feel my utter inability to do this, there flash into my mind these words, "Enriched by Him in all utterance," bringing encouragement and strength.

Village Schools.

I have been able to do but little among the Kandyan villages as yet: first I was tied to Kandy by my daily morning Singhalese lessons with the Pundit, and since Miss Bellerby went to England, I have been helping Miss Malden in the Clarence Memorial School.

I much enjoy visiting the village schools. I often take my concertina and try to teach the children to sing a hymn. If you were standing outside the schoolroom during this performance, you would wonder whatever that unearthly noise could be. I do not

think I have ever heard any sound like it; few of them can sing even *one* note in tune. Poor little mites, they enjoy the attempt, and some of them try very hard, puckering up their little faces in their anxiety and violent efforts to sing the right note.

I was present at the Government examination of one of the schools, and I was much interested in watching the earnest anxiety of the children to do well. The examiner appealed to me to decide about the needlework, which was not a difficult task, as the children had done it very nicely.

At the Katukelle and Gatterembe schools, eight girls have lately joined the Children's Scripture Union, and fifteen boys; but of these only two or three possess the whole Bible, the others only having New Testaments, so that when the portion is in the Old Testament they cannot read it. Would not some of the Scripture Union members in England like to send money to buy Bibles for these little brown Singhalese boys and girls? Who knows how great the result of the gift might be, or how many may be "born again by the Word of God"? Will all who read this pray for the children in these numerous village schools in the Kandyan hill-country, and for the teachers? I feel that if

taught by spiritually-minded men and women, they will be one great means for the spread of the Gospel in these hill villages.

Class for Buddhist Women.

I want to tell you about the class I have for Buddhist women in Kandy. When Miss Phillips (C.M.S.) was stationed here, she commenced this class; after she left Kandy last October and was stationed in the low-country, I took it up. First of all we used to meet every Monday afternoon in a little native room belonging to the grandmother of one of the women, and afterwards a Burgher lady kindly lent me a more suitable room in the same street.

Lately I have been on Tuesdays and Thursdays to teach them, from about 3.30 till 5.30 p.m. They pleaded for me to come twice a week, saying that "they forgot the letters which they had learnt, if I only came once a week. Louisa, a Singhalese Christian girl, accompanies me. The numbers are small, thirteen is the highest we have had, and sometimes there are only three or five. It is very difficult to persuade them to come, and only those who live quite near will venture.

We begin with prayer, then get out the various kinds of needlework which they are learning, then each in turn has her reading-lesson. After that, they learn a prayer, text, or hymn, by repeating it after me again and again. Then having put away the needlework, they settle down and listen attentively to the Bible-lesson. It is a joy to be able to give them a Bible-

lesson in their own language, after the hours and hours of study. They delight in seeing Bible-pictures on the subjects taught: when they have finished looking at them, we close with prayer, during which they all kneel. They have learnt the following prayer: "O God my Father, wash me from all my sins in the blood of Jesus. Give me the Holy Spirit and help me to please and obey Thee every day, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

I have found that some of them use this each night. But though they listen attentively and seem so interested, none as yet have come out definitely for Christ.

For a long time I have been praying that some of the Singhalese Christian women would undertake voluntary work for Christ; it is very difficult for them on account of their customs and their relations. At last, a young widow is going to take my women's class once a week, to set me free for other work. Do pray that the Christian Singhalese women may feel their responsibility to the Heathen at their very doors.

House-to-House Visiting.

Though the surroundings of Kandy are lovely, some parts of the town itself are fearfully dirty. Come with us one Monday afternoon as we walk down the principal street (Trincomalie Street). We suddenly turn down a dark alley, so narrow that there is only room for one abreast; the top of it is built over, making it very dark. We emerge in a square, about the size of a small dining-room, with numerous

native houses opening on to it. In one corner is a man brushing away refuse, and the odour is anything but sweet. Immediately a head appears at almost every doorway, wondering why we can have come, and then we tell the people of Jesus.

One day when our Singhalese pastor kindly accompanied me to a street near one of the principal Buddhist temples the people did not ask us to come into their house, but brought out a chair for me. I sat down, and quickly a crowd gathered round to see the unusual sight of an English lady and a Singhalese gentleman visiting these dirty houses. The pastor, Mr. Gunesékara, preached to them on the Brazen Serpent, and I sang a little. Sometimes when going down these narrow, dark alleys, the consternation of the people lest I should fall, or knock my head, is most amusing. After we have been visiting in one house, we go next door, and on looking round the room, see many of the same faces; the people follow us from house to house.

As far as I know, there is not *one* other European lady working among the Singhalese women in Kandy, and yet there are such numbers of Buddhist women here. Often and often, especially at the full moon, one sees streams of women coming in from the different villages to bring their offerings to the "Temple of the Tooth" දළදා මාලිගාව (*Daler Dà Marlegarwer*). Oh! how I long to have an open-air service for them.

Last May, Buddha's birthday feast was kept. It is called Wesak (විසැක්). The town was very pretty, almost every Buddhist house being decorated with paper flags; and lanterns, cleverly made of coloured papers by the Natives, with a light inside, were slung on high bamboo poles. On the outside of these lanterns different words were written, some in Singhalese, others in English; such as "*Wesak*," "Lord Buddha is supreme." How it made one long for the time when *Jesus* shall reign visibly, and when *all* nations shall serve *Him*! In this great centre of Buddhism, and in hundreds and hundreds of villages around it, with thousands of precious souls "for whom Christ died," Miss Denyer (C.M.S.), Mrs. Gracie (Ceylon and India General Mission), and I are the only European ladies to tell of His Salvation.

If I am to live and itinerate in the villages, I need some one to go with me; our Lord sent forth His disciples two by two. Will not some one come to this glorious work of making Christ known to those for whom He died, and prove His promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," which is especially coupled with His command, "Go and teach *all* nations"?

N.B.—If any one would like to send money to buy Bibles for children in the village schools. Scripture-pictures for help in teaching, or old Christmas-cards, will they please send to Miss Scovell, 10, Manor Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.

At Rest.

MISS MUNRO, C.E.Z. MISSIONARY AT PALAMCOTTAH.

JUST as we go to press, we have received a telegram sent by Miss Kember of Palamcottah to the Rev. E. Sell, our Corresponding Secretary for South India, and forwarded by him to our headquarters. Miss Kember was about to return home on furlough, and her passage had been taken, but a sudden blow interrupted plans for our Mission in South Tinnevely. The telegram stated that Miss Munro had passed away, Miss Woodward was seriously ill, and Miss Kember decided to remain at her post. A few words from Mr. Sell told us that cholera was again abroad. We know nothing more, but have every reason to believe that Miss Woodward is better. In the first shock and sorrow, we can add nothing to the bare facts. We wait to know more particulars, and we must wait to know the full meaning of God's marvellous acts, till the Day break and the shadows flee away. Our first thought is for Miss Munro's relations and friends and fellow-missionaries, on whom the sorrow falls most heavily.

THE DEAN OF MELBOURNE.

The tidings have just reached us of the death of the venerable Dean of Melbourne. He had been permitted to attain the great age of ninety-five, being, as has more than once been remarked, two days older than the Church Missionary Society. Till very lately he had been able regularly to exercise his ministry. His home was a centre of holy, genial Christian influence. The committee meetings of our Australian Auxiliary were held monthly at the Deanery, when he made a rule of presiding. Our warmest sympathy is with his son, the Rev. H. B. Macartney, our tried friend in the Colonies, whose words during his late visit to England are remembered with thankfulness by many.

MISS ELIZABETH HASSELL.

A very warm, faithful worker in our Society went to her rest on Michaelmas Day, Miss Elizabeth Hassell, of Bristol. Though in her eighty-second year, she had not failed in her loving energy. The last use she made of her pen before being taken ill, a week before her death, was to make out in her clear, beautiful handwriting, the dates of the working

party for the coming winter. One of her very last acts was to arrange a Zenana meeting at her house, when Miss Brandon had consented to speak. The night before her death, she sent her collection of 43/ to the Clifton Secretary, Miss Moor. Her ready, loving, humble spirit was always watching for service to be done, and her delight in welcoming and encouraging young workers or strangers coming to the neighbourhood, made her greatly beloved and honoured.

The Bishop of Lucknow is her nephew, and her interest in Zenana and other work was for nearly forty years the cause of much zealous and loving work in the parish of his father, the Rev. J. B. Clifford, of Bristol.

THE REV. JANI ALLI, M.A.

Our sympathy is with the C.M.S. in the loss the Bengal Mission has sustained through the death of the Rev. Jani Alli, M.A., which occurred on October 15th, in Calcutta. In him, our Mission to the Mohammedan women of Calcutta has lost a kind friend; Miss S. L. Mulvany, who is in charge of it, has frequently referred to the support and help she has received from Mr. Jani Alli.

Foreign Notes.

NORTH INDIA MISSION.

Calcutta.—*Normal School.*

Letter from Miss Hunt, September 4th, 1894:—

Yesterday I was at the house of the old lady of whom I have written in *INDIA'S WOMEN* (Nos. for March, p. 129, June, p. 279). She was full of distress because her relations were trying to force her to do *pujah* during the coming *Durga Pujah* festivals. She has told them she *will not*, and they are very angry at her allowing our visits. She says it is her house, and we come at her invitation; but the dear old lady feels the isolation in her own family and their anger very much. In our presence she told them yesterday that "idols

were things of straw," and their worship was in vain; but her time of trial will come about the time this reaches you, so do pray that she may be kept faithful, and confess Christ in His appointed way.

You will remember my writing of Munda Lal, who was baptized about two years ago in connexion with our work: he has at last succeeded in bringing away his little Hindu wife, and I heard on Sunday that the two of them were with the missionaries at Lucknow. Praise God for this, and ask for them to be kept faithful.

THE PUNJAB MISSION.

TARN TARAN.—*Predictions concerning Mother Ganges.*

Miss Grimwood writes on July 12th, 1894 :—

We are having a *very* rainy season, with floods in many places. The country all round was from three to six feet completely under water for thirty miles round, when the rain was so great that the large canal burst its banks. The unhappy villagers in many places sat in the pouring rains on the *débris* of their mud houses and watched the gradual melting of their whole village, as the waters encroached from beneath and poured down from above. In several places people were buried alive.

There are prophecies of worse things to come. The Ganges is expected to do something very remarkable this year, beginning with tremendous floods in which whole cities will be destroyed,

and ending by ceasing to flow altogether in the old channel—in fact, ceasing to be a river at all, and becoming another stream in another place, with another name which I do not remember, but I rather think is the “Narbudha.” An old *Veda* has predicted this event to take place this year, so lots of people are going for the last time, as they think, to bathe in Mother Ganges. It remains to be seen if it is true! There are many auguries abroad that these events mean great changes in India either in religion, government, or something, and the people are very full of it. Even the *Civil and Military Gazette* has taken up the subject several times.

PESHAWAR.

Our latest news prepares us to welcome Miss Charlotte Wheeler, M.D. In consequence of repeated attacks of fever, she is under orders to take six months' leave in Europe, and her passage has been taken in the *Rufford Hall*.

CHINA MISSION.

Miss Hankin writes on August 29th from Kuliang, Foochow, that the house for a women's school is now being built, and it is hoped to buy all the furniture for the school, beds, tables, and kitchen utensils, out of the kind gifts she has received. She adds :—

We thank God for the money He has sent us, some quite unexpectedly from friends I have never seen, but who had casually heard some of my letters read aloud. About 20*l.* has come from Halifax, Nova Scotia.

We are glad Mr. and Mrs. Shaw have come to our Hing Hwa district.

It is indeed needy, as it has been left for so long without any resident foreigner. No lady has ever taught the women, and of course we find them totally untaught and ignorant. Miss Wetherby and I are now at Dang-seng, and half a day from the Mr. and Mrs. Shaw at Hing Hwa

city, and a day and a half from Miss Lloyd and Miss Tabberer at Sing Qu. Dangseng is a most delightful place, a village amongst villages, conveniently central, and all that could be desired for work. We have a church, and now an average Sunday morning attendance of about one hundred and twenty or thirty; of these the majority are men, but about fifty women come, more or less regularly. As many of these women have tiny bound feet, they must be really in earnest to hear the Gospel. At another village, Ging-dong, an hour's walk from us, we have a native room, in which eighty or ninety men worship every Sunday. No women attend that service, and the little room is crowded out, some of the men having to stand outside. We very much want to get a church for them, as there is such a good congregation.

Then again two hours' walk further on we have another little room where service is held every Sunday, but at present the congregation is not very large. There are eight women attend-

ing there at Do-tau. I hope now that Mr. Shaw is at Hing Hwa that a proper church will soon be built. It is important to have good headquarters in the walled city, to which our village Christians can gather at stated times for Native Conferences. We are longing to get our school opened, for as yet we have no trained Bible-women in the Hing Hwa or Sing Qu districts. Our dialect being totally different from that spoken in Foochow, we cannot send our women there for training. We feel this drawback is what all our predecessors had to face and conquer, and by God's help we hope to do the same.

You will see by my letter that we are at Kuliang. The excessive heat makes work in the plain impossible, and yesterday Archdeacon Wolfe strongly advised us to stay until the end of September. However, if the country seems quiet, we hope to return to Hing Hwa in a fortnight. We hardly know how far the war will affect our work up-country—travelling may be a little difficult.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Please take notice that the meetings for praise and prayer which are generally held at our Society's Office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C., on the second Tuesday in each month, and in the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., on the fourth Tuesday in each month, and have been discontinued during August and September, are resumed. The next Prayer Meeting at the Office will be held on November 13th, at 3.30, and the next Prayer Meeting at the Manor House will be on November 27th at 3.30.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

From Miss E. HIGHTON, Baranagore, September 11th, 1894.

For N., who some years ago had a Bible given to her and who now believes and wishes to confess Christ.

For two widows (each with one child) and a lad longing for baptism, that all may have grace given to become true disciples of the Lord Jesus.

For H., a former schoolgirl, now only sixteen or seventeen, and therefore under age, who on September 6th went to the Mission House asking to be received. She was forced away, and in her home is in circumstances of great peril and temptation both to body and soul. Pray that she may be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

Notices.

A new book for children of all ages will be published by November 1st, 1894, *More Stories from Mother's Note-book*, by LUCY I. TONGE, with an Introduction by the Rev. George Everard, M.A., late Vicar of St. Andrew's, Southport. Foolscap 4to, 80 pages, with numerous illustrations. Published at 1s. 6d., post free. To be obtained from the Office of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, 9, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., or from any bookseller. One dozen copies may be obtained from the C.E.Z.M.S. at 1s. each; if ordered before the end of November, six copies may be obtained for 6s. 6d.

INDIAN WIDOWS' UNION.

The Dépôt for the work done by the Indian widows is now at Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury. Miss Sandys is constantly receiving parcels of the work from Amritsar and Peshawar, and will be glad to send samples of it to friends.

Miss MacGregor, Hon. Sec. of I.W.U., 30, Clanricarde Gardens, Bayswater, will give information or forward kind gifts of *kurtas*, spectacles, &c., to India for widows connected with our industrial classes.

Needs and Wants.

Needs.

At the present time, there is a general plea for medical missionaries. Thousands of women are dying without comfort for body and soul.

Medical and Zenana missionaries are urgently needed for Quetta. (See Aug. Number, p. 344.)

A medical lady is needed for Dera Ismail Khan, and a Zenana missionary for Dera Ghazi Khan, in the Punjab Mission.

Two Zenana missionaries are needed for Kashmir.

We trust our needs in the Mission-field will be always regarded as subjects for prayer.

Wants.

Wanted.—Foreign stamps, both rare and common. Hong Kong and Australian ones specially in demand; Russian, Swedish, and Spanish will be also gratefully received by Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., to be sold for the benefit of the C.E.Z.M.S.

Foreign Postage Stamps (except the common Continental and United States) and collections, for which 20 per cent. more than dealers offer will be given. All proceeds to be given to the C.E.Z.M.S. Address, I. W., 19, Kensington Crescent, London, W. Please do not send any English, French, or German stamps.



More Stories from Mother's Note-books.

By LUCY I. TONGE (U.S.O.).

CHAPTER XII.—THE LITTLE BRIDE.

WHEN we looked about we saw at each end of the large room where we were sitting that there were ante-rooms, separated from us by a *purdah*, or curtain. In front of these crimson cashmere curtains were several curious arrangements: two huge candles and four smaller ones, covered with gold-leaf, a bolster, a pot of incense, and some other brass vessels, with sweets of various kinds; these were the preparations for the young girl-bride. In another part of the room were many brass trays, covered with little cashmere shawls, or silk coverings with smart borders.

The ante-room at the further end of the drawing-room was the centre of attraction. We peeped in; the bride sat there in state. The mother told us we might go and see her; but the other ladies were rushing in and out frantically, and the poor child had such a throng round her divan, that it seemed to us kinder not to add to the crush and general excitement.

The press towards the little room was on the increase. "What *is* going to happen?" we asked. And almost before we had the answer, "The bride is coming," there was a barbarous and unearthly yelling, meant to frighten away evil spirits, and the poor little bride was led forth. She was well hidden that afternoon by a *chuddar* and a large cashmere shawl, and was led to the bolster, and we all gathered round to see what next.

But you will naturally ask, Where was the bridegroom! I believe at Lahore, miles and miles away. The bride has never seen him, and will not do so until the wedding-day, which will most likely be some weeks hence. He has, however, declared his intention of marriage, and has sent the usual presents—a pair of shoes and a looking-glass. As soon as the bride was fairly seated on the bolster, a copy of the *Koran* was given to her; then her heavy wraps were taken off, and under the lighter ones she sat, muttering over the open book, apparently quite unconcerned about everything that was going on. She behaved, indeed, as quietly as your best doll would do if she had to go through such a ceremony.

Some of the ladies pulled off the bride's stockings; the red paint on the soles of the feet and the reddened toe-nails were very fine. The pointed red shoes given by the bridegroom were next put on. Opposite to the bride was the looking-glass. Then candles were lighted and the fumes of incense ascended.

Two bridesmaids or near relatives performed a very curious act. They had two sugar-loaves, and all the time the ceremony was going on slowly ground them together over the bride's head. They had some respect for her clothes, for they held a plate to catch the sugar-dust. There was a *mullah*, or Mohammedan priest, hidden behind the crimson curtain. When the right time came he read for ten minutes from the *Koran*. Then the question was asked, "Will you have this man for your husband?" All the ladies' heads were bent forward to catch the answer, but none came. Loving friends tried to coax the girl to speak, but still there was no answer. Once more the loud screaming and howling began; it was fearful! A pause, and the question was repeated again and again; and then the girl, having recovered from her pretended shy fit, spoke the needed word, "*balad*." At once squeals rent the air, the *tom-tom* and singing began, and the bride had showers of sweets thrown over her, which sweets we crushed under our feet as we walked about for the rest of the afternoon.

It was time now to take away the bride's *Koran*, and she was led back to her ante-room, again covered with shawls, and the looking-glass carried in front. Poor little thing! We saw her half an hour later with her beautiful face fully in view as she lay back on her divan. She had fainted with the heat and excitement, and needed to be revived and fanned.

Let me tell you what her dress was. A crimson satin skirt worked all over with golden turkeys; a pink gauze jacket worked in gold; a *chuddar*

covered with blue and green stars ; another red *chuddar* with gold stars ; and over all a crimson cashmere shawl. All the jewellery was of gold and emeralds.

Some of the guests had learnt a little English from the missionaries, which was greatly to my comfort. When I told one pretty Persian girl she ought to go to England because she knew so much English, her reply was, "No, I cannot go ; we must not see the gentlemen."

It was curious how the *ayahs* and servants ran in and out amongst the ladies, shouted, and gave directions. Everything that the grand folk wore in satin, silk, and gold was imitated by them in blazing-coloured prints, dyed muslin, and pewter. An old woman (Aunt Chloë we called her) was very amusing with her full trousers and short jacket. She had a *chuddar* or turban, but as she never had time to put it on properly, she tore about the whole afternoon with many yards of muslin floating behind her, like a long tail to a kite. This woman filled the *hookahs*, had a smoke herself now and then, gave the signal for all the cashmere handkerchiefs to be whisked off the brass dishes, and the refreshments handed to the company.

Tea was served in the ante-room after the *mullah* had retired, the ladies sitting round on the divan, and the cups on the floor. Miss Fallon and I each had a tumbler of rose-water to drink, and then, having bade good-bye to our friends, we left. They, poor creatures, sat on till nine o'clock at night. You can hardly imagine anything more stupid and tiring, for though the strange dresses and jewellery were a novelty to us, they must have seen them many times before. Miss Fallon said a word or two for Christ, as she was able, during the afternoon ; but it was quite too tiring and hot for her to sing, as they wished her to do.

During the eight years she has been in India this is the first time she has been invited to such a festival. We are glad to have been, but should not care to go again. We fancied all the afternoon that we must be with people who were acting charades, it was all so curious and unnatural. Our hearts were very sad for the poor little bride. We longed for the Gospel to reach these women : then they will understand what a happy thing it is no longer to live for themselves—for paint and jewels and dress—but for Him who died for them and rose again.

After leaving the party, Auntie and I met in the city, and spent the rest of the afternoon with a cousin who is working at a hospital in a distant part of Bombay. From the dispensary we looked down on one of the native courts, where at night there is much quarrelling and shouting, of

which our cousin gets the full benefit, as she paces up and down the ward, soothing some fretful child, or hushing the babies to sleep. We were told it was a life of great privilege; and this is true, for the greatest privileges we have on earth are to do the will of God and to go about doing good like the Lord Jesus.

(To be continued.)

Prize Competition.

ANSWER TO SEPTEMBER SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

PATH OF THE JUST. Prov. iv. 18.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| (1) Philip. Matt. x. 3; Acts vi. 5; | (7) Tychicus. Eph. vi. 21; Col. iv. 7. |
| Luke iii. 1. | (8) Hezekiah. 2 Kings xviii. 6. |
| (2) Ananias. Acts ix. 10; Acts v. 1; | (9) Ezra. Ezra vii. 10. |
| Acts xxiv. 1. | (10) Jehu. 2 Kings x. 16. |
| (3) Theudas. Acts v. 36. | (11) Uziah. 2 Chron. xxvi. 16. |
| (4) Hophni. 1 Sam. i. 3; ii. 12. | (12) Solomon. 1 Kings viii. 56. |
| (5) Obadiah. 1 Kings xviii. 12. | (13) Timotheus. 1 Cor. xvi. 10. |
| (6) Felix. Acts xxiv. 2. | |

Answers have been received from :—

C. M. R. B.	F. H.	E. L.	M. E. P.
E. M. C.	F. J.	E. M.	J. R.
G. M. F.	E. M. L.	M. S. N.	H. S.
E. O. F.	H. M. L.	L. P.	E. W.
L. C. H.	L. W. M.	C. M. P.	M. C. W.
M. H.			

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

'Tis a command the Master gives,
'Tis ours but to obey;
His power will furnish needed strength,
His presence cheer our way.

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| (1) I will . . . and | thee what thou shalt say. |
| (2) A great door and | is open unto me. |
| (3) They shall not be | that wait for Me. |
| (4) Thou drewest near in the day that I | |
| (5) I am the Lord which | you. |
| (6) Study to show thyself | unto God. |
| (7) He will rest in his | |
| (8) The | of our Lord is salvation. |
| (9) That thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful | |
| (10) The Lord . . . will have mercy on His | |
| (11) Yourselves are | of God to love one another. |
| (12) The meek also shall | their joy in the Lord. |
| (13) As we have therefore | let us do good. |
| (14) Be not now | for the Lord hath chosen you. |
| (15) Here am I | me. |

The initials of the fifteen words omitted will spell this command.

Give all references.

ERRATUM.

In our last Number, p. 475, Request for Praise, for "Shoroli," read "Shorot."



A SCENE IN HEATHEN INDIA.

INDIA'S WOMEN.



Conflict and Conquest.

Verses from a Poem by the REV. F. H. WOOD, M.A.

WAR and rumours of war,
 Shrill through the wild air ringing ;
 Gleams from the fields afar,
 Lurid and fierce upspringing ;
 Peoples in arms for life,
 Monarch and serf in strife
 Pitiless clinging.

Whence o'er the nations shall sway
 Potent and true conviction ?
 Love that shall burn away
 Strife and its malediction !
 Might that shall dauntless stand
 Righting with swordless hand
 Wrong and affliction !

All things are ours ! and yet,
 Only, if shared with the Master.
 Know that to give is to get :
 Conquest may spring from disaster.
 Poorer, the more we hoard ;
 Richer, as love outpoured
 Flows from us faster.

The Estimates for 1895-96.

THE Finance Committee, on October 30th, had before them the important duty of examining and passing the Estimates for the ensuing year. Their proposals having now been approved by the General Committee, we take the earliest opportunity of communicating to our friends the result of their deliberations, and furnish a brief summary of the estimated income and expenditure for the year 1895-96:—

SUMMARY OF ESTIMATES, 1895-96.

	Average of three years.	Sanctioned Estimates for 1894-95.	Actual during six months of 1894-95.	Sanctioned Estimates, 1895-96.	
	Rupees.	Rupees.	Rupees.	Rupees.	£
EXPENDITURE.					
North India	122,665	132,873	67,220	146,864	
Punjab... ..	107,957	108,324	58,615	121,265	
South India	82,680	91,115	52,501	91,956	
Travancore and Cochin ...	17,199	24,680	13,371	24,081	
Ceylon...	7,691	4,372	7,881	
Total	392,047	
At 1s. 4d. per Rupee	26,136
China	£1,507	£2,500	£962	...	2,000
Mission Charges at Home ...	2,671	2,680	1,807	...	3,150
Home Expenditure	4,155	4,445	2,086	...	4,575
Total Expenditure	35,861
INCOME	31,449	33,130	11,309	...	32,300

Excess of Expenditure over Income £3,561

It is perhaps a little startling to find that the expenditure may exceed the income by 3561 $\frac{1}{2}$., and the question naturally arises, Could not some means have been devised whereby a more favourable estimate could have been framed? To do this, two courses only were open to the Committee, either to reduce the expenditure or to trust to an increase of the income.

The estimates received from the mission-field were considerably in excess of the sums sanctioned, and it was with the deepest regret that many appeals for more help from several quarters had perforce to be set aside. The Committee felt that they could not retrench further without seriously injuring existing work, and therefore chose the alternative course

of trusting to an increased income, remembering the answer the man of God gave to a king of Judah : "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this."

But the Committee were influenced by a further consideration in their decision. It is only a few weeks ago that a very large number of our friends assembled in Queen's Hall to bid farewell to seventeen missionaries returning to their fields of labour, and eighteen ladies going out for the first time. It must, of course, have been well known that such large reinforcements could not be sent out without additional cost. Had the Committee elected to further reduce expenditure, it could only have been done by recalling a certain number of missionaries, and this would have been in direct opposition to the spirit and feeling to which our enthusiastic gathering in Queen's Hall gave expression.

But after all, is it so very much to trust the Lord for? Is it very much to ask His people to provide for the Lord's work an addition of one-tenth to our annual income? What does the Lord say about that one-tenth? "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open for you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Are we desirous of a blessing from the Lord on ourselves, on our families, on our nation? Do we really desire a blessing to be poured out on those poor ignorant women and children who are separate from Christ, and without God in the world? Then let us make it a special subject of prayer and praise, that this anticipated deficiency may be avoided; but not stopping short there, let us do our part and prove the Lord in His own appointed way.

R. F. Lewis, Colonel,
Hon. Financial Secretary.

AN OMISSION.

A lady connected with the Clarence Memorial School, Kandy, much regrets that inadvertently the generous gifts from working parties under Mrs. Walker, Rathfarnham, Dublin, and Mrs. Treanor, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo, were not acknowledged in the Annual Letters from Kandy published in our last Number. It is hoped that these ladies will believe that their gifts were thoroughly appreciated, though thanks for them have been delayed.



Farewell to our Missionaries at Liverpool,

OCTOBER 16TH, 1894.

VALLEDICTORY and farewell! How often we repeat these words during the month of October, but how little many realise their full significance! Friends in Liverpool have again been called to feel in a very real manner what it means to leave all and follow the Master's call.

Many obstacles prevented the meeting from being a large public gathering, but over a hundred friends assembled in St. Luke's Mission Room on October 16th, to wish God-speed to Miss Houghton, who was leaving that parish to go out as a missionary for the first time; to Miss White, returning to Sukkur; and to Miss Hobbs, returning to Jandiala. At three o'clock our unwearied friend, Bishop Royston, took the chair. His words of counsel to those about to leave, based on reminiscences of his own farewell, will long be remembered by all present. Short and simple, but deeply stirring, addresses were given by the missionaries. The Clerical Secretary then announced the death from cholera of Miss Munro, one of our missionaries in Palamcottah, urging the need of reinforcements, and after a few moments of silent prayer, commended the missionaries in prayer to God. After a social cup of tea, we parted to meet again in the church at eight o'clock. A short service, and address by the Rev. G. Tonge, were followed by an adminis-

tration of the Holy Communion. Many from St. Luke's Parish were present with Miss Houghton, their outgoing missionary. The Communion of Saints on earth seemed a very real experience that evening.

Half-past ten the next morning found us all on board the *Locksley Hall*. Miss Jessie Richardson, of Manchester, going out for the first time, joined Miss Hobbs, with whom she is to be associated at Jandiala. By the kind permission of the captain, at about eleven o'clock a goodly number were assembled in the saloon for a short meeting, conducted by the Rev. G. Tonge. The last words of cheer were spoken, the Revs. T. J. Madden, Woods Tindall, and Mr. Naylor, of Derby, prayed most fervently, and the well-known strains of "All hail the power," and "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," cheered and brightened us all. Too soon for us the unwelcome bell rang, but, as if to soften the pain of that last moment, the dull, grey morning clouds divided and a bright sun shone out upon us.

We owe much to our good friends of St. Luke's, the Rev. T. J. and Mrs. Madden and their workers, for this happy yet solemn time of farewell, and trust that from other parishes of this crowded city more may speedily be sent out to our overworked sisters in India.

Afternoon collection, 6*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.* ; Evening Offertory, 3*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*

F. L. ROSE.

In Dublin.

ALL who are interested in missionary work will be glad to hear what powerful appeals were made on behalf of the Heathen at the Eleventh Annual Conference of the Y.W.C.A. in Dublin.

The missionary meeting was held on October 29th, when we listened to the stirring words of Miss Townshend (from Benares), Miss Hamilton (eight years in Japan), Miss Porter, Miss Brandon (Masulipatam), and others. Miss Chambers, who was soon to start for India, bade us farewell. Miss Wilson (Lady Superintendent of the Y.W.C.A. Institute, 75, Harcourt Street) told how much had been done for Missions since the meeting last year, and Miss Gage-Browne was present with some of her young Probationers from our Training Home, Mount Pleasant Square.

I dare not trespass on our Editor's precious space, but would desire to pass on to others just a word or two from our dear sister, Miss Hessie

Newcombe. Her message was short, yet it went straight home to many hearts: (1) "Occupy till I come" (Luke xix. 13); (2) "That ye may not be ashamed before Him at His coming" (1 John ii. 28).

"The Lord's coming draws so near, and there is so much land to be possessed! Every one of us individually must meet Christ, and each must give account to Him of the talents committed to her hands. Is money lying in the banks 'occupied'? Are lives trifled away in pleasure 'occupied'? Thousands are perishing without the Gospel which should be good tidings to *all* people. When tempted to make excuses, just let us make them to *Jesus Christ*, and ask ourselves whether we would not be 'ashamed' were He to stand before us and listen. Some are hesitating, 'thinking about it.' Oh! dear young sisters, realise that while you are 'thinking,' souls are perishing, and use your lives so that you may rejoice when the day of the Lord comes." C. MAUD BATTERSBY.

Church Congress.

AT the recent Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition held in October at Exeter, in connexion with the Church Congress, a small stall of publications and Indian needlework, done in C.E.Z.M.S. Industrial Institutes for widows, represented the C.E.Z.M.S.


Miss Coldwell, the Exeter Daybreak Workers' Union Secretary, and members of her D.W.U. Band, most kindly took charge of the stall, and by their efforts, work to the value of 6*l.* 10*s.* was sold, information was given, and leaflets were distributed. The result was considered very satisfactory, as the first object was to bring the claims of India's Women before the members of the Church Congress, and the numerous visitors who flocked to Exeter during the week.

We fear that some old friends of the Society overlooked the stall, but hope at future exhibitions its presence will be expected and recognised.

We hope, too, that wherever the Congress meets, a D.W.U. Band will be found as willing to help as the Exeter members; for when an exhibition remains open for four days, from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., the Association Secretary is very thankful to find willing hands to make light work.

A. B.

Home Notes.

HE *Bath* Anniversary was marked by an earnest effort to rally the forces of the C.E.Z. supporters. Several sermons were preached on behalf of the Society on September 30th, those at St. Andrew's and St. Stephen's, Lansdowne, by the Rev. M. Hall, and those at St. Luke's, South Lyncombe, by the Rev. G. Tonge. At the Abbey and St. Paul's, the Rev. G. Ensor and the Rev. Prebendary Bothamley pleaded its claims on the following Sunday. The Annual Meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms on October 1st, the Rev. J. Lunt presiding over a large audience. He remarked that they would have the privilege that afternoon of listening to four, whom he might call specialists—Miss Mulvany, the Central Secretary, being with them to represent the Home section, and Miss Warren the Foreign one; Mrs. Chowdhry, a Bengali lady, who could speak from a native point of view, and the Rev. Martin Hall, as a recent eye-witness of what was going on in India. Miss Mulvany was the first speaker introduced by the chairman. Whilst very thankful for what had already been done by the Branch, she pointed out the great need there was for increased exertion. They wanted an Association formed in every parish, they wanted more home workers as well as more foreign ones, more funds even to keep up the existing organisation, and above all they wanted more prayer. With reference to the demand for more labourers, she mentioned that they had very recently received an appeal from a Calcutta Conference for fifteen additional missionaries: nine of that number were hoping to go forth, but where were the remaining six? And this appeal was not singular—they had the same earnest requests from all parts of the field. Miss Warren spoke of the wonderful openings now set before them abroad, and of the various ways in which the missionaries sought to make use of them. The Rev. Martin Hall closed this interesting meeting with a powerful address, which we trust may bear much fruit. A *conversazione* was afterwards held at the Octagon, at which over three hundred were present.

* *

At *Birmingham*, the Annual Meeting took place on September 25th, under the presidency of Canon Wilkinson, when the deep need for *advance*

was reiterated by the Hon. W. Sugden. She was glad to see that the town held a prominent position on the subscription list, contributing as she believed it did last year about 500*l.* to the Society's funds; but there was an urgent call for more self-denial. She pointed out that there are about 280 millions of people in India, and we are only providing at the rate of one missionary to $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions. She drew a terrible picture of the sufferings of the widows, and pleaded with her hearers to send forth more labourers to lighten the lives of their unhappy sisters and fellow-subjects. The Rev. G. Tonge enforced her appeal. He spoke of the powerful influence of women on the religious life of the country, and compared the few ladies going as missionaries with the numerous requests for help of those already in the field.

* * *

Brighton.—The Music Room of the Royal Pavilion was filled on October 5th with a large and interested audience gathered to hear from Miss Swainson and the Rev. H. E. Perkins, C.M.S., the most recent accounts of the work in India. The Vicar, the Rev. Prebendary Hannah, was in the chair, and was supported by the Revs. A. Pearson, W. M. Selwyn, R. G. Macdonald, and others. The Vicar, in a stirring speech, happily contrasted the spirit, motive, and principle characterising Foreign Missions now with the lethargic, inactive condition of years ago, and referred to his cousin, the son of the Dean of St. Paul's, who had had a brilliant career at Oxford, and who had recently gone for the third time to Madagascar, where he was devoting his life to founding a native theological college. Miss Swainson then gave an eloquent description of her work in superintending the Sarah Tucker Schools and in caring for the blind in a district about the size of Yorkshire. She explained that her mission in England was partly to raise funds for the building of a school chapel. She was also very anxious to enlist the help of a medical missionary. In the course of her address she warmly acknowledged the kindness of Dr. Moon for embossing and sending out books for the blind children. The Rev. H. E. Perkins described the character and qualifications needed in a missionary—sanctified common-sense and adaptability, ordinary good health, patience, humility, a spirit "not easily provoked," and willing to endure trials of all kinds. The collection amounted to over 15*l.*

* * *

There are twenty-three other Associations in different parts of Sussex, the total sent up from the county this year being 1250*l.* 13*s.* 7*d.* (of which

200*l.* was the result of the Brighton Loan Exhibition) as compared with 1086*l.* 1*s.* sent up in 1887. As a specimen of work going on in the country districts, we may note a little gathering, principally of villagers, held at Cowfold, September 27th, through the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Hoper. Mrs. Macdonald, the Association Secretary, acted as Deputation, and so rivetted her hearers with interesting details of what is being done both in the towns and villages in India, that the hour passed rapidly. A Sale of Work was held at the same time.

* *

A *Conversazione* was arranged at the All Souls', Marylebone, Schools on October 8th, between seven and ten o'clock. Tea was provided, and the evening was varied with singing by the choir and others, the exhibition of curios, and addresses from Miss Boileau and Miss Dixie. About 250 were present, and books were sold to the amount of 8*s.* 7*d.*

* *

On September 25th, Mrs. Greaves was invited to meet the members of a Ladies' Discussion Society at Dulwich. The subject was new to them, and seemed to arouse interest. It is hoped that a working party may be the result of the effort, and that hearts may be stirred to make known the true remedy for women's wrongs abroad as well as at home.

* *

Thanks to the kindness of the Vicar, the Rev. W. Horne, and the Misses Horne, a Drawing-room Meeting was held at Christ Church Vicarage, St. Alban's, on October 19th, when Miss Swainson gave a graphic account of the noble work which she and Miss Askwith are carrying on at the Sarah Tucker Institution, assisted by Miss Walford and Miss Cowell. The Vicar presided. About forty were present, and the collection amounted to 4*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.* for the general funds of the Society.

* *

Many other interesting gatherings might be noted if space permitted. One at Egham, addressed by Miss Alice Boileau, was enlivened by a large number of exhibits, as well as native costumes on living models; another at York was held in the Mansion House, by the kind invitation of the Lady Mayoress, and presided over by the Bishop of Beverley, at which Miss Eleanor Sampson gave graphic descriptions of life in Bengal; and a third at St. Nicholas' Vicarage-room, Rochester, where the Vicar

spoke well on women's true rights, and Mrs. Gardiner, the Deputation, was listened to with great interest.

* * *

Amongst the various recent and successful sales of work, one at St. James', Holloway, has helped to considerably increase the receipts of that Association. The room was prettily arranged, and the work excellent. The Vicar issued an attractive circular, giving on one side particulars of the Sale, and on the other an appeal, which we reprint as it may be suggestive:—

"An appeal is made to all Christian people to help by their presence and their prayers,

"BECAUSE

"1. The success which God has given us in the past should stir us to increased effort.

"2. Never before has the need been so great, or the calls from the Heathen World so plaintive and so many. Great doors and effectual are opened. God calls us to enter in.

"3. A congregation faithful to God's command, to preach the Gospel to the Heathen, will be a congregation blessed at Home.

"Will every one into whose hand this paper comes, send something to the Vicarage not later than October 8th? Plants, Flowers, and Provisions should be sent to the Hall on the morning of October 9th.

"Will every one come to the Sale? All may not be able to buy, but come and show your sympathy with that which is the great work of the Church, and help to make the Sale an occasion of happy intercourse for the whole congregation.

"E. GROSE HODGE, Vicar."

At Upper Norwood, Mrs. Gardiner arranged with the Secretary of the Seamen's Mission to hold a joint Sale and Doll Show, in St. Aubyn's Hall, on Thursday, October 25th. The two Societies fitted in admirably; one speaker at the opening remarked that but for the sailors it would be impossible to send out missionaries. This also was a very pretty Sale. Mrs. Gardiner had arranged charming Indian rooms, where needlework, done in some of our Industrial Classes for Indian widows, and C.E.Z.M.S. publications, were on sale. During the afternoon, the Service of Song, *Kardoo*, was excellently rendered by a choir and orchestra of ladies.

* * *

Ivegill, Carlisle, is described as "a little village," yet the recent sale at its Vicarage realised 20*l.* As the total receipts from this Association amounted last year to 6*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.*, the leap forward tells of life and health. But more good news has followed from Ivegill. A lady and gentleman promise the salary of a C.E.Z.M.S. missionary for Kashmir, in memory of a daughter whose short life was an inspiration to love. The means are within our reach, where is the messenger?, M. E. C.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

At the *General Committee* on *Wednesday, November 7th*, the following details with regard to the sailing of missionaries were reported :—

Miss Clay and Miss Barthorp sailed from London on October 5th, by P. & O. *Caledonia*, and arrived at Bombay on October 26th.

Miss Catchpool and Miss Bartlett left London on the evening of October 5th, to join the *Branksome Hall* at Marseilles, and arrived at Karachi on October 25th.

Miss Oxley for South India, and Misses E. Chambers, M. and G. Davies-Colley, Kent, F. and M. Leslie, and Scott, for North India, sailed from London on October 12th, by P. & O. *Chusan*.

Miss H. Newcombe also sailed on October 12th, by the *Lusatian* from Londonderry, *via* Montreal, on her return to China.

Misses White, Hobbs, Houghton, and Richardson sailed from Liverpool on October 17th, by the *Locksley Hall*, and Misses Brook, M. Dickson, Dixie, Mason, and E. Brenton-Carey, left London on October 23rd to join the same ship at Marseilles.

On October 26th, Misses Brown, Ashwin, C. Dickson, and M. Hall sailed from London for Calcutta per P. & O. *Peshawar*.

The Secretaries reported the arrival in England of Miss Strong, of the China Mission, by medical advice.

The estimates for the coming year were submitted and approved.

The Committee cordially accepted the offer of Miss Stanistreet as Hon. Association Secretary with Miss Rose in the Liverpool Diocese. It should be mentioned that, since Miss Hammond's removal to Sheffield, Miss Agnes Royston has rendered most efficient help at Liverpool, though her name has not been formally entered among our Association Secretaries.

The Committee having been informed of the death of Miss Munro, their missionary in South India, and of the Very Rev. the Dean of Melbourne, adopted the Minutes which will be found on pp. 543, 544.

It was also announced that Miss Amy G. Lillingston, having successfully passed her final medical examination at Glasgow, is now qualified as L.R.C.P. & S.

On the recommendation of the Candidates Committee, Miss Ridsdale was accepted as a missionary of the Society for Palamcottah.

On the strong recommendation of the Ven. Archdeacon Caley, it was decided to sanction the opening of a girls' school in the district near

Mavelicara, which he described as one of the most important centres for work in South India.

At one o'clock the Committee welcomed Miss Rainsford (at home on furlough from Narowal), Dr. Charlotte Wheeler (who has come home by medical advice from Peshawar), and Miss Kember (just arrived from Palamcottah, where she has done valuable work as a missionary in local connexion). Her father, the Rev. T. Kember, C.M.S., in Tinnevely for nearly thirty years, was present, and gave interesting and encouraging information as to the growth of the Society's work, and bore strong testimony to the character and work of the late Miss Munro.

Mrs. Chowdhry had been invited to meet the Committee on the eve of her return to India. She expressed her thankfulness for her visit to England, and for being allowed in any way to help forward the cause at home. In returning, she asked prayer on behalf of the work in general, and for special cases.

The late Dean of Melbourne.

OUR last Number announced the news which had reached us from Australia of the death of the Very Rev. Hussey Burgh Macartney, D.D. Others must tell of wide-spread mourning for a venerable man, who was always ready for every good word and work, and to offer a hospitable welcome to visitors from the home country. We can only very inadequately express what the C.E.Z.M.S. owes to him.

Dr. Macartney was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College. He was the son of the late Sir John Macartney, a member of the Irish House of Commons, and of Catherine, daughter of the Right Hon. Walter Burgh, Lord Chief Baron, who was long a representative of the University of Dublin in Parliament.

The Australian Branch of our Society was founded on July 24th, 1890, and since that time the Committee have always met at the Deanery. Though the Dean took the chair at these meetings whenever his health permitted, it was only at the one held on the 14th of last August that he was elected Chairman of the Australian Branch of the C.E.Z.M.S. The advanced age of ninety-five found him ready to undertake new responsibilities in the service which he loved; but his work on earth was nearly



THE VERY REV. H. B. MACARTNEY, D.D.,
Late Dean of Melbourne.

done; he entered upon the higher service of Heaven on October 8th.

What Australia has done for the C.E.Z.M.S. must be summed up in a few words. By August, 1892, it had sent out ten missionaries to India and China, and undertaken their support, as well as that of two assistant missionaries in local connexion. It had also founded a Native Bible-woman Fund, which paid for forty-two Bible-women under C.E.Z. missionaries in India, and had opened a Missionary Training Home at Kew, Victoria.

The following Minute was adopted by the C.E.Z.M.S. Committee on November 7th:—

“That this Committee having heard of the recent death, at a very advanced age, of the Very Rev. the Dean of Melbourne, desire to put on record their sense of

the loss which the Church of Christ in Australia has sustained in the removal of one who, during a long ministry in the Colonies, has been a consistent and faithful preacher and maintainer of Evangelical truth, and has exercised a wide and healthful, spiritual influence in the city and diocese of Melbourne. They acknowledge with thankfulness to God the active sympathy which their revered friend has ever shown in the progress of the Australian Auxiliary of the C.E.Z.M.S. Since the appointment of a Committee in Melbourne, the Deanery has been at their service for their monthly meeting, at which, till almost the last, the Dean has presided. The Committee would express their heartfelt sympathy with the Rev. H. B. Macartney and other members of the family in their bereavement.”

The late Miss Munro,

C.E.Z. MISSIONARY IN TINNEVELLY.

THE announced last month the death of Miss Munro, who superintended the Tinnevelly Village Mission. Simultaneously with her letter, and letters from her fellow-missionaries, telling of the vast fields white unto harvest, and the comparatively few workers ready to faint under the sense of work left undone, we had also to announce that one, full of devotion and energy, had fallen under the scourge of cholera which was devastating the villages.

The following resolution was passed at the Committee, Wednesday, November 7th, 1894.

"The Committee desire to express their heartfelt sorrow for the tidings which have reached them of the death at Courtallum, on September 27th, from cholera, after nine days' illness, of their missionary, Miss Eliza L. H. Munro. She joined our Society in 1890, having previously worked in South India in connexion with a Scotch Society. On her arrival in India she undertook the superintendence of the Bible-women in the district around Tinnevelly, and in the fulfilment of her charge she made frequent itinerations through the towns and villages where our workers are employed. Her report published in November INDIA'S WOMEN, contains an interesting account of a recent tour, in which she speaks of many encouragements and not a few open doors. It was during one of her tours that she was seized with illness while nursing her colleague, Miss Woodward. The Committee would put on record their appreciation of the faithful and efficient service which Miss Munro has rendered to the cause of Christ in South India. They specially note as a testimony to her influence and her devotion to her work, the deep affection which was shown toward her by the Bible-women during her last illness, and her evident concern lest their desire to minister to her should in the least draw them away from their daily duties."

Miss Blyth has written home telling particulars of Miss Munro's illness; we give some extracts from her letter.

LETTER FROM MISS BLYTH.

Palamcottah, October 2nd, 1894. miles from here; Mrs. Thomas and Miss Munro and Miss Woodward her daughter always spend August and September there, as it is cool and

healthy, and they were there when Miss Woodward was taken ill.

Miss Munro nursed her, and was anxious about her. One evening she herself did not feel well, and only took some soup, and prayed with Miss Woodward that they *both* might have some sleep. That night Miss Munro had her cot moved into a larger room, and the dresser, who was three and a half miles away, was sent for. About 7 a.m. Miss Woodward sent a message to Mrs. Thomas, who went immediately to Courtallam, and felt sure that Miss Munro was suffering from cholera. Though she got over the symptoms, collapse set in, and in two days the nurse from the Sarah Tucker Institution, Palamcottah, went to her, accompanied by a young girl from the school, just beginning to learn nursing. They were both very good.

Last Monday, the doctor from here was sent for, and help was wanted for the nurse, so I went too. On Thursday, September 27th, at 2.35 p.m., Miss Munro passed away after nine days' illness. She was often unconscious, and wandering, and the last night was delirious; but after, I think, about 5 a.m. she never spoke, but lay

with a smile on her face, as if pleasant thoughts had come to her.

On Tuesday night she asked me to pray; I just said a few sentences, for the restlessness was so great, that constant watch had to be kept to prevent her rolling out of bed. On Wednesday evening, we think it must have been, that she asked one of the Bible-women to repeat texts and hymns to her when nurse was out of the room. Mrs. Douglas had seen her previously, and Mr. Hawkins, itinerating near, had also seen her. He read the Burial Service, and dear Mrs. Thomas came down to the little English churchyard where she is laid. Two of the Bible-women were *most* good. Mr. Douglas remarked that they were so brave, when others would have fled; but we who know them, know that they would often endanger their lives for our sake.

The doctor told me that Miss Munro did not take the cholera in her work, as she had been kept from visiting infected districts by Miss Woodward's illness, and it only takes two or three days to develop. Miss Thomas was the best and most capable of missionaries and nurses.

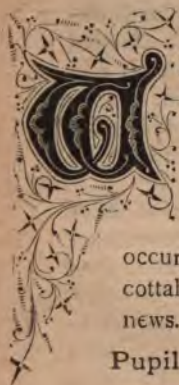
CHRISTMAS LETTER MISSION.

Those who know of this attempt to reach the sick, the sorrowful, and the lonely, with words of greeting and goodwill at Christmas, will welcome the reminder that cards and letters suited for all classes of people, and attractive, as C.L.M. publications usually are, are now ready. If this notice should be read by any one who does not know what the Christmas Letter Mission is, we recommend them to apply to the Central Secretary, Miss Bewes, 67, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, W., to whom should be addressed all general inquiries or requests for printed information on this subject. The Organising Secretary and Treasurer is Miss E. Steele Elliott, 66, Mildmay Park, London, N.



TINNEVELLY—TREVANDRUM—COCHIN—THE CHINA MISSION.

TINNEVELLY.



WE closed our last Number with part of Miss Blyth's story of the villages round Palamcottah still waiting for space, and though it is finished in the present one, the great need of Tinnevelly still remains untold, and the ripe harvest waits to be gathered in. Our last Number announced the death of Miss Munro, the superintendent of the Tinnevelly Village Mission, which occurred since the Annual Letters were despatched from Palamcottah, and pp. 542, 554 mention the circumstances and the latest news.

Pupils and Converts in the District of Palamcottah.

By MISS BLYTH.

Our Pupils.

AT the end of last year, we had 502 pupils. I suppose there is not one who does not give a bright welcome, but it is, as a rule, the pupil who comes close to you, and lifts a look of confidence straight into your face, whom you instinctively know believes in your God.

There are two girls living together who try to get some quiet corner so that the teacher may have prayer with

them when she comes, and who, but for their parents, would confess Christ openly. There is the woman of forty beginning to read, who has lost her four children, and who thinks the Christians' God will comfort her.

One pupil who could read perfectly in 1888, but seemed like a stone, and sent one away with a heart-ache, in consequence of illness has wakened up. One day she openly declared her faith in the truth of our religion,

Taking two strings of flowers which her father had used for *pūja*, she said, "One of these strings of red and white flowers, without any scent, is like Hinduism, attractive to look at"; then lifting up some white scented ones, she said, "These flowers are like Christianity, not much to look at, but when you come close to it, it is fragrant."

Some pupils learn entirely for the sake of getting education, and yet one never knows when or where the seed sown may spring up. Many friends in England are specially interested in a young widow called K.; she seems to have advanced a little more into the Light. The beginning of this year, when a special Hindu festival was held, she told her mother that she did not wish to partake of any food connected with it. At the time, her mother refused to eat unless the daughter did too, and poor K. said, "How could I refuse my own mother, and sit by and see her not eat? But I did not want to touch it." Her sad face still haunts me, and the growing conviction that Christianity is true only adds sorrow while she cannot bring herself to think of leaving her parents.

This year the pupils are all taught Scripture according to a little sketch of a lesson given to the teachers month by month, and they learn texts bearing on the subject. One girl's father gave her a note-book to write down all the texts. There are two pupils who, after learning their Scripture lessons, go and tell their parents what they have learnt, and even venture to argue with them, until they have been told,

"Well, learn your Bible lessons, but don't come and tell us about them."

The Converts.

In February, when the Bishop of Travancore and Cochin came to hold confirmations in the district, we felt we might present a middle-aged widow, whose daughter had previously been confirmed, as a candidate; the day before the confirmation she was ill, but she said she felt sure God would give her strength to get to church next day, and if she could only crawl she would go. The Bishop very kindly came to speak to our teachers before the service, so that there was no time to see how she was that morning. When we got to church we could not see her, but among the last row of women she came up for the laying on of hands, and we rejoiced over and with her. From all we can see, she has made progress in spirituality. Her daughter (also a widow) has come with us several times to Hindu houses, and talked to the women. One day I took her to see K., and never did the contrast between a Hindu and a Christian strike me more than when I saw them sitting side by side, telling each other of their joys and sorrows. Shai's face was all lighted with joy, K.'s sweet face was full of constant grief. Shai, though twenty-five or twenty-six, is still learning with young girls in the 4th Standard, so that she may fit herself for future work; but we always have cheering accounts of her kindness and helpfulness with the younger ones, who call her "elder sister." She is in the school under Mrs. Kember,

who has taken the deepest interest in her. We are hoping soon to have a house with our converts on the compound, through the kindness of the Committee, so that we shall no longer be obliged to send all needing protection to school.

Another young woman Miss Swainson has kindly made mistress of an industrial class and paid her a small salary ; by this means she is at present provided for.

On July 3rd a Heathen woman and her little child from Ervadi were baptized at Dohnavur (this is in our southern district). The husband had given his consent while still remaining a Heathen. But we know that for the wife the trials of the home, and persecutions from the neighbours, will not be slight, and that she will need our constant, earnest prayers that she may be kept faithful to her Captain.

Our teacher walks daily from Dohnavur, and the only Christians living in Ervadi are the schoolmaster and mistress, and a woman who was deceptively married by her relations to a Heathen man many years ago, and who, through many years of trial, has tried to hold firmly to Christ, and to bring up her children as Christians.

The woman just baptized was named Pêchi, but she changed it as it was connected with her former devil-worship. She had heard the hymns sung in this other Christian woman's house, then her child was ill and she thought our God might cure it, and for a time performed no Heathen ceremonies for it. At last, through the persuasions of her neighbours, she

did so ; the child died. Now the child she has is about eighteen months old, and she has learnt to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," and to know that God will deal with her as He sees best in His great love. She has learnt from both schoolmistress and Bible-woman (or Zenana teacher) : if we ask the schoolmistress if she has taught her, she says, "I have helped a little, but the Bible-woman has taught her." If we ask the Bible-woman, she says, "Oh, the other Christian woman has helped her," and so each humbly tries to pass the blessing over to another. The baptism, with that of others, took place at one of the harvest thanksgiving services held at Dohnavur (they take place at different times in different parts, according to the produce of the district), the schoolmaster and mistress and Bible-woman standing as sponsors for the little child ; Miss Kember and I were witnesses for the mother. The church was full of people assembled to these services, and we know our Dohnavur Christian women were praying and are praying that Pêchi may hold firmly to her solemn promises.

We must not close without thanking the kind friends who have helped us with presents for our pupils. We are so thankful for spectacles for weak sight (the stock I brought from England has been quickly exhausted), wools and canvas, little workboxes, and scissors for the pupils who have learnt for many years and who have already received dolls and bags.

July 6th, 1894.

THE TRAVANCORE AND COCHIN MISSION.

IN many ways Trevandrum is an aristocratic station. Since 1862 Miss Blandford has worked there amongst the royal family of a very enlightened native state, visiting and holding a school in palaces. One of her fellow-workers was her niece, Miss Collins, now Mrs. Bourdillon, whose Indian home she describes. The present ones are Miss Bell, who helps specially in educational work, and Miss Lina Beaumont, who is in local connexion and in charge of the dispensary. Miss Blandford speaks of herself and these two workers as "three B's, and very busy bees."

Light and Shade in Trevandrum.

BY MISS BLANDFORD.

I HARDLY know whether Light or Shade has preponderated in the year now under review. I will not decide the question for myself, but try to write a truthful sketch of what has befallen us, leaving it to those who read the account to judge for themselves; and first as regards

The Fort School.

In the beginning of last November our old palace was required by the Government to be used as a residence by some Namburi Brahmans who had come to Trevandrum to attend the *Murajabom*, a sexennial feast lasting about six weeks. After much house-hunting and trying to make terms with landlords who asked exorbitant rents, I found one who agreed to all my proposals, and, with bland civility, fixed a day for the reception of the school furniture, yet, before the date appointed, "took his journey to the east," leaving an irresponsible old man in charge, who refused to open

the door when I presented myself for admission. Happily, on the very day of this disappointment, an old scholar, whose husband had lately finished building for her a fine, large, upper-storeyed house near one of the Fort gates, offered it to me for the school at a rent of Rs. 30 a month. I decided at once to take it, and removed the goods (no light task), and opened it on November 13th.

The first day 133 children appeared, and for a few weeks there was no perceptible falling off in the attendance; but by the time the Christmas holidays began, the average number was twenty-five lower than in the month preceding our move. Five weeks of vacation brought us to January 19th, when we reassembled in the new schoolhouse in very reduced numbers; but in ten days from that time the keys of the old Fort palace were given over to me again, and I had the pleasure of re-opening the school there on the last day of January. The Government with great

liberality paid Rs. 50, the rent of the hired schoolhouse for three months.

The *Murajabom* ("Mura," by turns, "jabom," prayer) is a Hindu ceremony peculiar to Travancore, and was instituted many years ago by a Maharajah anxious to atone for his guilt in killing enemies in battle. He thought that if he could attract all the *Namburis* of Travancore to Trevandrum, and ensure their performing daily processional prayers round the principal temple, he should obtain not only forgiveness of his own sins, but should bring abundant prosperity for the country. Every sixth year since his reign, the invitation has been repeated, and some thousands of Malayalim Brahmans or *Namburis* are entertained here for six weeks at the public expense. So liberally are they supplied with food, that I have seen them at the close of the day selling what remained over of their rations to eager buyers in the road. On their departure, the chief men amongst them are presented with silk and other cloths as well as with gifts in money. This time their visit was attended with disastrous consequences, for before its termination, cholera broke out and carried off thirty or forty of them. The terrible disease did not end here; it continued to rage for about two months longer, and hundreds were swept into eternity. I did not close either of our three schools, though I felt keenly the risks to which our teachers, and especially the Bible-women, were exposed.

Had we all left the Fort and retired

to our healthier suburb of Tycand, it might have been interpreted as a lack of sympathy on our part, whereas by staying all day amongst them, we were at hand to speak loving words to the survivors. Many were struck down in a few hours after seizure, before help of any sort could be procured.

Our school *peon*, now an aged man, lost his only son, a youth of about twenty, just married. He was taken ill on a Sunday night, and died early the next morning. The poor old father has now no one to work for him in his old age, nor to perform his funeral ceremonies, a terrible grief to a Hindu, while an engaging, clever child of eight is condemned to a life-long widowhood.

One of our little Brahman girls asked leave to go home in the afternoon because her mother was ill, and early the next morning she was seen standing at her door crying because she was dead. One could but commit the poor lamb to the tender care of Him Who, when on earth, suffered the little ones to come to Him.

It is frequently a consolation to me to remember, when grieving over the impossibility of training these children for Him, that His heart of love yearns over them too, and that He is far more ready to hear our prayers than we are to pray for them. During the cholera, the attendance of scholars in the Fort School was much lower than usual, but in May and June it began to increase, and has now (August) nearly reached the same average as that of last year.

Within a Royal Palace.

On Sunday evening, October 15th, all Trevandrum was moved by the news of the death of Her Highness the Junior Rani. Forty-three guns, corresponding with her age, were fired; muffled drums were beaten all night at the top of the principal gate of the Fort; the sepoy of the Nayar brigade and policemen of the force were called out, and her remains were cremated in a few hours. Six months before she had confided to me, to my great distress, that she had a cancer on her tongue, and soon afterwards a physician and two nurses from Madras were summoned to operate on her. Every argument to induce her to submit to it was used in vain, and she placed herself instead in the hands of a Hindu doctor, who, after inflicting dreadful tortures on her, failed, as we knew he would, to effect a cure.

From this time I was denied all access to her; cruel caste forbade my

admission, although for thirty years her friend and teacher. She was too ill to be permitted to bathe in her tank out of doors, and thus wash away the defilement consequent on the touch of a European, so none were suffered to approach her. I did see her once more, three days before her death, through the kindness of one of her sons: he allowed me, late at night, to look in through a partly-opened door, and the sight I then saw of the suffering lady seated on the floor and supported by faithful attendants was a very sad one.

I had promised not to speak, so could only inwardly pray that God would bless and comfort her. The sequel would have been very different could she have been persuaded to resign herself to skilled medical treatment and nursing, but Brahman influence is yet too powerful in Travancore to admit of Western innovations and alleviations in royal sick-rooms.

(To be continued.)

COCHIN.

POSSIBLY the history and associations which cling to the little state of Cochin, which has proved a fruitful field for women's work; may not be widely known; we print an extract from a short account of it given by the Lady Commissioner of the *Daily Graphic*, and published on June 27th, 1894:—

Historically Cochin offers interest enough to have a book of its own, for even to day one looks with some wonder upon the place which first possessed European fortifications in India, at which Vasco da Gama

breathed his last in 1530, and which saw the printing by the Jesuits of the first book published in India, in 1577. But apart from its associations, there is plenty for the modern traveller to see in the miles of canal and back-

water upon which the town stands. The backwater runs many miles inland, with shores fringed with the richest vegetation, and dotted by prosperous village communities.

Very bright, bustling, and picturesque is the scene along the canal, which runs through the town, with its banks filled with an animated, moving crowd, and upon its waters a busy fleet of the curious flat-bottomed barges with their thatched awnings, by which a great amount of the trade of the place is carried on: this comprises a variety of merchandise, including *coir*, yarn, rope, and fibre, cocoanut and other oils, as well as, of late years, an enormous amount of dried fish. Both the sea and the backwaters abound in fish, and, when dried, much of it finds its way to Ceylon, where it is consumed chiefly by *coolies* upon the tea and coffee estates.

The fleets of strangely-rigged fishing crafts, the men wearing a huge piece of head-gear, combining in itself the attributes of hat and umbrella, are to be seen all down the coast, but most particularly round Calicut and Cochin; while at the latter place, primitive supports carrying great nets are erected at close intervals along the shore. These are generally in charge of two or three men, who continually lower the nets into the water, where they are borne down by heavy stones, and when hauled up, contain, it may be, the delicious pomfret (this, however, is eaten at its best in Bombay), the tasty mullet, the seer, the barmin, or more probably, the sardine of the East, a small and extremely plentiful fish which approximates closely to its brother of the Mediterranean.

Cochin also possesses a small but artistic industry in silver work.

TRICHUR.

The C.E.Z.M.S. in the Capital of Cochin.

BY THE MISSES COLEMAN.

IN the spring, Miss White and Miss Crooke being able for a few weeks to take charge of the Mission, we took the opportunity of seeing something of the very interesting work which is being carried on in Bangalore amongst the Mohammedan women by Miss Smith and her much-valued staff of volunteer lady helpers.

Our very pleasant visit had one feature of sadness; this was the death

of our beloved Bible-woman, Esther Parrookuty. She was attacked with an illness which culminated in cholera, and proved fatal. She had, according to Government regulations, to be removed to the hospital, and died there a few hours afterwards, having made us the guardians of her two youngest children, who are still under our care.

Some of our friends will remember that Parrookuty was the first high-

caste woman who joined the Mission, in 1884. After her baptism, she was confirmed by Bishop Speechly, and then began work, more especially among high-caste women, one of whom she was the means of bringing into the fold of Christ. Her example influenced others for good. Thus her vacant place leaves a blank which will be difficult to fill; but for our comfort, we are assured she has now rest and joy in the presence of her Saviour. Her end was peaceful, and without much suffering; almost her last words were: "If I am to die, I am not afraid, for Jesus keeps so close to me; He never leaves me."

Surely such words as these, spoken while in the valley of the shadow of death by one who had lived in Heathen darkness, is a bright testimony to the power of the Gospel, and brings with it the message to be up and doing, for the night cometh when no man can work.

We are thankful to have had an increase in the number of supporters for some of our dear children during the past year, but very many of these little ones are as yet without any, and for them we should be glad to get help. In our A.V. School, thirty-five out of the fifty-six children now on the rolls are our Mission children, who are being educated there up to the First Form. For this school we are now in receipt of Rs. 87 per month grant-in-aid from the *Sirkar*, who have also sanctioned grants of from Rs. 3 to Rs. 4 monthly to each of our five high-caste Hindu schools, and Rs. 71 monthly for our Widows' Industrial School; but an

important point gained is that, in addition to the grants, permission has also just been given, allowing us to teach the Bible in school-hours, which was afterwards notified in the Government *Gazette*. Thus that cloud is now removed, and the Scriptures may be taught without any such obstacles being again put in the way.

Our Industrial School.

In our Industrial School there are now twenty-one widows, and a deaf and dumb girl, who have constant employment. This work is kept only for the converts, and after baptism the daily Bible-lesson is continued as before, so that they may grow in grace and knowledge, and at the same time be trained to habits of industry, together with the useful art of self-support. On behalf of these we would send special thanks to Miss MacGregor, Hon. Sec. of the I.W.U., for her kind practical help and loving sympathy. Also for the many warm articles of clothing sent by her in the Christmas-box.

Twenty-four Baptisms.

We would also give praise for twenty-four baptisms during the year, and especially for two high-caste young women, who with their three children were baptized together, and for two new inquirers (widows) who have but recently come into the Mission. Our Bible-women are going on with their self-denying work, and we only want to see their number greatly multiplied, and the needed funds for their support.

The dispensary has continued open throughout the year, excepting the three months we were absent from the station. This accounts for the numbers being less than last year. Patients treated in the dispensary, 3286; outside patients, 460,

To all friends who have sent contributions or gifts for school prizes, we send warmest thanks, and would ask for their fervent prayers that God may give us greater success in winning souls.

August 6th, 1894.



CHINA MISSION.

Whilst the great empires of the far East have been shaken by war, and we have looked eagerly for mails from China, our missionaries in the Fuh-Kien Province have been kept in peace without and within. Never have they written more brightly. The name Fuh-Kien means "happily established"; the population numbers 14,777,410, and we have thirty missionaries appointed to eight stations in this province. This number includes Miss Hessie Newcombe, now on her way out after furlough, Miss Strong, at present at home for the benefit of her eyes, and Miss Wedderspoon, a new missionary whose departure has been delayed until the assurance has been received that she may travel in safety.

NANGWA.

The Women's Hospital, Nangwa-Ke.

Kien-Ning Prefecture of Fu-Kien Province.

By MISS JOHNSON.

ALTHOUGH the second year of our work in the women's hospital at Nangwa-Ke has perhaps not been quite so prosperous as last year, yet we would ask you to join us in giving thanks to God for much blessing which has rested on it. This year the number of in-patients has

only been seventeen; the falling-off is not surprising, since there has been no English doctor during the greater part of it. Owing to serious illness, Dr. Rigg was obliged to leave for Foo-chow, and afterwards was invalided home. He left the hospital in charge of students, who also attend the

women's hospital, but the Natives do not think nearly so much of them as of a "foreigner." I have not got the number of out-patients at hand, but one hundred would be under rather than over the mark. These are not all at Nangwa; those of us who go to stay in the villages, generally take medicines for such simple cases as we understand ourselves. We are, of course, expected—in virtue of being foreigners—to understand the healing art! and we see so many cases where a very simple remedy would give relief and avert serious consequences, that common humanity compels to do something. Help in sickness sometimes makes the people more friendly, and shows them that we care for and sympathise with them.

Opium-smokers.

This year two of our patients were opium cases. Among the *women* in this part we do not meet with many who are victims of this vice. I am told that among the rich it is not uncommon: where the men of the family take it, it frequently spreads to their women-kind. Among women of immoral character it is also common.

Our first opium patient, however, belonged to neither of these classes. Her husband is a tailor, and had smoked opium many years, so she, too, had fallen into the habit. She was a fortnight in hospital. At first it was evident she was determined not to believe anything of the doctrine which she knew we taught. She simply wished to make use of our hospital to

be cured of the effects of opium. She listened stolidly with a look that plainly said, "You can talk away. *I'm* too sharp to be taken in by you. *I'm* not going to be influenced by anything you may say," but He Who, when "lifted up, will draw all men," awakened in her heart a longing against which she could not hold out. She confessed before long that she believed what we told her was the truth and very much to be desired; she went so far as to kneel in prayer with us every day, she even herself prayed, confessing her sins and asked for pardon.

But there was a stumbling-block to becoming a Christian which she herself soon perceived: she and her husband were "eating the idol's rice"—they were caretakers of a club and temple combined—and they were required to burn incense daily to the idols. The husband having sent his wife to be cured of opium—as an experiment—followed her example, and he too, while in hospital, became interested and convinced of the Truth; but, alas! there they have stopped. So far they have not come to a decision to let go almost their only means of support and to trust God to take care of them. Both are old, and they have no children; the man's eyes are getting too dim to do much. One can see his wife is just longing to possess Jesus Christ and to have His pardon and peace. It is a very sad case. In China it needs to be desperately in earnest to obtain the pearl of great price. Many in our own land, who have known and proved

God true for years, would hesitate to trust thus wholly; and they, poor people, know so little about God. Yet others have tried and proved His faithfulness. We must pray on and believe and expect for them that His grace will conquer. No other means of livelihood, so far, seem to offer, and we dare not lead them to trust in the *foreigner* for support.

"Health and Cure."

Another patient was a poor little woman who lived in a house full of men—father-in-law, husband, brother-in-law, and uncle—all sunk in the vice of opium-smoking. What wonder that she, too, fell a victim? She had had several children, who all died in infancy: the last—a boy of a few years old—had been sold for an opium debt! She heard of Him Who had come to set the captives free, and she longed to be delivered. Miss Rodd and Miss Bryer—visiting her village for the first time with the Gospel—pitied her and offered to take her back with them to Nangwa to be cured. She got through the cure marvellously easily, looking so cheerful all the time, a great contrast to most people under such circumstances. It was God Who helped her, she said. She heard eagerly the story of the Saviour's love, and went home determined by His grace to serve and confess Him. We have heard good accounts of her. Her brother-in-law has since been cured, and I hear her husband has also lately given up opium-smoking. Will you join us in praying that they may be kept,

by the power of God, unto salvation?

Another patient, daughter-in-law to the first, was converted during her stay in the hospital. The whole family have since become Christians, but this young woman is the brightest. She came to us when Miss Bryer was holding her station class in an empty room of the hospital, and thus met several other women who were either already Christians or interested. As she expressed it, it gave the lessons so much more *taste* when there were several learning together.

We feel that God's blessing has been resting on the hospital, and praise Him for it, hoping that next year the numbers will increase. We do not know if we shall have an English doctor before Dr. Rigg's return in about another year. We are praying that he may be sent back to us in the Kien-Ning District. His devotion to his work, and kindly, sympathetic manner with the patients, make him a great favourite.

The new C.M.S. Hospital.

You will perhaps have heard that a new C.M.S. hospital has been built just outside Kiong-Ning City. The old one at Nangwa will only now be kept open as a dispensary and opium-refuge. The C.M.S. grant was not sufficient to include a women's part, but funds for this have come in specially, so we hope soon to begin to build and remove up there and close our temporary hospital quarters at Nangwa. The mandarins have requested that there be no more building

started till what has been already opened is more established, and public feeling more quiet. The delay is not very important, as there is a Native doctor at Nangwa, as well as at the new hospital—one of the men trained by Dr. Rigg.

Owing to the kind help of Miss Sinclair in the hospital, I have been able to leave it occasionally for

visiting in distant villages this year, and so have been able to follow up some of our former patients, finding some of them very satisfactory. One dear old blind woman is trusting in Jesus, and has been telling others of His love. Her grand-niece said, "I, too, worship Jesus; my aunt taught me to pray to Him."

Sept. 13th, 1894.

First-fruit of Su-bu-cheng.

THE following letter from Miss Bryer, though it was written in the autumn of last year, has lost none of its interest. The first-fruits bear even in the name the promise of harvest.

Miss Johnson, Miss Rodd, W. Acue, and I have come to this mountain village, twelve miles from the city. It is a fearful climb up to it, in many places perpendicular, but we are well rewarded by the glorious view at the top. The people here were very friendly from the first, and came in great numbers every day to see us; the first Sunday our room was literally packed, nevertheless we had perfect quiet and attentive listeners. For a time after this the prospect seemed very dark, for though the women were always anxious to listen, there were not any who seemed anxious about their sins, or in the least touched by a Saviour's love.

The first to be moved was an old woman who had been telling her beads. She had been a vegetarian for years. She told me her heart was inclining two ways, towards the idols and towards God; she said very pitifully, "If only you had come when I was young, then I would have wor-

shipped God; but now I have spent so much time and money in accumulating gold paper to redeem me from purgatory, and this would all count for nothing if I were to begin something new."

It reminded me of Isaiah lv., "Wherefore spend ye money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" I had to tell her how fruitless was all her labour. She went through a hard struggle, but I believe it is nearly over now, for God has through sorrow been weaning her from her idols. Her son was an opium-smoker, and had utterly neglected his wife and two small children. His wife had been ill for a year when we came, and was wasted and weary. We gave her tonics and strengthening food, and helped her husband to go down to Dr. Rigg's hospital at Nang-wa, only nine miles away. He came back with such a glowing account of the people there, that his wife was quite

willing, at our proposal, to go down to Nang-wa to see Dr. Rigg and to hear his opinion of her case; up to this time she had not been gaining strength of body, but, praise God, she had learnt to trust in Jesus, and had since dreamt that He came all in white to her bedside with strengthening food. This dream she told her neighbours, and like all Orientals, they were greatly impressed, saying it was worth while to call to Jesus, for He could hear.

We set off to Nang-wa, the sick woman tied into a chair and carried, and I walking as far as Dishe, five miles away; there we took a boat down to Nang-wa. Dr. Rigg was away at the time, but one of the Native students pronounced her very weak. That evening the Bible-woman, another patient, Anigcia (my patient), and I had a little prayer-meeting together. Anigcia prayed very simply that God would heal and protect her, and that Jesus would wash her heart white in His precious blood. I had to leave at daylight the next morning to escape the great heat, so did not disturb her.

Dr. Rigg saw her, and after careful examination of her lungs, pronounced her to be in consumption, which in her case had been hastened by starvation and neglect; the husband, however, seemed penitent, and went down on purpose to see her. Soon after this visit a letter came, telling us to send the husband to fetch his wife at once as the illness had taken a sudden turn, and for two days they thought she was dying; she was longing for

her home, but it was doubtful if she would reach it. The husband went down the next day, and returned with his wife the day following.

When she arrived, I was surprised to see the brother-in-law get up a bundle of straw and set it on fire in the passage; then the husband lifted his wife out of the chair and walked over the fire into the bedroom. I asked what that was for, and they said, to prevent the evil spirits from following her into the house. They thought her illness was due to malignant influences which were hastening her death. I remonstrated with the old lady, and she was greatly distressed, and said, "You never told me before; I did not know I must not do it."

I went to Anigcia in her bedroom and found her hands and feet deadly cold, and knew her end was near. By the help of restoratives she gradually regained consciousness, and was able to recognise her relations who had flocked in to see her. I was struck by one remark they all addressed to her, "*Ne-cha*," which meant, "You are beyond help now." I stayed that night with her, and during the quiet hours, spoke to her of Jesus. She always responded, and in answer to my question said, "Jesus was with her and she was not afraid." The old lady was very distressed, and told her to ask Jesus to let her eat four more years' rice, but the girl said she did not want to live. Soon after the old lady asked her what was to be done with her silver ornaments; but she seemed indifferent to all earthly things,

and had great difficulty in speaking, and did not answer. The old lady went into the kitchen to prepare hot tea, for which the girl was continually craving. I was sitting on the bed holding her hand; and seeing her lips moving, I bent down, thinking she was asking for something. She said clearly three times, "*Ta su la qui noi*" ("Jesus, come and save me").

The husband came in from a neighbouring house at five o'clock, and I came home, telling him to call me if any change came. After breakfast a woman came for me, but before I got to the house she had passed away, "so peacefully and happily," her mother-in-law said. As the family were miserably poor, we undertook the expense of the funeral, on condition that no Heathen custom should be observed. The relations, believing that Jesus had really taken her to heaven, were quite willing to go on the

Sunday. The two tiny children, the baby not yet two, being carried by his uncle, and a little niece, followed with us to the grave, on a neighbouring hill. The children were in white and I had a covering of sack-cloth. The husband was one of the bearers, and even assisted in filling up the grave. We wondered how he could do it, but it only made us realise more than ever how loveless the marriage union in China is. We sang "There is a happy land," and "Heaven is my home." None of the other relations were allowed to come to the grave, as according to Chinese ideas she had failed to reverence them by dying first. She was only twenty-two or twenty-three, and thus cannot serve them in old age and mourn for them when dead.

She is the first-fruits from this place, gone to be for ever with the Lord. Since her death the Lord has been speaking to other hearts.

SANG-YONG.

BY MISS MAUDE NEWCOMBE.

I MUST thank very warmly the very many unknown friends who have sent me Christmas cards, in answer to an appeal in INDIA'S WOMEN; they have indeed been of great use in gathering together, Sunday after Sunday, between seventy and eighty women and children, and thus giving us an opportunity of preaching the Gospel to them; but I must thank them still more for the very many assurances that we

and our work here are continually remembered at the Throne of Grace.

Reviving the Smoking Flax.

The Gospel has been preached now for many years at Sang-Yong. At one time there was a flourishing Church here, where over a hundred met together for worship on Sundays. But—yes, there is a great deal behind that "but"—Satan hindered, and the members gradually fell off, and those

that remained were not very satisfactory. It is not always easy to discover why there should be sometimes a gradual falling away in a district where much interest has been awakened and where a real work seemed to have been done. One very potent reason was given me by one of our head-catechists. He said, "*Ku-niong*, no work is on a permanent footing in a place till the women have been reached. We may go to the men, and may get together quite a congregation, but while the wives and mothers are uninfluenced the children are invariably brought up as Heathen, and so the work in that place is but short-lived, at most but for one generation." These are the words of a Native who has seen a great deal of work.

Last autumn we began work here, coming in and out from Sa-Yong; but early this year Miss Burroughs and I thought if we could come and live with the people for some time, we should be able to reach very many more. So we had a couple of rooms made ready for us in the chapel, and here we have been living for the past few months, very happily indeed. We brought with us two very earnest Christian men as teachers, who have been a great help to the catechist, going out into the streets and surrounding villages, preaching and seeking to win back the backsliding ones. The result has been a decided increase in the congregation every Sunday morning.

Our work amongst the women has had its ups and downs. At first,

wherever we went, we were welcomed and listened to gladly; no house was shut against us. But soon all kinds of reports were spread abroad: how we captured children, made away with them, and took their eyes to make medicine. Soon nearly every house was closed, the children ceased to come to school, and on the whole our faith had rather a hard time of it. But the sun shone out again; the opposition ceased as suddenly as it had arisen, and now we are welcomed everywhere. The women and children are all coming back to church. For the last few Sundays they have numbered seventy or eighty, but as far as we can see, it is but the coming together of the dry bones, the breath of life is still wanting.

Women's Classes.

In the spring we opened a school for women. We purposed to give them three months' teaching, hoping by this means that they would afterwards take a more intelligent part in the Church service; but as a school of this kind was quite unknown here, we could only get five women together. Some may ask, What could they learn in three months? For repetition they had a catechism, which is taught in all the schools, twenty-six hymns, the parts of the Morning and Evening Service in which the congregation join, also the Church Catechism. We also taught them each day one incident in the Life of our Lord, which had to be told over and over, till each one could tell the story in her own words. On Sunday afternoons they

were questioned on the sermon preached in the morning, and, before long, they were able to give a very fair account of it. They went home in the middle of June, and now another class has been formed, and this term we have seven women.

Day-school.

I have mentioned already how the

school for little girls fell off so in numbers on account of the reports which the Enemy raised against the work; indeed, for some time we thought of giving it up altogether, but for the last week or so some improvement has encouraged us to keep it on, and now our little folks number nine.

August 24th, 1894.

SA-YONG.

BY MISS CODRINGTON.

"My soul shall make her boast *in the Lord*. O magnify *the Lord* with me, and let us exalt *His Name* together."

BEFORE beginning an account of the year's work, I must tell of the changes among the workers at this station. After the summer holidays last year, Miss Maude Newcombe moved on from Sa-Yong to Sang-Yong, a large town some ten miles further east; so Miss Burroughs and I were alone at Sa-Yong till February, when, after passing her first examination, Miss Burroughs went to join Miss Newcombe at Sang-Yong, and Miss Tolley was appointed to work with me. God's guidance was unmistakable in every step, and He has *marvellously* blessed the work of our two dear sisters at Sang-Yong, while at Sa-Yong He has also given us the joy of seeing souls brought into the Kingdom.

Work in Sa-Yong itself.

On our return, after rest last summer, Miss Burroughs and I were sur-

prised and delighted at the welcome given us by the people: as our chairs passed through the streets, many voices joined in expressing their pleasure at seeing us back, and a troop of little children ran beside us, shouting, to the house. This friendly spirit has been shown to us all along, and it is a pleasure to visit the houses and see the women's faces light up to welcome us. Very frequently they will invite us into their bedrooms, and, bringing their work, will gather into a circle, to listen, while we talk and sing to them for more than an hour at a time. We are sure many have thus learnt to know and trust in Jesus, though they may be only secret believers. If our hearts grow sad because some who have heard often refuse His love, we *know* the seed sown must bring in its harvest—it may be only after "patient waiting."

We visit in Sa-Yong itself generally twice a week, Monday and Tuesday

afternoons. We have over thirty houses on the list of those frequently visited, and there are others we have been to only once or twice, as the case may be. On Sunday afternoons I have a class of women, usually well attended, but the numbers vary, according to the time of year. During the tea-packing season and harvests, when the women are kept busily employed, we may only have ten or twenty; at other times we have from twenty to thirty.

Those who are interested in the girl, Hiong-Leng, and her aunt, whom I wrote of last year, must go on praying for both. We have seen little of either. Hiong-Leng was away on a six-months' visit, and now is kept busy weaving cloth for her trousseau; she is to be married at the end of the year, poor child. The aunt has not been allowed to come to our house more than once or twice; but she is always eager to learn. I feel with this as with all our work, we need not fear, knowing it is God that worketh, and He that hath begun . . . will continue.

Village Work.

Wednesday and Thursday afternoon I devote to village work, visiting regularly four villages, distant about three to four and a half miles, and occasionally others. One of the saddest things in our work is the number of villages we must refuse to go to for want of time and strength. Invitations come to us, saying, "Our women have no one to teach them, will you come?" and we have to answer, sadly

enough, "No," for the moments are only too full of work as it is. Oh! if you could only see it for yourself, I know your heart would be touched. "The Lord of Hosts hath a work to do." Who will come and do it?

But now for the villages that are visited:—

(a) *Hok-Dong*.—This village lies about three miles away, and has several Christian families. I go there every Thursday afternoon, and have a very encouraging class of women and girls; average attendance, fifteen.

(b) *Uong-Bah*, distant four and a half miles. On my way through this village, when returning from one more distant, the women begged earnestly for teaching. Since then I have held a class there every alternate Wednesday, and quite a little group of inquirers are interested. Three women entered the station class held in the spring.

(c) *Dang-Yong*, distant three miles. In this place interest was awakened through an earnest Christian man, who invited us to his house to teach the women. On my first visit the women were so afraid of me that they hid behind the bedroom doors and peeped; at first only one old woman had the temerity to approach me with tea. Before leaving, however, some ventured on a closer acquaintance, and in a very short time there was always an orderly class of eight or ten waiting my fortnightly visits. Now they have prayers every evening in this Christian's house, with an attendance of over thirty. Last June, with Mrs. Stewart's consent, I sent a Bible-

woman there for the three summer months, and I hear several women have been coming to her to learn.

(d) *Lain-Yong*.—The work here is still so new I cannot say much about it; crowds come to listen, but whether from curiosity or interest, only time will tell.

A Christian Woman's Welcome.

I have only once been able to leave home for a night, but on that occasion an interesting incident occurred. Our way led up a steep mountain, and on reaching the top my chair was put down to rest; in about a minute a little old woman came running out of a house near by, and almost dragged me out of the chair, saying, "I am so glad you have come. I am a Christian; I love your Jesus, and I love you." She had never seen a foreigner before, so her absence of all fear was wonderful; but she had been taught by the catechist's wife at the place where I was going, about two miles further on, and used to walk that distance every Sunday, when fine, to church. She was admitted to baptism here last June, and had unbound her feet of her own accord. On my return, the next day, she had collected quite a little congregation from the scattered houses round, to listen to the "Old, Old Story," and I never had a more attentive audience.

Educational Work.—This consists of a station class for Heathen women, and a day-school for little girls.

Last December we started a plan of inviting the women, who seemed really interested, to come here from

the surrounding villages, for a three months' course of teaching in the elements of Christian truth, hoping, by God's help, to send them back to their villages to be lights in the darkness. In this way twelve women have been under instruction last winter and spring, and very humbly and gratefully we acknowledge God's manifest blessing on this effort.

I believe all were led to utterly reject their idols, and to know the only true living God. Eight professed conversion, and, we believe, were sincere. Of these, two have died, three were baptized last June, and the remaining three are candidates for baptism. Out of the twelve, nine unbound their feet, and this is no small token of sincerity, especially in those cases where they have been bound till their foot only measures two and a half inches in length. The loosening of the bandages is, of necessity, a painful process. It has been much joy to find that, since leaving the school, some of these women have been doing real work in their villages, and it has gladdened my heart to hear just now encouraging reports of two out of the four, of whose profession I was a little doubtful.

One of the two women who died was our catechist's wife. According to Chinese custom they had been betrothed as babies, and he brought her, when married, straight from a Heathen home. Before school opened I taught her, and afterwards she came to the classes every day. On the very day, early in April, that our first class broke up she died. She

had not much knowledge, but I believe she was trusting in Jesus only for salvation, and she was a candidate for baptism at the time of her death. This death seemed the beginning of sorrowful times: two days after I was taken ill myself, and had to be carried into Ku-cheng for medical advice. Returning to my work was prohibited till after the summer; but Miss Nisbet most unselfishly left her own work and went to Sa-Yong to finish the course of teaching with the second class of women for six weeks. It was important that the station should not be closed, as rumours were started that we were running away on account of the death that had just taken place. These reports soon died away, however, and did not seriously affect the work.

Three or four weeks later, Miss Nisbet wrote to tell me of the death of our brightest Christian, a dear old woman of fifty-four. She was our first-fruits in Sa-Yong, and from the first had given earnest attention to all that was taught her. In spite of her age and very tiny feet, she was one of the first to unbind them. Her bright face, child-like faith, simple testimony, and her holy life impressed all—Heathen or Christians—who knew her. Her death was as beautiful as her life; she spoke only of Jesus Christ and Heaven. When her husband told her she was dying, and asked for her last injunctions, she said, "I only want this one thing—for you to stand firm and follow Jesus, so that we may meet in heaven." Her husband needs our prayers; his charac-

ter is an uncertain one, and now that he no longer has his wife's holy influence he often seems to falter. Will you pray for him and all her relations?

Lastly, I must mention our little day-school; it numbers thirteen. The Native teacher has managed it admirably, both in maintaining discipline and in teaching; indeed, the efficiency of our two Native helpers has been a constant source of thankfulness. Our Bible-woman is earnest and spiritual, so also is the children's school teacher, and to them I must give the credit of a great deal of the work that has been done, both among the women and girls.

I was very sorry not to be present at the baptisms in June. Mr. Stewart reported very favourably of the women; there were four and a little girl baptized. Two of the interesting candidates were missing from the group on earth, but present with the Lord in heaven, and I love to think that Sa-Yong is already represented *there*. We take it as a seal of blessing in the future.

I am finishing this on our return to Sa-Yong, after an absence of nearly five months, and I must just add a note of thanksgiving for the way in which God has been working in our absence; distinct progress has been made. We *praise* for the faithfulness of our two dear Chinese sisters left in charge. The loving welcome home accorded us was even warmer than last year. With hearts full of hope we take up the threads of work again.

September, 1894.

Foreign Notes.

NORTH INDIA MISSION.

JABALPUR.

Miss Branch writes on September 27th, 1894:—

I was much gratified yesterday by receiving a letter thanking me and the other ladies of the Mission for our exertions in teaching the women and girls of Jabalpur, more especially for our efforts in schools. The letter was from the Inspector-General of Education.

A fortnight ago I was in Gurha. The new school-house is charming and the school is so full. I have had to put on another teacher.

I went to Sitabai's school also. There Elizabeth is working wonders.

At 3 p.m. the school was closed, and the women began to assemble for the weekly Bible-lesson. They came, and came, and came, till the verandah was packed full. There were in all 112 women. A few were Brahmins, but all the rest were weavers, artisans, agriculturists, and that sort of caste. In the open courtyard were four of the sweeper caste, sitting all by themselves, poor things. How I wished that you could have seen the class! The singing was hearty and most of the women very attentive.

THE PUNJAB MISSION.

AMRITSAR.—*Footings from Miss Dewar's Diary.*

January 7th, 1894.

I am again out in the villages, this time accompanied by Miryam, a Bible-woman Miss Hewlett has kindly lent me. She is a thorough Punjabi, and will, I trust, be a great help as well as an attraction to these villagers.

Not far from here is Sultanwind, where Dr. Clarke has a catechist dispenser. There is a little church there and a congregation of Christians. We went yesterday afternoon and were delighted with everything. We all sat on the floor and sang Punjabi *bhajans* to the accompaniment of a guitar.

Jan. 9th.—We went to two villages

near each other; the people were very friendly, but the animals were afraid of us. One young bull took fright, broke its halter, and spent its time careering all over the place. Twice it put its nose in at the door, but seeing me, off it went again!

One little girl, seeing us, said, "What is that?" We have often to explain *who* we are, but when it comes to *what* we are, we feel ourselves very low down in the scale of living creatures.

The following receipts gleaned on our tour will amuse you: A frog bandaged tightly over a sore will afford great relief. Stewed owls (?)

given to a husband will make him obedient to his wife.

Jan. 10th.—The people were most friendly, but oh! the road! One part of the way was over a field, another part through mud and water to the pony's knees. Rain came on before we left, and it is now pouring, as it knows how to pour in these parts.

One old lady, one of our many listeners, was busy unwinding the newly spun cotton-thread, with the

reel between her toes and the piece of wood in her hand. Though thus busy, she kept time with the *bhajan*, and when we had finished was able to join in the chorus.

One little boy who could read nicely was made happy by the gift of a hymn-book.

A young woman in the throng was much impressed by a line of the hymn, which says, "Where are you going, you of the hungering heart?" "Will Jesus satisfy?" she asked.

BATALA.

A letter from the Rev. Robert Clark, dated Amritsar, October 24th, 1894, announces that Miss Coverdale has arrived at Batala, a station which the doctors trust may suit her constitution better than Kashmir.

TRAVANCORE AND COCHIN MISSION.

After mentioning the very serious illness of Miss Chettle, it is a pleasure to give extracts from a letter written by her own hand to the Clerical Secretary on October 2nd, 1894:—

Fern Hill, Trevandrum.

I am much better. At one time the doctor thought I had no chance of living, but now I hope in a little time, with rest and care, to be able to work again. I cannot tell you what a great grief it is to me to leave Mavelikara. The work there was not only dear to me and very interesting, but everything about it was encouraging.

The people all seemed willing to be taught.

To me it is very mysterious that I should be taken away, and I find the lesson of submission to God's will very hard to learn. Miss d'Albedyhl has been most devoted in nursing and taking care of me. She is still with me here. The doctor thinks at present this climate is the best for me.

CHINA

We hear with great sorrow of the death of Mrs. H. S. Phillips, C.M.S., who, before her marriage, as Miss Minnie Apperson, was one of our missionaries at Foochow. Miss Apperson went to China under the C.E.Z.M.S. in 1889; she married the Rev. H. S. Phillips in 1892. Particulars of her death have not reached England as we go to press.

Correspondence.

(The Editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of Correspondents.)

TWO LETTERS ENCLOSING MONEY AND A MORAL.

"Perhaps English Bands of Hope might copy."

St. George's Rectory,

Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.

August 24th, 1894.

MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose P.O. order for one pound as a contribution to the Zenana Mission from the members of the St. George's Band of Hope. One of the features of our weekly meetings of the Band of Hope is "A few Words about Missions." On Monday next I commence a series of addresses on "Heroes of the Mission Field," the substance of the addresses being the deeply interesting work bearing that title by Bishop Walsh. Our little lads and lasses in all shades thus get interested in Mission work from their youth upwards. Perhaps English Bands of Hope might copy.

With all good wishes for the success of the work among India's countless numbers of benighted souls,

I am, yours faithfully,

W. W. KILBURN,

Rector.

Perhaps English Readers might copy.

"Miss — was very much interested in two Numbers of INDIA'S WOMEN which she found in the apartments in which she was lodging this summer; she therefore has great pleasure in enclosing . . . towards the grand work of the C.E.Z.M.S. She is sorry not to send more. September, 1894."

The unknown friend who supplied these lodgings with two Numbers of INDIA'S WOMEN may not know the practical sympathy they have been the means of calling out. The distribution of literature must be like "bread cast upon the waters." We shall be always glad to give back Numbers of our magazines to Association or Local Secretaries and other workers who are willing to leave them where they may be read with advantage to the C.E.Z.M.S.

"DOLLS ON THE SPOT."

Thornfield, Darlington.

DEAR EDITOR,—You may perhaps care to hear that, acting on a suggestion I saw in INDIA'S WOMEN, I procured a dozen dolls in readiness for Miss Eleanor Sampson's meetings here the end of last month. I sold them at cost price to be dressed and returned to me for India, and through her three meetings we obtained promises or disposed of between forty and fifty dolls. Having the

dolls on the spot was half the battle, and, as Miss Sampson says, the gift of a doll practically ensures a child's attendance at school for a year. We were very pleased with the success of our venture, and I thought it might encourage others to do likewise.

Yours sincerely,

ISABEL L. MARLEY.

KHYBER HOUSE.

Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N.,

Nov. 1st, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR,—Will you kindly allow me, through the medium of INDIA'S WOMEN, to make known to many friends that I hope to return to India the end of February next, with the intention of taking charge of Khyber House, Dalhousie? Some do know, but others may not, that this house was given to our Society as a sanatorium for their missionaries. It is beautifully situated in the Himalayas, and is a great boon to many tired workers needing rest and change. The house is there, but the "internal arrangements" of the house leave much to be desired. Who will help me to make it look homelike and cosy? To some who have a gift for painting I would suggest that sketches of English scenes or suitable texts would be a welcome relief to the bare white walls.

I am afraid to enumerate gifts that are greatly needed, and would be very acceptable for the more complete furnishing of the house, lest the different articles should be repeated by various kind donors; but if small contributions of money were sent to me for this special purpose, I would do my best to purchase therewith such things as are necessary, some of which would be procurable in the Punjab. For any such gifts for Khyber House, sent to me at the

Manor House,

Leigh Road,

Highbury, N.,

before the end of January, I shall be most thankful.

Yours hopefully,

M. E. GOODWIN.

N.B.—Our hearty sympathy is with Miss Goodwin in her kind and self-denying efforts to make Khyber House worthy of its object.—EDITOR.

A Correspondent questions the statement in our September Number, p. 389: "Miss Blandford . . . has worked at Trevandrum for ten years and four months since last taking leave of absence," as she knows that Miss Blandford has sometimes visited Ootacamund or other hill stations during the time mentioned. We are obliged for the opportunity of correcting any misapprehension. "Leave of absence" was intended to mean taking furlough. Our missionaries' visits to other stations are often simply change of scene and of work.

The Editor's Work Basket.

The Lady Superintendent of the Society's Home, the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., finds the demand for aprons, tablecloths, warm petticoats, and underlinen of all sorts, far exceeds the demand. Will the managers of Working Parties kindly make a note of this ?

DOLLS IN HISTORICAL AND FANCY COSTUMES FOR SALE.

Some dolls which have been left over from a Doll Show are kindly offered for sale, the proceeds to be given to the C.E.Z.M.S. Orders to be sent to Mrs. Gardiner, Glenwood, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.

LIST AND PRICES (*postage extra*) :—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Mary Queen of Scots	7	6	Two Guernsey Milkwomen (each)	5	6
Queen Elizabeth	10	6	Two Spanish Peasants ... (each)	5	6
Scotch Boy (2nd Prize)	4	0	Welsh Woman	1	0
Norwegian Bride	7	6	Boulogne Fishwife	0	6
Norwegian Peasant	3	0	Polish Lawyer (prize)	7	6
Jersey Marketwoman	2	0	Polish Peasant	7	6
Jersey Milkwoman	2	0	Two Swiss Peasants ... (each)	2	6

The following dolls were bought in the countries they represent :—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Hessian Peasant	5	0	Two Swedish Women ... (each)	6	0
Swiss Peasant	2	0	Jersey Marketwoman	5	6
Bückerberg Peasant	3	0	Two Normandy Nurses ... (each)	1	0
Swedish Peasant	5	6			

Needs and Wants.

Needs.

At the present time, there is a general plea for medical missionaries. Thousands of women are dying without comfort for body and soul.

Medical and Zenana missionaries are urgently needed for Quetta. (See Aug. Number, p. 344.)

A medical lady is needed for Dera Ismail Khan, and a Zenana missionary for Dera Ghazi Khan, in the Punjab Mission.

Two Zenana missionaries are needed for Kashmir.

By the death of Miss Munro and the serious illness of Miss Woodward, the Itinerating Mission in South Tinnevely has ceased, and a missionary staff will again be needed for this important work. Missionaries are also greatly needed in Masulipatam and its out-stations.

We trust our needs in the Mission-field will be always regarded as subjects for prayer.

Wants.

Wanted.—Foreign stamps, both rare and common. Hong Kong and Australian ones specially in demand; Russian, Swedish, and Spanish will be also gratefully received by Miss Sandys, Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., to be sold for the benefit of the C.E.Z.M.S.

Foreign Postage Stamps (except the common Continental and United States) and collections, for which 20 per cent. more than dealers offer will be given. All proceeds to be given to the C.E.Z.M.S. Address, I. W., 19, Kensington Crescent, London, W. Please do not send any English, French, or German stamps.

Notices.

TO BE SOLD—PROCEEDS TO BE GIVEN TO THE C.E.Z.M.S.

Willcox and Gibbs Automatic Treadle Sewing Machine, with Fittings, cost 11*l.* 11*s.*; little and carefully used. Also Warren and Clough American Organ, cost 14*l.* 14*s.*; not much used. Offers to be sent to I. W., C.E.Z.M.S. Office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.

INDIAN WIDOWS' UNION.

The Dépôt for the work done by the Indian widows is now at Manorside, Leigh Road, Highbury. Miss Sandys is constantly receiving parcels of the work from Amritsar and Peshawar, and will be glad to send samples of it to friends.

Miss MacGregor, Hon. Sec. of I.W.U., 30, Clanricarde Gardens, Bayswater, will give information or forward kind gifts of *kurtas*, spectacles, &c., to India for widows connected with our industrial classes.

FOR SALE.

AT THE MANOR HOUSE, HIGHBURY, N.

A solid Mahogany Cabinet with two glass shelves, glass sides and door, plush floor and back; standing about 3 ft. high by 1½ ft. by 1 ft. Price 3*l.* 3*s.*

PRaise AND PRAYER.

A Meeting for Praise and Prayer will be held (D.V.) at 9, Salisbury Square, E.C., on Tuesday, December 11th, at 3.30. The Meeting usually held at the Manor House, on the fourth Tuesday in each month, will not take place in December.



More Stories from Mother's Note-books.

By LUCY I. TONGE (U.S.O.).

CHAPTER XIII.—LAST DAYS IN INDIA.

THAT a busy place Mrs. Fallon's house was on February 23rd ! You will like to hear what made us all so busy. Mrs. Fallon is going to England in a month, and was going to have a farewell party of Native ladies, and a prize-giving for her school of Parsee and Mohammedan girls. The drawing-room at the mission-house is splendidly airy, in every way suitable for a large gathering. I do not know how many guests were invited, but a hundred and twenty came ; of these forty-six were Europeans, and the rest were Turkish, Arabian, Persian, and Indian ladies. But I must begin at the beginning, and tell you about the preparations. Lovely flowers were sent by many Natives and English friends, and these were arranged beautifully with mosses and ferns. The staircase and large hall looked lovely with palms and flowering shrubs in pots. There were marks to add up, names to write in the prizes, and a list of the girls who were to have prizes to be made out for Lady Fergusson, the Governor's wife, who was to present them. The room had to be arranged with forms and chairs, and refreshments put on a side-table for the guests. I will tell you what the refreshments were—rather rich cake, biscuits, and ginger-bread for the Europeans ; and for the Native ladies, a variety of sweetmeats, pistachio and other nuts, biscuits, cocoa-nut paste, and many other odd things of which we did not know the names.

The guests began to arrive about five o'clock. It will not interest you very much to hear about the English visitors. The boarders at the school looked very pretty as they sat together, dressed alike in the softest Indian muslin *saris* edged with a blue silk flower on gauze ribbon. Then came in the Parsee and Mohammedan children, with their pink, mauve, blue, or crimson satin jackets and caps, worked with gold birds and flowers, and their fine muslin shirts falling over silk or satin trousers. Little boys and girls in England would not like to have their ears pierced all round for ornaments, nor would they like to have dozens of tiny plaits made of their hair, and have all finished up with gold thread, coins, and jewels. Indian children must be very patient.

Before the Native ladies arrived, father and all the men-servants had to leave the house; there was no man to be seen, still each lady came upstairs covered entirely with a large dark silk garment called a *bourkah*. When it was taken off the sight was wonderful. It was like a butterfly coming out of a chrysalis; the dresses were quite as grand as those at the betrothal, and the *saris* and *chuddars* were so brilliantly worked with gold thread, that when the gas was lighted the ladies glittered finely.

This was the way Mrs. Fallon entertained her guests. The girls of the school sang several pieces; the prizes (which were English books, desks, or work-cases) were given to them; the sweets were eaten, and photographs looked at. The greatest treat of all, however, was being introduced to Lady Fergusson; they all said of her, "She looks so kind," and they were right. Some English children came with their parents and helped to hand the sweets. One dear child was particularly pleased as one plate after another was emptied. "This is my number six," or "number eight," she would say, and went on perseveringly until she came to her tenth. She was a great favourite with the Indian ladies, because she played to them; it was only a tune out of an instruction book, "In a Cottage near a Wood," and played with one hand, but they were delighted. I thought two of them would be tired with laughing. Mabel was so pleased to see them happy, that she sang an old nursery song, and this also was a great success.

The ladies left about half-past seven: what a rushing about the poor missionaries had! helping the *ayahs* to robe the ladies and finding them their right *garis*, for, as the servants had been sent away, they had everything on their hands.

There is only one reason that makes us feel we shall be glad to leave

Bombay, and that is the tormenting mosquitos. There is a worse plague of them than there has been for several years, and they are so poisonous, that when you are bitten, you feel as feverish as if you had an illness.

The dear little school-children were not unsettled by the breaking-up, and the morning after the party were very good and attentive when I gave them a Bible-lesson on the Good Shepherd. They can understand English, and answered nicely. You know that Jesus calls the lambs of many folds, Indian as well as English, and that if they hear His voice and follow Him, He will give them eternal life.

The day had come for us to leave India, for the P. & O. steamship *Surat*, in which we had taken our passages, was ready to start. We went away richer than we came; India is full of interest and friends, and we are glad that as in future days we read reports in missionary books, we shall see God's answers to prayers that are now offered for many of those whom He loves and for whom Jesus died. We shall watch with our dear missionary friends till the answers come.

Since the Note-Books were written, years have passed away. Some of those of whom they tell, such as dear old Susan, Aunt Fan, A.L.O.E., the pastors at Allahabad and Jabalpur, and many others, will never say good-bye to us again; they are now in the Land of Welcomes with their Master whom they loved, and, when we meet again, it will be to sing with them, and with some of those whom they taught, the glad song of praise, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

You must read all about Mr. Clark, Miss Branch, Miss Hewlett, Miss Clay, Miss Bland, Miss Fallon, and all the other missionaries, in the *Gleaner*, and in *INDIA'S WOMEN*, *Daybreak*, the *Female Intelligencer*, and the *Zenana*: there you will see how God makes little seeds grow into strong and sturdy plants. These stories will, I hope, encourage you to begin to do things for God, because if you do, He will make them prosper, and you will bring glory to Him, and that is the very best thing any one in heaven or earth can do.

I want to tell you a Bible story, as well as all the missionary stories, or, rather, I will ask you to read for yourselves the parable of the Good Samaritan in Luke. There one passenger, seeing the man who was wounded by thieves, passed by on the other side, another pitied and did nothing, the

third man helped his neighbour, and so pleased God. Now, which of these three men are you like? As you read or hear missionary stories, is your head so full of other things that you do not take them in? or do you feel very sorry for the poor Heathen and yet do nothing? or are you willing, like the Good Samaritan, to give your time and money and prayers? Would you go without chocolate and tit-bits, or a new hat for your doll, or putting pence into a slot at the railway-station, to help those who are in need? Are you willing to give up your time to make work-bags and picture-books for Indian children? Do you pray for them? In these stories you have read of work in cities and villages, of schools for rich and poor Indian children, of visits to Zenanas, of work amongst those who are ill. Try to remember one of these things each day in the week; get your pencil and make a list from this book of the places, and pray for the people in them, and then, as you read the magazines, add to your list.

Think of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was rich and happy in heaven, rejoicing with His Father, and surrounded by angels to wait on Him, but in His joy He did not forget us. Jesus did not look down from heaven and say He was sorry for us, and then leave us in our sins; but He emptied Himself of all His glory and came down, and gave up everything for our sakes, even His own life. "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

THE END.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AND THE ZENANA MISSION.

A Prize of 5s. is offered to Members of the Daybreak Workers' Union, for the best variety collection of Dressed Dolls.

RULES.

1. Each Competitor must have been for at least three months a member of the D.W.U.
2. Penny dolls only to be used. No duplicates.
3. All the dolls must be clothed. No need for garments to take off. Neat work essential.
4. Each collection sent in must bear the Competitor's name, address, and number on D.W.U. Membership Card, with date of joining.
5. Families and members of Working Parties (see Rules 1 and 4) may combine in this Competition. A fee of 6d. must accompany this collection.

All dolls to become the property of the D.W.U., and will be either sold in England for the benefit of the C.E.Z.M.S., or given as prizes in the Mission-schools in India. Any doll remaining on hand, at the time of the next D.W.U. Exhibition, will be placed on the stalls for sale.

Dolls for Competition to be sent (carriage prepaid), not later than February 7th, to

MISS HOOPER,
189, Ladbroke Grove,
London, W.



CHRISTMAS NEWS.

HILST the last of the *Stories from Mother's Note-book* has now been told, they can be bought in two books for 1s. 3d., each with pictures all through. New stories are always coming from India and China, and some are ready for the next Volume of Children's Pages. We can promise "The Story of some Indian Waifs," by Aunt Margaret, "The Experiences of a Missionary's Pony," "Alladitta," a boy of North India, and "Little Dora," a girl of South India, and many others written by missionaries.

THE "HINDU SOCIAL REFORMER" AND MRS. BESANT.

From the *Gospel in Other Lands*, Nov. 1894:

"The *Hindu Social Reformer*, a paper published weekly in Madras by educated Hindus who make no pretence of being Christians, says: 'We do not want Mrs. Besant to tell us how great the ancient Brahmins were in the past, and to implore us to preserve what she calls shells and vessels into which spiritual life can be poured at some future time, as though we were intellectual babies unable to set ourselves and our houses in order. We want men, and women too, if we can get them, who will inspire us with courage to rect and not pander to our weaknesses by encouraging us to think highly of ourselves because our ancestors were great, or because some of our philosophical systems have commended themselves to Western minds. A vindication of Hinduism, which does not exist anywhere now, which does not in any manner dominate Hindu conduct, is less pressing than a denunciation of many an absurd superstition that is now dignified with the name of religion. It is comparatively nothing to us what other people think of Hinduism, but it is everything to us that Hindus should be told what real Hinduism is, and how only real Hinduism can mould and form the Hindu people's moral character. India needs at present, not those whose words have the effect of filling the Hindu mind with self-conceit and with self-assurance, but those whose oratory will stir up the consciences of the people of this ancient and historic land.'"

